THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XIV.—No. 349. OCTOBER 15, 1855. Price 6d.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month. *Stamp for posting, if required, 1d.*

GROVE-HALL, HAMMERSMITH.—The Principal will be happy to RECEIVE TWO additional PUPILS. Terms, 70 guineas per annum, inclusive.

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.—Bengāli, Hindustānī, Sanscrit, and Persian, taught by a Gentleman of much experience in tuition, 10 years resident in India, at Calcutta and Benares. Schools and Private Families attended.
Address Rev. G. SMALL, St. John's-grove, Croydon; or at his Class-room, 80, Coleman-street, City.

EDUCATION IN DORSETSHIRE.—A Married Clergyman, who has taken high University honours, has a VACANCY in his house for TWO PUPILS who wish to be prepared for the Army or the Universities. His residence is in a healthy part of the country, near the sea. Terms and references on application.
Address Rev. A. C. IRVINE, Stanley-green, near Poole.

MR. B. H. SMART, formerly of Connaught-terrace, now of 37, WYNDHAM-STREET, Bryanstone-square, acquaints his Friends that he continues to INSTRUCT CLERICAL and other PUPILS in ELOCUTION, to meet Classes in Families and Schools for English generally, and to engage for Public Readings and Lectures.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in the ART of POETICAL ELOCUTION, as adapted to the several purposes of Speaking, Reading, and Singing. By the Rev. HUGH HUTTON, M.A. Select Classes for the study of the Elder English Poets, and the practice of General Elocution.
Address 2, Provost-road, Haverstock-hill.

WEST BRIGHTON and HOVE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.—The course of Studies at this Establishment affords a complete preparation for the Universities, Military Colleges, and Learned Professions. Provision is made to Read with Gentlemen preparing for Army or Medical Examinations, &c. &c. The French, German, and Italian Languages.
For particulars, address "G. A. SULLIVAN," Ivy Lodge, Brighton.

BRIGHTON.—EDUCATION.—There are VACANCIES in a first-class Establishment, where only twelve young ladies are received. A Protestant Foreign Governess resides in the house. Signor F. Lablache, Herr Kuhe, Messrs. E. de Paris, Michaus, and other eminent Professors attend. References to parents of pupils.—Address the Misses BERNCASTEL, 11, Portland-place, Marine Parade, Brighton.

AN ADVANTAGEOUS opportunity for Parents and Guardians.—At the Christmas quarter there will be VACANCIES for THREE YOUNG LADIES, in a first-rate finishing establishment, four miles from London, where home comforts are combined with scholastic discipline. House large and detached, standing on its own grounds. Eminent Masters in attendance. French constantly spoken. Terms moderate.
Apply to Miss WHITE, Ellerslie House, Upper-road, Lewisham, Kent.

A GENTLEMAN and LADY, with their family, residing in one of the most healthy and beautiful spots in Berkshire, within a mile of a station on the Great Western, wish to RECEIVE into their domestic circle a LITTLE GIRL, to educate with a young daughter. The house and arrangements are most respectable. Terms, 100*l.* a year, including every expense. References most satisfactory will be given. An orphan or a child of parents in India would find a superior home and education.
Address "J. H. H.," Post-office, Wallingford, Berks.

DR. KINKEL'S CLASSES for LADIES in GERMAN and the HISTORY of ART, and Madame KINKEL'S Classes for SINGING and HARMONY, will RECOMMENCE in the first week of OCTOBER, at their Residence, 6, EASTBOURNE-TERRACE. Three German Classes, one of them being an Advanced Class for the History of German Literature, with Composition and Conversation. Two German Evening Classes for Gentlemen. The Class on the History of Ancient Art, in English, to commence in November.
Particulars in the Prospectus, to be applied for to DR. KINKEL, 6, Eastbourne-terrace, Paddington.

WRITING PRACTICALLY TAUGHT.—Mr. T. H. CARSTAIRS, from 81, Lombard-street, Son of the celebrated Inventor, continues to give Lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen of all ages, even to the worst writers, in his highly improved method, which imparts a perfect freedom and facility to the hand, in the shortest possible time.
Prospectuses of terms, &c., may be had at his Establishment, 112, Cheapside.

FLEMINGS' PHOTOGRAPHIC WAREHOUSE.
A COMPLETE APPARATUS for £3, taking Portraits 4½ and under, including a Double Achromatic Lens beautifully mounted in brass, with rack and pinion (warranted to produce as perfect a picture and to be as good as the most costly, and exchanged if not found every way satisfactory), superior made Camera, with two dark slides and focusing slide, tripod stand with brass top, scales and weights, two porcelain pans, bath, and dipper, glass funnel and measure, book of instructions, and all the necessary chemicals, packed and sent to any part of the kingdom. Cheaper sets than the above can be had, but not recommended. Next size, 5*l.* 5*s.*, including every article as above, but larger in proportion, taking Portraits 6½ and under. Next size, 10*l.* 10*s.*, taking pictures 9 square and under. Every article in Photography cheaper than any wholesale house in London at GILBERT FLEMING'S, 498, Oxford-street. — FIRST STEPS IN PHOTOGRAPHY, by GILBERT FLEMING, now ready, price 6*d.*; by post, 7*d.* The Art taught free to purchasers, and experienced operators sent to give instructions at their own residence on moderate terms.

PAPER of LINEN FABRIC.—WARR'S LETTER and NOTE PAPERS are manufactured expressly for STEEL PENS on an improved principle, entirely from a pure Linen Material, which renders their surface free from fibre, an advantage not possessed by any papers having Cotton in their composition; a superiority of finish is also given without hot-pressing, by which the defect of a greasy surface, so much complained of, is completely obviated.—W. and H. S. WARR, Manufacturing Stationers and Printers, 63, High Holborn.

TO CLERGYMEN, AUTHORS, &c.—PARKINS and GOTTO'S NEW WRITING PAPER, made from straw, is invaluable to rapid writers. It has a hard and smooth surface, can be written upon on both sides, with either metal or quill pen, is much pleasanter to write upon than any other paper, and nearly half the price, being only 3*s.* per ream.

NO CHARGE for STAMPING.—A single packet of Note Paper, or 100 Envelopes, stamped with Arms, Crest, or Initials free of charge, and every description of Stationery full 30 per cent. cheaper than any other house, at PARKINS and GOTTO'S Paper and Envelope Makers, 25, Oxford-street. Useful Cream-laid Note Paper, full size, five quires for 6*d.*; superior thick ditto, five quires for 1*s.*; India Note, five quires for 1*s.*; Letter Paper, 4*s.* per ream; Sermon Paper, 4*s.* 6*d.*; Foolscap, 6*s.* 6*d.*; and Draft, 7*s.* 6*d.* per ream; good Cream-laid Cemented Envelopes, 4*d.* per 100; the Queen's-Head Envelopes, 1*s.* per dozen; Office Envelopes, 5*s.* per 1000; BLACK-BORDERED CREAM-LAID NOTE PAPER (full size) five quires for 1*s.*; Bordered Envelopes, 9*d.* per 100; best WAX, 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; 100 super Visiting Cards printed for 1*s.* 6*d.*; useful sample packets of Paper and Envelopes, by post, 1*s.* each. List of prices sent post free. On orders over 20*s.* carriage paid to any part of the country.—Copy the address, PARKINS and GOTTO Paper an Envelope Manufacturers 25, Oxford-street.

THE UNIVERSAL CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY. Subscription, two guineas per annum. Subscribers annually presented with one guinea's worth of Music.
Daily News.—"Unrivalled for the variety and quality of its contents."
Musical Times.—"In completeness it stands perfectly alone."
Morning Post.—"The Catalogue, containing 42,000 works, necessary for every lover of music."
Observer.—"We desire to witness the success of an establishment such as this."
Town Subscribers are supplied with two, Country Subscribers with six, guineas' worth of music at a time.
Prospectuses on application to G. SCHEURMANN and Co., Importers of Foreign Music and Publishers, 86, Newgate-street.

EDUCATION.—All Tutors, Governesses, Students, and others, engaged in Tuition, who Purchase their Books of Messrs. BULL and Co., are allowed the free use of their extensive Library, in addition to the usual discount.
BULL'S Library, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London.

NEW BOOKS at WESTERTON'S LIBRARY, HYDE-PARK CORNER.—Doran's Queens of the House of Hanover; The Wabash; Sidney Smith's Life; Tennyson's Maud; Capt. Chamier's Travels; The Old Court Suburb; Hon. Capt. Murray's Lands of the Slave and the Free; Ginstinian's Court of Henry VIII.; Burton's Pilgrimage to El Medinah; Whitelocke's Swedish Embassy; Lieut. Heliot's Memoirs; Sheil's Life; Russell's History of the War; Embassies and Foreign Courts; Life of an Eastern King; Howitt's Australia; Help's Spanish Conquest of America; Mrs. Jameson's Common-Place Book; Hue's Chinese Empire; Stirling's Velasquez; Seymour's Russia; Leslie's Hand-book for Painters; Gertrude, by Mrs. Trollope; Next Door Neighbours; Cleve Hall; Heiress of Haughton; Aspen Court; Jealous Wife; Westward Ho; Display; Moredun; North and South; Heartsease; The Old Chelsea Bun House; Nature and Human Nature; Eustace Conyers.
Single Subscription, One Guinea per annum.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—FOURTH YEAR.—The Third Financial Year being ended, a favourable opportunity is presented to Persons desirous of Investing Capital or Savings, at the opening of the Fourth Year, whether as Investors, for the sake of drawing Half-yearly the guaranteed Five per cent. Interest per annum, payable on Completed Shares and on Uncompleted Shares, upon which a Year's Subscriptions and upwards have been paid up, and of receiving whatever Bonus may be annually declared; or whether as allotted for the purpose of acquiring Building Land to secure lucrative Ground-rents. The taking of Land is quite optional. No risk and no responsibility. Monthly Payments, 8*s.* per share. For Prospectuses apply to
CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.
33, Norfolk-street, Strand.
London, Oct. 1855.

LOANS FROM 10*l.* to 1000*l.*—NEW NATIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE and LOAN COMPANY. Office Hours from 9 to 6.
THOMAS BOURNE, Resident Secretary.
484, Oxford-street, Bloomsbury, London.

THE OBJECTS MOST TO BE DESIRED IN EFFECTING A LIFE ASSURANCE.—These are, Perfect Security and the Largest Benefits in proportion to the Contributions paid. They are both fully attained in the SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, which is now of Twenty-four Years' standing, and possesses Accumulated funds, arising from the contributions of Members only, to the amount of 910,845*l.*, and has an Annual Revenue of 163,394*l.*
The MUTUAL PRINCIPLE being adopted, the entire surpluses or "Profits," as ascertained Triennially, are allocated in addition to the sums Assured, and they present a flattering prospect to the Members. For example: the sum now payable on a Policy for 1000*l.*, effected in 1831, is 1538*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*, being a return of Seventy-one per cent. on the premiums paid on middle-aged lives, and Policies effected in later years are similarly increased.
The NEXT TRIENNIAL DIVISION of PROFITS will take place on 1st MARCH 1856, and Policies effected previously will receive One Year's additional Bonus over those opened after that date.
ROBT. CHRISTIE, Manager.
WM. FINLAY, Secretary.
Head Office—26, ST. ANDREW-SQUARE, EDINBURGH.
Office in London—126 BISHOPSGATE-STREET.
Agent—WILLIAM COOK.

FOOTHORAPE, SHOWELL, and SHENTON, 25, Church-street, Birmingham, Manufacturers of every kind of Papier Maché Goods. Stock for Exportation always on hand. Works open to visitors.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES at DEANE'S IRONMONGERY and FURNISHING WAREHOUSES. A priced Furnishing List free by post.—DEANE, DRAY, and Co. (opening to the Monument), London-bridge.—Established A.D. 1700.

WEDDING CARDS.—T. STEPHENSON invites attention to his beautifully engraved patterns of WEDDING CARDS, enamelled Envelopes, At-home Notes, &c., a selection from which will be forwarded, post free, on receipt of two dozen stamps.—Address to STEPHENSON'S General Stationary Warehouse, 99, Oxford-street (the post-office, near Regent-circus.)

YOUR CREST READY ENGRAVED.—HENRY DOLBY has the CREST DIES of more than 10,000 families ready engraved. He supplies note-paper and envelopes stamped with them, without charge for either engraving or stamping. Dolby's dies are all gems, and his stamping shows the finest heraldic details.—H. DOLBY, Heraldic and Wedding Stationer, 56, Regent-street, Quadrant.

NEW FRENCH MODERATOR TABLE LAMPS, 5*s.*; the light of three candles for the cost of one. Everybody should have one. Every variety equally reasonable, direct from Paris. Cheap, choice, and extensive. SMITH, 281, Strand, exactly opposite Norfolk-street.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—Mark your Linen.—The most easy, permanent, and best method of marking Linen, Cotton, Books, &c. is with the PATENT ELECTRO SILVER PLATES, by means of which 1000 articles can be marked in ten minutes. Any person can use them. Initial plate, 1*s.*; name, 2*s.* crests, 4*s.*; set of numbers, 2*s.* Sent free, for stamps, by the Inventor, T. CULLETON, Heraldic Engraver to the Royal Family, 2, Long-acre, one door from St. Martin's-lane. No higher price charged. Caution—Copy the right address.

IMPROVED DASHBOARD LAMPS, made so that they can be instantly affixed to the Dashboard of any Gig, Drag, or other description of Vehicle, and can be as quickly removed and used for a Hand-Lantern in the stable. They are adapted for burning the new Patent Fusee Carriage Candle. The appearance and effect are equal to that of a carriage lamp of superior finish, but, the price being less than half, these lamps are placed within the reach of every person requiring a light when driving. Price 12*s.* 6*d.* each, at any of the Lamp-Dealers; and the Patentee, S. CLARKE, 55, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London.

CHANTS.—A Set of Eight Double Chants, Composed by JAMES WALTERS. Sept. 1855. Arranged for Four Voices and Organ. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*
May be had at 50, St. Paul's Churchyard; 73, Blackman-street; and 265, High-street, Borough.

This day is published, price 1*s.*; by post for 14 stamps,
THE ART of TRANSPARENT PAINTING on GLASS. Comprising the Method of Working, and an account of the Implements and Materials employed, with Instructions for Painting Dissolving Views, Magic Lantern Slides, Chromatropes, &c., and a description of Mechanical Contrivances for obtaining effects of Motion and Colour. By EDWARD GROOM. With Illustrations by the Author, engraved by DALZIEL.
London: WINSOR and NEWTON, 38, Rathbone-place; and sold by all Booksellers and Artists' Colourmen.

DEDICATED TO PATRONS, MASTERS, AND TEACHERS OF RAGGED AND FREE SCHOOLS.
A LARGE PRINT of JOHN POUNDS, of Portsmouth, the acknowledged Originator of Free Education. Only a few copies remain, representing the above earning his bread by bootmaking, and an undying fame by his assiduity in imparting moral instruction to neglected, ragged, and destitute children, thereby rescuing from vice about 500. Dr. Guthrie, in his Lecture at Exeter-hall, 6th of last February, alluded to him as deserving the tallest monument in Great Britain.
The Print is 4*s.*, or on roller, and carriage free, for 4*s.* 6*d.*, by stamps or post-office order, to GEORGE CASTLEDEN, Appleyard's Publication Depôt, 17, Newington-causeway, London.

THE VOICE of ELIJAH. 6*d.*; post, 7*d.*
C. M. PEACOCK, Publisher, 19, Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, London.

THE MAN is COME.—ELIJAH. Voice the First. 6*d.*; post 7*d.*
C. M. PEACOCK, Publisher, 19, Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, London; and all Booksellers.

RAVENSHILL; or, Our People since 1843. By their MINISTER'S WIFE. Price 4*d.*
Edinburgh: KENNEDY. London: ALLAN, NESBIT, and Co.

ORIGINAL MS. SERMONS.—The Widow of a Clergyman is willing to dispose of the remainder of her husband's Discourses, which are sound and practical, and adapted to any class of hearers.
Address "CLERICUS," Blechingley, Reigate, Surrey.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY A CLERGYMAN.
Fcap 4to., 9*d.* each, free by post,
PAROCHIAL (MS.) SERMONS, based on Discourses by BISHOP BEVERIDGE, and suitable for any Congregation, are published every THURSDAY. First Eighteen Sermons now ready. Prospectus gratis.
Address, "MSS.," Bath.

Just published, in 8vo. price 6*d.*; by post 7*d.*
THE CHURCH of ENGLAND NOT DESCENDED from the CHURCH of ROME, a brief record of various historical occurrences in the British Church which took place before the Mission of St. Augustine. By C. C. LUCAS.
London: BELL and DALDY. Swansea: H. JONES.

DR. KRUMMACHER'S NEW WORK.
This day, in post 8vo., price 7*s.* 6*d.*, cloth.
THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR; or, Meditations on the Last Days of Christ upon Earth. By Dr. F. KRUMMACHER, Author of "Elijah the Tishbite." Translated by SAMUEL T. JACKSON.
London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co. Edinburgh: T. and T. CLARK.

New Work preparing for Immediate Publication.
SMALL COLOURED SACRED PRINTS, ADAPTED FOR SCHOOL PRIZES.
THE HISTORY of OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, exhibited in a series of Seventy-two highly-finished and beautifully coloured Engravings, price 1*l.* 1*s.* the series, in six sheets, mounted on card-board, highly glazed and cut into Seventy-two separate Plates, at 1*l.* 9*s.* complete. Size of each Print, 5 inches by 3¼ inches. Edited by the Rev. HENRY JOHN ROSE, B.D., and the Rev. JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, M.A.
The subjects will be distributed over Six Sheets, each containing Twelve engravings, which may be separated with the scissors, in the following order:—

Sheet No. 1.	The Nativity and Infancy of Our Lord	12 Prints.
,, 2.	The Ministry and Sayings	12 ,,
,, 3.	The Miracles and Parables	12 ,,
,, 4.	The Passion, Death and Burial	12 ,,
,, 5.	The Resurrection and Ascension	12 ,,
,, 6.	Conclusion of the Sacred History	12 ,,
		72

*** The Sheets will not be sold separately.
A Sheet now on View at the Publishers, HERING and RIVINGTONS, 137, Regent-street, London.
A Specimen Prospectus forwarded free on receipt of two postage stamps.

SHORT-HAND rendered so simple as to be easily acquired in a few hours. Montague's system is more contracted than any hitherto published; it affords immense facility to the learner. The Third Edition, thoroughly revised, is now ready, price 1*s.*; or free by post for fourteen stamps.
W. and H. S. WARR, Stationers and Printers, 63, High Holborn.

NEWSPAPERS.—The TIMES or POST posted on the evening of publication, for 23*s.* a quarter; HERALD, 25*s.*; CHRONICLE, DAILY NEWS, or ADVERTISER, 20*s.*; TIMES (Second Edition), SUN, GLOBE, or STANDARD, 30*s.*; TIMES (Second Day), 16*s.* 6*d.* Answers required, and orders must be prepaid.—JAMES BARKER, 19, Throgmorton-street, Bank.
Money-orders payable at chief office, London.

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.—NEW PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS.
HOPE and CO., PUBLISHERS, 16, Great Marlborough-street, London, Charge no Commission for Publishing Works Printed by them until the Author has been refunded his original outlay. They also Print in the first style GREATLY UNDER the USUAL CHARGES; while their Publishing arrangements enable them to promote the interests of all Works entrusted to their charge. Estimates and every particular furnished gratuitously in course of post.
London: HOPE and Co., Courier and Church Reform Gazette Office, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

CHURCH REFORM.
THE COURIER, and CHURCH REFORM GAZETTE—Anti-Tractarian and Anti-Erastian—is published every TUESDAY, price Sixpence Stamped. The COURIER is conducted with first-rate Editorial ability, and contains, besides its Articles on Church Reform and the leading topics of the day, the whole of the Ecclesiastical, Political, and General News of the Week.
London: HOPE and Co., 16, Great Marlborough-street.

M. T. CICERONIS: De Senectute, 1s. 6d.; De Amicitia, 1s. 6d.; De Officiis, 2s. 6d.; De Finibus, Pars I. 1s.; Pars II. 1s. 6d. Recensuit HENR. ALANUS. 12mo. swd.
Dublin: HODGES and SMITH. London: SIMPKIN and Co.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI."
On the 16th of October, crown 8vo. cloth extra, price 7s. 6d.
DOCTOR ANTONIO: A Tale.
Edinburgh: THOMAS CONSTABLE and Co. London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS'S GEOLOGY.
Now ready, crown 8vo. price 12s. 6d. cloth,
A MANUAL of GEOLOGY, PRACTICAL and THEORETICAL. By JOHN PHILLIPS, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Deputy-Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford. With numerous Engravings.
RICHARD GRIFFIN and Co., London and Glasgow.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE WORLD.
Second Edition, post 8vo. with New Introduction, price 12s. cloth,
INDIA in GREECE; or, Truth in Mythology. Containing an account of the Sources of the Hellenic Race, the Colonisation of Egypt and Palestine from India, the Wars of the Grand Lama, and the Bud'histic Propaganda in Greece. By E. POCOCKE, Esq.
RICHARD GRIFFIN and Co., London and Glasgow.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS OF PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS.
Now ready,
HOW to PRINT, and WHEN to PUBLISH: Practical advice to Authors, Inexperienced Writers, and Possessors of Manuscripts, on the Efficient Publication of Books intended for general circulation or private distribution, sent post free to orders inclosing twelve stamps.
SAUNDERS and OTLEY, Publishers, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

Just published, price 2s.
HYDRO-THERAPEUTICS; or, the Water-Cure considered as a Branch of Medical Treatment. By Dr. WILLIAM MACLEOD, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Physician to Ben-Rhydding.
London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co. Bradford: J. DALE and Co.

Just published, price 5s.,
ON HEARTBURN and INDIGESTION. By HENRY HUNT, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians.
London: CHURCHILL, 11, New Burlington-street.

ARCHERY.—The First of a Series of Papers on ARCHERY, its Theory and Practice, by HORACE A. FORD, Esq. (Champion of England), will appear in the FIELD, the Country Gentleman's Newspaper, of SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6. Price 6d. weekly. May be had at the offices or by order of any bookseller. A Specimen Copy by post for Six Stamps.
Offices, 2 to 5, Essex-street, Strand.

Now ready,
THE FERNS OF GREAT BRITAIN. Illustrated by JOHN E. SOWERBY. The Descriptions, Synonyms, &c., by CHARLES JOHNSON, Esq. In 1 vol. cloth boards, full coloured, 27s.; partly coloured, 14s. The Work contains Forty-nine Plates and Descriptions.
JOHN E. SOWERBY, 3, Mead-place, Lambeth.

On 1st November, PART I. of
THE FERN ALLIES: a Supplement to "The Ferns of Great Britain." Illustrated by JOHN E. SOWERBY. Descriptions by C. JOHNSON, Esq. To be completed in about Six Parts. Full coloured at 3s; partly coloured at 1s. 6d. per part.
JOHN E. SOWERBY, 3, Mead-place, Lambeth.

Just published, Fifth Edition, price 21s. 8vo. bound,
THE ART of BREWING, FERMENTING, and MAKING of MALT: containing correct Tables of Mashing Heats, full Directions for Preventing Acetous Fermentation, and every other necessary information, by strict attention to which success in this important art is certain; the result of fifty years' practice. By JOHN LEVESQUE, late of the Anchor Brewery.
JAMES LEATH, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard.
Carriage free on receipt of Post-office order.

In 1 vol. of 600 pages, super royal 8vo. containing numerous coloured Engravings, bound in cloth boards, price 1l. 1s. (on receipt of a remittance sent free by post).
DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO SIR JAMES CLARK, Bart., M.P., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen.
THE MEDICAL GUIDE TO THE PRESERVATION of HEALTH and the KNOWLEDGE of DISEASE: being an outline of the principles of Physiology, Pathology, and Therapeutics, designed for popular use. By T. LINDLEY KEMP, M.D.
Published by WM. MACKENZIE, 22, Paternoster-row, London; 5, Clerk-street, Edinburgh; and 45 and 47, Howard-street, Glasgow.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR BENJAMIN HALL, BART., M.P.
Just published, price 4s. in cloth,
METROPOLIS LOCAL MANAGEMENT ACT.—THE ACT for the BETTER MANAGEMENT of the METROPOLIS, with plain, explanatory Abstract of the Leading Provisions of the Statute, and Notes: together with the various portions of the Metropolitan Buildings Act, 1855, conferring extra Powers on the Metropolitan Board of Works; and a Copious Index. By JAMES J. SCOTT, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and to the General Board of Health.
London: KNIGHT and Co., 90, Fleet-street.

WORKS by WILLIAM MACCALL.
NATIONAL MISSIONS: Sixteen Lectures. 10s. 6d.
The **ELEMENTS of INDIVIDUALISM:** Thirty-five Lectures. 7s. 6d.
The **AGENTS of CIVILISATION.** Ten Lectures, 1s. 6d.
The **EDUCATION of TASTE.** Eight Lectures. 1s.
The **INDIVIDUALITY of the INDIVIDUAL:** a Lecture, 6d.
The **DOCTRINE of INDIVIDUALITY:** a Discourse, 6d.
SACRAMENTAL SERVICES, 6d.
The **LESSONS of the PESTILENCE:** a Discourse, 6d.
The **UNCHRISTIAN NATURE of COMMERCIAL RESTRICTIONS:** a Discourse, 3d.
Notices of the Elements of Individualism.
"A book which, whatever may be thought of isolated expressions and opinions scattered through it, few can read as a whole without becoming wiser and better men."—J. D. MORELL'S *Philosophical Tendencies of the Age.*
"The best English book I ever read. Best as to matter and best as to manner. As to style, rich as an Oriental poem—its language, the grandest, manliest Saxon."—E. P. O'KELLY'S *Consciousness.*
"A work of singular originality, though not free from the fancies and eccentricities which frequently accompany true genius."—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*
"Even those who can find no sympathy with its philosophy, will derive pleasure and improvement from the many exquisite touches of feeling and the many pictures of beauty which mark its pages. The expansive philosophy, the penetrative intellect, and the general humanity of the author, have rendered *The Elements of Individualism* a book of strong and general interest."—*Critic.*
"We have been singularly interested by this book. Here is a speaker and thinker whom we may securely feel to be a *lover of truth* exhibiting in his work a form and temper very rare and peculiar in our time."—*Manchester Examiner.*
TRÜBNER and Co. 12, Paternoster-row.

Cambridge, October, 1855.
WORKS EDITED FOR THE SYNDICS OF THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
M. MINUCII FELICIS OCTAVIUS. The text newly revised from the Original MS. with an English Commentary, Analysis, Introduction, and Copious Indices. Edited by the Rev. H. A. HOLDEN, M.A., Vice Principal of Cheltenham College, late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown octavo. 9s. 6d.
CÆSAR MORGAN'S INVESTIGATION of the TRINITY of PLATO, and of PHILO JUDÆUS, and of the Effects which an Attachment to their Writings had upon the Principles and Reasonings of the Fathers of the Christian Church. A new Edition, revised by the Rev. H. A. HOLDEN, M.A., Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College, late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown octavo. 4s.
THEOPHILI EPISCOPI ANTIOCHENSIS LIBRI TRES ad AUTOLYCUM. Edidit, Prolegomenis Versione Notulis Indicibus instruxit GULIELMUS GILSON HUMPHRY, S.T.B. Collegii Sanctiss. Trin. apud Cantabrigienses quondam Socius. Post octavo. 6s.
DE OBLIGATIONE CONSCIENTIÆ Prælectiones Decem Oxonii in Schola Theologica habitæ A. ROBERTO SANDERSON, SS. Theologiæ Ibidem Professore Regio. With English Notes, including an abridged Translation, by W. WHEWELL, D.D., Master of Trinity College. Octavo. 9s.
GROTIUS de JURE BELLI et PACIS, with the Notes of Barbeyrac and others; accompanied by an abridged Translation of the Text, by W. WHEWELL, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University. Three volumes, octavo. 42s.
The Translation may be had in a separate volume. Octavo. 14s.
The HOMILIES, with various Readings, and the Quotations from the Fathers given at length in the Original Languages. Edited by G. E. CORRIE, D.D., Master of Jesus College, Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ely. Octavo. 10s. 6d.
ARCHBISHOP USHER'S ANSWER to a JESUIT, with other Tracts on Popery. Edited by the late Professor SCHOLEFIELD. Octavo. 13s. 6d.
WILSON'S ILLUSTRATION of the METHOD of EXPLAINING the NEW TESTAMENT, by the early Opinions of Jews and Christians concerning Christ. Edited by T. TURTON, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ely. Octavo. 8s.
LECTURES on DIVINITY, delivered in the University of Cambridge. By JOHN HEY, D.D. Third Edition, by T. TURTON, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ely. Two volumes, octavo. 30s.
THEOPHYLACTI in EVANGELIUM S. MATTHÆI COMMENTARIUS. Edited by W. G. HUMPHRY, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Vicar of Northolt, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of London. Octavo. 14s.
TERTULLIANUS de CORONA MILITIS, de SPECTACULIS, de IDOLOLATRIA, with Analysis and English Notes, by the Rev. GEORGE CURREY, B.D., Preacher at the Charter-house, late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College. Crown octavo. 7s. 6d.
M. T. CICERONIS ORATIO pro TITO ANNIO MILONE, with a Translation of Asconius' Introduction, Marginal Analysis, and English Notes, by the Rev. J. S. PURTON, President and Tutor of St. Catharine's Hall. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
M. T. CICERONIS de OFFICIIS LIBRI TRES, with Marginal Analysis, an English Commentary, and copious Indices, by the Rev. H. A. HOLDEN, M.A., Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College, late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
CAMBRIDGE GREEK and ENGLISH TESTAMENT, in Parallel Columns on the same page. Edited by J. SCHOLEFIELD, M.A., late Regius Professor of Greek in the University. Third Edition. Small octavo. 7s. 6d.
CAMBRIDGE GREEK TESTAMENT. Ex editione Stephani tertia, 1550. Small octavo. 3s. 6d.
Cambridge: Printed at the University Press, and sold by G. SEELEY, 2, Hanover-street, Regent-street, London.

NEW WORK BY DR. BALBIRNIE.
THE WATER CURE in CONSUMPTION and SCROFULA: an Exposition of the Question of their Curability. Illustrated by 147 authenticated cases of cure, some of them in the last stage. By JOHN BALBIRNIE, M.A., M.D., Author of "The Pathology and Treatment of the Diseases of the Uterus," &c. "The Philosophy of the Water Cure," "The Philosophy of Epidemic Cholera," "The Words of a Water Doctor," &c. 8vo. price 15s.
London: LONGMAN and Co.; Glasgow: GEO. GALLIE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
"The work of a man of science, who evidently understands the subject theoretically and practically.—*Chambers's Journal.*
"This book will be considered, both in the profession and out of it, the standard book on the subject."—*Sheffield Free Press.*
"Dr. Balbirnie has written a very elaborate, a very able, and a very interesting book on the 'Water Cure in Consumption and Scrofula,'—a book which the public may read with profit, and the profession with interest. The work throughout exhibits the candour, no less than the ability of a philosophic physician."—*The Leader.*
"Dr. Balbirnie, in this large and handsome volume, has addressed himself with great energy to a task that is at once intensely difficult and immensely important. The volume, which is written both for the intelligent portion of the public, and for the medical faculty, displays considerable literary ability, as well as much professional knowledge and philosophical insight. It gathers within itself almost everything valuable in fact or suggestion that has been published on the subject of our English disease, and fairly grapples with the theory of its origin and nature. We can scarcely do justice to the clever book, rich in suggestive thought," &c.—*The Alliance.*
"A more able, convincing, and talented defence of the water treatment could not have been penned. We never read a volume more thoroughly bearing the impress of common sense—it is, in fact, THE book on the subject."—*York Herald.*
"A remarkable book—thorough and comprehensive treatment of the subject—a book like the present is by no means an everyday addition to our library table; it is a *bona fide* work. Dr. Balbirnie opens a bright gleam of hope to the view of patients who have been taught to regard their malady as incurable."—*The Worcestershire Chronicle.*
"Dr. Balbirnie's work is one much wanted, and will help in a great measure to remove the atmosphere of quackery which has gathered round the water-cure system, to lay open the scientific principles on which it is based, and the benefits which its skilful use may confer. As a medical treatise, it is clear and full—methodical in construction and cautious in tone."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*
"The toil of years is concentrated in its pages, and a work of extraordinary merit has been the result."—*Preston Chronicle.*
"Dr. Balbirnie writes like a man of science and a scholar."—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*
"The water cure must gain in professional respect by the sensible and scientific mode in which Dr. Balbirnie has discussed the subject."—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*
"It records faithfully the opinions and practice of a man not more eminent by his extensive acquaintance with the subject than by his great success."—*The Liverpool Courier.*
"We have seldom perused a more valuable or interesting work, and by far the best we have seen on the subject, and deserving a place in the library of every family."—*Ipswich Express.*
"An able and well-reasoned composition—lucid in arrangement, practical in suggestion, and characterised by a tone so modest and temperate as to enlist in its favour the sympathies of every unprejudiced reader."—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette.*
"There is a bluff plain-spokenness about the doctor's method—we are speaking of his literary characteristics—which wins our sympathy, and obliges us to feel we are in honest hands, whilst the treatment of the subject shows that they are able ones."—*Eddowes's Shrewsbury Journal.*
"This book is the farthest in the world from quackery, and may be read with pleasure, as well as profit by all."—*The Bristol Mirror.*
"This is emphatically THE BOOK on the philosophy of the water cure, especially in reference to two of the most formidable diseases to which humanity is subject."—*Blackburn Standard.*
"Dr. Balbirnie's great literary taste, intellectual endowments, and sound practical experience, well qualified him for the task he has so ably accomplished—the best attempt hitherto made thoroughly to sift the question of the curability of consumption."—*Leamington Spa Courier.*

In 8vo. price 1s.
THE SANITARY APPLICATION OF CHARCOAL, &c., and on VENTILATION. By J. FORBES WATSON, A.M., M.D., Bombay Army.
JAMES MADDEN, 8, Leadenhall street.

Just published, in crown 8vo. price 6s. cloth,
BLENHAM; or, What came of Troubling the Waters: a story founded on facts. By E. ELLIOTT.
London: published by W. and T. G. CASH, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.
"The tale is told in an easy and pleasing manner, which carries the reader along, without jarring against his sense of the natural and the probable."—*Economist.*

A NEW MILITARY BOOK.
In small post 8vo. cloth extra, 5s.; or with gilt edges, 5s. 6d.
THE GREAT SIEGES OF HISTORY. By WILLIAM ROBSON, Author of the "Life of Richelieu," and Translator of "Michaud's History of the Crusades." This new and original military book is published uniform in size, &c., with Macfarlane's "Great Battles of the British Army," and Napier's "Battles of the Peninsula," and contains a most concise account of the Siege of Sebastopol, and accurate histories of One Hundred Great Sieges from the earliest date to the present time.
London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street; and all Booksellers and Railway Stations.

BULL'S LIBRARY, 19, HOLLES-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.
This extensive Library contains the best NEW and STANDARD BOOKS in History, Biography, Philosophy, the Arts and Sciences, and General Literature.—Subscription One Guinea a Year and upwards.—Prospectuses sent post free on application.

Just published,
AIDS for BOOK BUYERS and BOOK READERS: by means of which a considerable saving may be effected in the purchase of recently published Books. Gratis, and sent post free on application.

AN IMPROVED PLAN for READING and BOOK SOCIETIES. Sent post free on the receipt of two stamps.

THE AUTHOR'S GUIDE, containing a New Mode of publishing PRIVATE MSS. In fac-similes of the Author's own Handwriting: also, Simple Rules for Authors in correcting their Proof Sheets. Price One Shilling.
BULL, HUNTON and Co., 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London.

On OCTOBER 1, No. XXXII. price 3s. 6d.,
THE JOURNAL of PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L.
CONTENTS:—
State of the Insane in Ireland.
Social Statistics of Insanity.
On Morbid Physical and Religious Phenomena.
Insanity and Demoniacal Possession.
On the Study of Mental Philosophy.
Memoir of William Tuke.
Physiology of the Brain.
Criminal Responsibility of the Insane.
Humane Treatment of the Insane.
Pathology of Insanity.
American Asylums for the Insane.
Cerebral Pathology.
Private Asylums in Ireland.
Religious Consolation to the Insane.
On the Treatment of Insanity.
On the Treatment of Idiotcy.
Influence of Ether and Chloroform on the Mind.
Deafness and Dumbness in Connection with the Insane.
London: JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington-street.

Just published, price 6s. No. IV. of the
EDINBURGH NEW PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. New Series.
CONTENTS:—1. Professor Harkness on the Geology of the Dingle Promontory. 2. Dr. Cobbold on a Malformed Trout. 3. Dr. Daubeny on the Influence of the Lower Organisms in the Production of Epidemic Diseases. 4. Professors Harkness and Blyth on the Cleavage of the Devonians in the south-west of Ireland. 5. Dr. Cobbold on a New Species of Trematode Worm. 6. Astronomical Contradictions and Geological Inferences respecting a Plurality of Worlds. 7. Mr. R. Davidson on some New Compounds of Furfurine. 8. Mr. J. Galletly on a New Glucoside existing in the Petals of the Wallflower. 9. Dr. Davy on Tropical Plants. 10. T. H. Rowney on the Composition of Two Mineral Substances employed as Pigments. 11. M. G. D'Endegeest's Sketch of operations executed in the Drainage of the Lake of Haarlem. 12. C. G. Williams on some of the Basic Constituents of Coal Naphtha. 13. Biographical Sketch of the late George Johnston of Berwick. 14. Professor Goodsir on the Present State of Organic Electricity. 15. A. Murray on Electric Fishes. Reviews. Proceedings of Societies and Scientific Intelligence.
Edinburgh: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK. London: LONGMAN & Co.

CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—
The Literary World: Its Sayings and Doings 499
Summer's Death 500

ENGLISH LITERATURE:—
Science:—
Kemp's Phasis of Matter 501
Biography:—
My Exile in Siberia. By Alexander Herzen 502
Voyages and Travels:—
N. P. Willis's Famous Persons and Famous Places 504
Mount Athos, Thessaly, and Epirus. By G. F. Bowen, Esq. ... 504
Bayard Taylor's Visit to India, China, and Japan in 1853 504
Fiction:—
The Newcomes. By W. M. Thackeray 505
Catherine; the Egyptian Slave. By Rev. W. J. Beamont 507
Notices of Small Books 507
Poetry and the Drama:—
Sappho: a Tragedy. By Franz Grillparzer 507
Notices of Small Books 508
Miscellaneous:—
Embassies and Foreign Courts 508
The Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England... 510
Notices of Small Books 510
Periodicals and Serials 510

FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c:—
The Critic Abroad 511
Foreign Books recently published 512
France:—
From our own Correspondent 512
America:—
The Crayon: a Journal devoted to the Graphic Arts 513
Italy:—
From our Italian Correspondent 513

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c:—
Science and Inventions:—
The Fortnight 515
Popular Medicine:—
The News and Gossip of the Medical World 515
Art and Artists:—
Talk of the Studios 516
Music and Musicians:—
New Music 516
Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat 516
Literary News 516
Drama and Public Amusements 517
Obituary 517
List of New Books 517
Advertisements 497, 498, 517, 518, 519, 520

THE CRITIC,
London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE columns of certain of our daily contemporaries have lately been enlivened by a great deal of curious and interesting discussion respecting Spirit-rapping and Table-moving. The revival of the controversy is due to two causes; the late presence in this country of an American gentleman named HUME, who professes to be what is called "a medium," possessing very extraordinary powers of producing phenomena; and (to a very modified extent) the assertion of Mr. ANDERSON, "the Wizard of the North," that he has fathomed the whole secret, and can produce all the phenomena by means of the electric current.

As Mr. ANDERSON'S explanation is the only one which has been urged with any degree of confidence, we shall perhaps most efficiently clear away the ground before us by disposing of it. By placing a piece of mechanism under a table, and setting it in motion by electricity, Mr. ANDERSON undoubtedly succeeds in producing raps at will. But that is all. He admits that he must prepare the room or building before his experiments can be performed. The spirit-rappers declare that they require no preparation, and sceptical witnesses testify to the most extraordinary phenomena produced in their own private houses. Moreover, the spirit-rappers profess an ability to effect results not within the scope of electricity (as will presently appear). Mr. ANDERSON'S explanation is therefore evidently insufficient.

Now it appears that Lord BROUGHAM and Sir DAVID BREWSTER (than either of whom few stand higher in the world as natural philosophers of reputation) have been present at a *séance*, and have carefully scrutinised the phenomena produced by Mr. HUME. They were both utterly unable to account for what they saw—a fact which utterly upsets the supposition that so simple an agent as electricity was employed. Sir DAVID BREWSTER says: "I may, once for all, freely admit that both Lord BROUGHAM and myself freely acknowledged that we were puzzled with Mr. HUME'S performances, and could not account for them." Nor has subsequent reflection yet supplied Sir DAVID with the clue, if we may judge by the very loose and inconclusive arguments which he has published upon the subject.

Sir DAVID BREWSTER'S account of the experiments to which himself and Lord BROUGHAM were witnesses is as follows:—

> At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Hume, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself, sat down to a small table, Mr. Hume having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person, an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rappings in abundance; and, finally, when we rose up the table actually rose, as appeared to me, from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain; but rather than believe that spirits made the noise, I will conjecture that the raps were produced either by Mr. Hume's toes, which, as will be seen, were active on another occasion; or, as Dr. Schiff has shown, "by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath in which it slides behind the external *malleolus*;" and rather than believe that spirits raised the table, I will conjecture that it was done by the agency of Mr. Hume's feet, which were always below it.
>
> The next experiment was with a hand-bell.
>
> Besides the experiments with the accordion, already mentioned, a small hand-bell, to be rung by the spirits, was placed on the ground near my feet. I placed my feet round it in the form of an angle, to catch any intrusive apparatus. The bell did not ring: but when taken to a place near Mr. Hume's feet, it speedily came across, and placed its handle in my hand. This was amusing. It did the same thing, bunglingly, to Lord Brougham, by knocking itself against his Lordship's knuckles, and, after a jingle, it fell. How these effects were produced neither Lord Brougham nor I could say, *but I conjecture that they may be produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Hume.*

This conjecture, after declining to accept Mr. HUME'S invitation to search for machinery, is one which Sir DAVID has no right to make.

Another *séance* was held at Ealing, of which Sir DAVID gives some account; but the only facts of interest connected with that occasion were that the spirits were so unmannerly that they quite shocked the "accomplished and sensitive" authoress of "Widow Barnaby," and that Sir DAVID got an idea that Mr. HUME made some of the raps by striking his toes against the under part of the table.

Sir DAVID BREWSTER is notoriously a very bad-tempered disputant, and is apt to use very hard words towards those who do not happen to agree with him. Even Dr. WHEWELL (his superior in everything) did not escape foul language in his celebrated argument with the irascible Scot upon the Plurality of Worlds question. How, then, can poor Mr. HUME hope to escape? Sir DAVID admits that he is puzzled, hits very wildly in the argument, and is very angry that he cannot discover what he assumes to be "the trick" of the matter. His mode of dealing with the question is altogether illogical, and quite unworthy the consideration of serious inquirers. When a natural philosopher admits that his understanding is at fault, declares that he has been duped, attempts to account for the deception by means the most simple, and is not able to adduce one tittle of proof that such means were used, his case is truly pitiable; and so long as he continues in that frame of mind he must remain quite as far from the truth as the blindest and most superstitious believer in miraculous agencies.

A gentleman of the name of BIRD, having witnessed Mr. HUME'S experiments, has given some account of what he actually saw:

> We adjourned to the library, and, numbering seven, two of the party, ladies, sat down to a large and heavy round table, placing our hands on it. We had loud raps from all parts of this table, and from the oaken bookcases. . . One of the ladies brought a guitar, and placed it under the table. As the table was large, it was easily seen. Presently the strings were faintly agitated, the sounds became gradually louder, *and a tune was fairly played out by invisible means.* I observed the instrument to move twice, but I am sure no one touched it. After this the heavy table at which we were sitting gradually rose from the floor—our hands resting upon it—*it rose at least six inches, and remained in a state of suspension some time*, then tipped backwards and forwards. This was succeeded *by a vibration in the table* that was communicated to our bodies and the chairs upon which we were sitting, as if some powerful fluid were escaping. The sensation, as of the grip of a hand, was felt on the knee of two of the party successively, followed by very loud raps from the table. . . . Our host, who is a learned and most accomplished gentleman, watched the phenomena with a jealous eye, and he has since tested Mr. Hume, and is satisfied that there could have been no trickery; *he leaves it for science to explain.* I am convinced that there could have been no collusion or delusion.

This evidence, it must be admitted is extraordinary, but the witness is frank; he knows that he is stating that which will not be credited by the majority of mankind, and he freely gives up his name. Another writer, who asks our credence for still more wonderful phenomena, hides himself behind the disguise of a pseudonym. His evidence is not therefore entitled to the same degree of respect. The medium in this case was a Mr. HUME; but whether this person was identical with the Mr. HUME previously referred to does not appear. We are inclined to believe that it is one and the same person. "VERAX" declares that when the hand-bell was rung he "could plainly feel fingers ringing it by the clapper."

> We also asked the medium why the effects generally took place *under* the table, and not upon it. He said that in habituated circles the results were easily obtained above board, visibly to all, but that at a first sitting it was not so. That scepticism was almost universal in men's intellects, and marred the forces at work; that the spirits did what they did through our life-sphere, or atmosphere, which was permeated by our wills; and if the will was contrary, the sphere was unfit for being operated upon. And the upper part of us, or the brain and senses, were more opposed to spiritual truth than the vital, visceral, or instinctive part, which in this case is conveniently separated from the other by the table.

It is a very curious and noticeable point about these media, that, while they assert that spiritual phenomena belong to a new and undiscovered branch of science, they are never at a loss for a categorical answer, implying the most familiar acquaintance with the nature of the mysterious agencies.

But the spirit-hands were not only to be felt, they were also to be seen.

> The table was placed opposite a window, and the bright moonbeams streamed down upon its side. There was no candle in the apartment. The space of table which fronted the window was not occupied by sitters; but the company sat round about three-fourths of it, leaving the rest vacant. The right wing of the party was terminated by Mr. Hume; the left by the son of the host. In a few minutes' time, close beside the latter gentleman, there emerged into sight above the rim of the table, in the vacant space, a delicately-beautiful female hand and part of the forearm, apparently of ghostly tenuity. As I was sitting exactly opposite the vacant space, I had a fair opportunity of watching this hand as it projected against the moonlight: it was a filmy-looking woman's hand, with the fingers drooping forwards from left to right as I sat. The hand curved up over the table margin, deliberately grasped a hand-bell placed near, and, carrying it partly down, let it drop upon the floor. . . . . Shortly it vanished, and a hand was seen at the other side of the vacant table-edge: this hand was in a glove.

Here we have not only the ghosts of human hands, *but also of gloves.* Soon after we have spectral drapery.

> The forearm sleeve appeared to be of white cambric, plain and neat, and it shone like biscuit-porcelain in the moonlight. The sleeve of the dress up the arm was darker; but I do not remember the colour. And, bending over as I did, to the vacant rim of the table, I saw how the arm terminated—apparently in a graceful cascade of drapery, much as though an arm were put out through the peak of a snowy tent, the apex of which thus fell around the shoulder on every side.

Here we must conclude our extracts. For the present we prefer to suspend offering any opinion upon them. Even seeing is not in such cases equivalent to believing; and we must hesitate to accept, upon faith in the senses of others, that which we should be inclined to doubt if it rested upon our own. As yet we have had no opportunity of seeing Mr. HUME or his phenomena; and, as he is said to be in Italy, and in a very precarious state of health, we probably may never have any. One remark, however, we will make before dismissing the subject for the present, which is, that it is always more probable that evidence should not be true than that the proved laws of nature should be falsified.

It is something to see that the popular demand to have "the right man in the right place" has not been made entirely in vain. In all the departments of the public service there has become more and more manifest a desire to bestow some, at any rate, of the appointments through merit rather than through interest. Though this may be, after all, but "a sop to Cerberus;" still a sop is better than nothing, and is always something gained. A very short time ago we heard of an appointment in the Purveyor's department being bestowed upon a man who had no other recommendation than a good character for ability and business habits from his former employers; and more lately a case came under our notice in which Lord PANMURE had bestowed an appointment connected with the Clothing Department in the Tower upon a gentleman who had been discharged pensionless, after long years of service, by a very energetic administrative reformer, upon the plea that ill-health incapacitated him from performing the full extent of the arduous duties required of him. These facts, however, reached us through private sources, and we could scarcely have referred to them had it not been for a letter lately addressed from the Privy Council Office to the masters of the different Trade Schools throughout the country. In this letter the Secretary of the Council inquires, by the direction of the Lord President, whether the masters can conscientiously recommend any candidates for supplemental clerkships in a certain department of the Privy Council. The value of the places rises from 80*l.* to 250*l.*, and the requisite qualifications are good handwriting, a fair knowledge of arithmetic, and enough of the English language to compose a document from notes; these accomplishments, combined with habits of application, a love of order, a clear head, strong health and a good temper, are all that is required of a model supplemental clerk. The letter goes on to state that the candidates will be examined in accordance with the Order in Council of the 21st of May last, and the successful competitors will be appointed.

We have received the copy of a Memorial from the Northern Association of Certificated Schoolmasters to the Lord President of the Privy Council, upon the subject of the inconveniences arising from the want of a sufficient number of monitors and apprentices in elementary schools. The memorialists state that the present allowance of one apprentice to forty scholars is totally inadequate to the satisfactory progress of the children; and that the plan of apprenticing children to trade and business at thirteen years of age does not enable the Inspectors to select those who would make the best schoolmasters. To remedy this, they urge the adoption of a suggestion made by the Rev. H. W. BELLAIRS, to the effect that children between 12 and 15 years of age should be employed as stipendiary monitors; from whom might be selected apprentices, who should be bound to serve till 19 years of age. It is also proposed to have one stipendiary monitor for the first 50 scholars, and one for each additional 25, and likewise one apprentice for the first 50, and one for each additional 100. The memorialists complain that the pupile teachers and monitors are persuaded to leave the schools and to enter into other and more profitable callings; to remedy which, they propose that, in all cases, the stipends should be on a level with the current rate of wages in the district. They furthermore declare that the two great causes of the ignorance which prevails among the working classes arises from, first, the early removal of children from school, and secondly, the irregularity of their attendance during school-hours; and they conclude by expressing an earnest hope "that Government will heartily exert itself to pass an Act that shall prohibit the employment of any child under 12 years of age, in any trade, manufacture, or calling whatever, and that shall also compel every child between the ages of 12 and 14 years to attend school for a stated number of hours, say 150, in each half year; and that shall further make it illegal for any master or employer, after the year 1865, to take into his or her service any person born in or after the year 1847, who cannot read, spell, and write, and also work the four simple rules of Arithmetic." This memorial is signed by the Presidents of all the associations, and must have its effect in influencing the future legislation upon the subject.

Mr. THACKERAY has started at length upon his American trip, leaving behind him quite a luminous track of apotheoses and glorifications. On Wednesday evening he delivered a farewell lecture at the Jews' Literary and Scientific Institution. The staple of the entertainment is stated to have been nothing more than a *résumé* of his six famous lectures on the English humourists; but, if Mr. PENDENNIS really succeeded (as the reporter declares he did) in proving "to the satisfaction of the audience, that the pen of the humourist is always enlisted in the cause of love and charity," he must have travelled a little beyond the narrow boundary of that extraordinary collection of bilious criticism and perversely jealous misappreciation. Whatever their marvellous ability may be, no one ever yet rose from the perusal of Mr. THACKERAY'S writings (and of this collection of lectures especially) holding a better or more charitable opinion of his fellows than before he sat down to them. But this is an old story, and we would fain have had it so that nothing should have arisen to call forth this reiterated protest against the jaundiced view which this truly great man takes of

human life. Let us turn to an infinitely more pleasant scene, which was enacted at the London Tavern on the succeeding evening. Here Mr. Thackeray, surrounded by sixty of his personal friends, received the pleasant and grateful offering of a good dinner. The occasion had nothing in it of a public or even of a class manifestation, for this list of guests contained not very many names of high celebrity in the literary profession. We hear, indeed, of Mr. Dickens (who presided), Mr. William Macready, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. John Leech, Mr. Mark Lemon, and Mr. Charles Knight; but the rest were private friends of Mr. Thackeray, notable only as such. As the entertainment was of this strictly private nature, it was not to be expected that any formal report of the proceedings would appear in print; nor would there, had not one of the guests, unable to resist the temptation, adoped the ingenious expedient of enveloping a *bonâ fide* report under the disguise of an imaginary narrative. Doubtless this has been done with the full consent and approbation of the founders of the feast:

> Among such a collection of men, however (says the reporter), we may safely venture to guess what were the proceedings. We can well imagine the interest felt when the great novelist in the chair proposed the health of the great novelist on his right, and how he must have contrasted the meeting with another that took place years before in the same room, when he presided over a similar entertainment to Macready, then present; the great actor, to some extent, took away his creations with him, but the great writer left his to us wherever he went. Boz would naturally, then, have "chaffed" Mr. Titmarsh on not being even able to take his own Jeames with him as his servant, and on leaving the whole world of "Snobs" behind with us for our comfort and entertainment during his absence. . . . But all this pleasantry would doubtless have been only the relief to the manly generosity with which one great author bore testimony to the greatness of the other, telling him in the name of the rest of the sixty present how much they prized his friendship, were proud of his greatness, and appreciated his kindly nature, and in the name of the hundreds of thousands who had never touched his hand or seen his face, how they esteemed the man who gave them the treasures of wit and wisdom contained in those yellow-covered volumes. . . . Finally, we should make a wager, that when the time came for proposing the Chairman's health, Mr. Thackeray heartily wished success to the little stranger in the green cover, which, according to appearances, will soon put out of joint the noses not only of Master Copperfield, but of such grown-up persons as N. Nickleby, Esq., and M. Chuzzlewit, Esq., who must have quite a large family of their own ere this. Besides all this, we should wonder very much if such a neat writer as Mr. Shirley Brooks had not composed an ode appropriate to the occasion; and, having written it, if he omitted to entrust it to such a famed singer as we hear Mr. John Deane is. And, finally, we should be rather surprised than otherwise if Mr. Albert Smith had not improvised and sung one of the very smartest and most telling of songs, giving a rapid report in fitting verses of the proceedings of the evening up to the moment at which he sung. Something like all this, we are sure, must have occurred; but the only fact we know is, that the bill of fare was appropriate to the occasion, containing as it did "Potage Tortue Anglaise à la 'Hobson Newcome,'" "Omelettes de Merians aux Foie Gras sauce Italienne à la 'Becky Sharp,'" "Salmi Coq de bruyer aux Truffes à la 'Fotheringay,'" "Quenells de Levrauts à la 'Grand Caire,'" "Echine de Mouton rôti à la 'Colonel,'" &c., and several other good things, of which, had we been present, we should doubtless still retain a lively recollection.

The fall of the leaves generally prognosticates another fall of another species of leaves from the direction of Paternoster-row. That ubiquitous individual "the general reader," wearied with going to and fro upon the earth, sick of making aquaria on Paignton Sands, tired with Another Ascent of Mont Blanc, satiated with the marvels of industry and art heaped together in the Champs Elysées, and even bored by his venture as an amateur warrior into the trenches before Sebastopol, is coming home by easy stages to take his periodical feed of autumnal literature in the quiet retirement of his chimney nook. This is no time for much speculation, we are well aware. The wealth and substance of the country is having its reality tested to a degree which they are not often called upon to withstand. People are retrenching, and all such luxuries as literature are rigidly excluded from the programme of family expense. Folks are, generally speaking, better able to spare their novels than retrench their butcher's bills. The booksellers, being wise men in their generation, lay these facts to heart; and we are not, therefore, surprised to find the list of autumnal novelties neither so lengthy nor so important as we generally find it. Perhaps, however, when all these things are considered, we have some reason to be surprised that the list is so good as it is; perhaps there may be found in the number of forthcoming volumes some symptom of that national health which keeps the funds at about 90, in spite of an enormously expensive war; and perhaps, after all, that people is not to be despaired of which can find leisure, amid all the political din and pother which now deafens the ear of Europe, to listen, if but for a moment, to the low, sweet, silver voices of Literature and Song. Take the list of novelties as it may be gathered from the announcements of the fortnight, and it will be seen that the activity of the pen is not quite paralysed. In the front rank we are to have Macaulay's long promised volumes, and the conclusion of Grote's "History of Greece;" Dean Milman will give his "History of Latin Christianity," and Lord John Russell the concluding volumes of "Moore's Journal and Correspondence." Of great works to be completed we have Lieutenant Burton's "Pilgrimage;" the "Autobiography" of the late James Silk Buckingham, Esq., Holland and Everett's "Life of James Montgomery," and Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire." Messrs. Longmans also promise us another book on "The Past Campaign," by N. A. Woods, Esq., late Special Correspondent of the *Morning Herald*. The letters of this very talented young writer attracted great attention when their writer was at the seat of war; even rivalling, in the opinion of many, the celebrated letters of the *Times* Correspondent. It is stated also that the work will also contain Captain Butler's private journal kept during the seige of Silistria, and Captain Christie's correspondence relative to the gale in the Black Sea on the 14th of November last. The same publishers also announce "A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847;" "Russia, its Rise and Revolutions, Tragedies and Progress," by the Rev. T. Milner; "A Second Journey round the World," by Madame Ida Pfeiffer; the first volume of "Arago's Popular Atronomy," translated by Admiral Smith and the Rev. Robert Grant; "Eastern Experiences collected during a Winter Tour in Egypt and the Holy Land," by A. Steinmetz Kennard; "Eight Years' Wandering in Ceylon," by S. W. Baker; "Conversations on Harmony," by the author of "Conversations on Botany;" "The Art of Perfumery and the methods of obtaining the Odours of Plants," by G. W. S. Piesse; a "Constitutional History of Jersey," by C. L. Quesne, Esq.; an "Elementary Atlas of History and Geography," by the Rev. J. S. Brewer; "The Life and Travels of Herodotus," by J. T. Wheeler; "The Life of Luther," as illustrated by a series of forty-eight historical engravings, executed by G. König, with explanations by Archdeacon Hare and Susanna Winkworth; an illustrated edition of Moore's "Irish Melodies," with engravings from original designs by some of the first artists of the day; the Travels of Dr. Barth, the great African explorer; "A Narrrative of Captain M'Clure's Arctic Voyage and Discovery of the North-West Passage;" "An Inquiry concerning Religion," by Mr. George Long; and the first volume of the long-expected "Philosophical Works of Lord Bacon," edited by Messrs. Ellis and Spedding. Besides these, we notice "Five Years in Damascus," by the Rev. J. L. Porter; "Notes of Travel in Sinai and Palestine," by the Rev. A. P. Stanley; "Turkey and its Inhabitants," by M. A. Ubicini; "A Bird's-Eye View of India," by Sir Erskine Perry; "The Pilgrimage and other poems," by the Earl of Ellesmere; "A Handbook of Architecture," by Mr. Ferguson; and a volume of "Later Biblical Researches," by Dr. Robinson. Messrs. Blackwood announce "Minnesota and the Far West," by Lawrence Oliphant, Esq.: and Messrs. Chapman and Hall "The History of Piedmont," by Antonio Gallenga; a new volume of poems, by Philip James Bailey; a volume of selections from the works of Thomas Carlyle; two volumes of poems by Robert Browning; "Western Wanderings in Canada," by W. H. G. Kingston; and a translation of Baron Haxthausen's celebrated work upon "The Russian Empire." Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. announce as in the press "A Year's Cruise in the Baltic;" "The Political Life of Sir Robert Peel," by Thomas Doubleday; the third volume of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters;" "European Revelations of 1848," by Edward Cayley; and two new novels, called "Maurice Elvington" and "Gilbert Messenger," the latter by the author of "Thorney Hall." Messrs. Constable announce a tale called "Doctor Antonio," by the author of "Lorenzo Benoni." Mr. Bentley's list includes some interesting announcements, from among which we signalise Lord John Russell's concluding volume of the "Memoirs of Fox;" a volume of original letters by Boswell; "The Original Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria," edited by Mrs. Everett Greene; a new novel by Charles Reade; the conclusion of Professor Creasy's "History of the Ottoman Turks," and a translation by Mr. Scoble of Guizot's "Life of Richard Cromwell, and the Dawn of the Restoration." Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce new novels by Mrs. Gore, Miss Kavanagh and the authors of "Emilia Wyndham," "The Head of the Family," "Margaret Maitland," and "The History of a Flirt;" also "Scottish Heroes in the Days of Wallace and Bruce," by the Rev. A. Low; "Life of Jeanne d'Albret," by Miss Freer; and "The Wanderer in Arabia," by G. T. Lowth. Closing up this list of announcements and promises comes a new serial by Charles Dickens, to be called "Little Dorritt;" a volume of miscellanies from the inimitable pen of Mr. Pendennis; and Mr. G. H. Lewes's long-expected "Life and Works of Goethe," which is now announced to appear in a few days.

L.

SUMMER'S DEATH.

Sated and weary the summer is lying,
Dreamily living his youth again,
And the harvest sprites are flitting and flying,
Fanning his brows with the golden grain.
And the sea on it's yellow sand is sighing,
And the droway wind in the valleys dying,
And the ·ow'rs fold up from the close dense air,
And a shadowy sleep sits everywhere.

List, oh list! there's a cry in the air,
And an eddying blast comes forth,
From the icy shores where the lone seas beat,
Far away in the starry north.

See, ah see, 'tis the Autumn who rides
On the sweep of that eddying blast,
And the tree-tops shiver, and bend and break,
And the clouds come skurrying past.

And the ocean surges up with a roar,
And hither and thither the sand-drifts fly,
And a dull red light creeps over the earth,
And a grey haze over the sky.

And the Autumn clutches the forests green
In a hasty and eager clasp;
But the leaves are true to the Summer they love,
And they wither and fade in his grasp.

Faster and faster the sand-drift flies,
Higher and higher the white waves rise,
And a shudder crawls thro' the darkening skies,
And the clouds knit close, like a leaden wall,
And thicker and thicker the red leaves fall,
Till the earth with the wreck of her pride is strown,
And Autumn, the conqueror, stands alone
By the Summer—dead, on his golden throne!

J. J. Britton.

"Rogers mentioned a clever thing said by Lord Dudley, on some Vienna lady remarking impudently to him, 'What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!' 'It is true, madam,' he answered, 'we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital.'"

The following genealogical tree has been printed to show that Prince Napoleon is a Prince of the Blood Royal of England, and a cousin of her present Majesty:—

George II.
Frederick Prince of Wales.
George III. — Augusta = William Duke of Brunswick.
Edward Duke of Kent. — Princess of Brunswick = Frederick King of Wurtemburg.
Queen Victoria, born May 24, 1819.
Frederica Princess of Wurtemburg = Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia.
Prince Napoleon, born September 9, 1822.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian General.—Less than three years since an illustrious assemblage stood within the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral. The occasion was the interment of the great commander who had so often led the legions of England to victory. There were present representatives of all the great monarchies which had been the allies of this country in the war which the dead hero concluded. Among these was a General past the prime of life, but distinguished by the energy and firmness which his countenance expressed. In the interval which preceded the arrival of the funeral car this foreigner was observed to be strangely occupied. He passed along the line of soldiers chosen from the various regiments, and, turning up their trousers, attentively examined the make of their shoes. "What is the matter, Prince Gortschakoff?" said one. "It is said at home," returned the Russian, "that your Guards are fitted with strong and well-made shoes, but that those of the line are inferior. I wished to learn the truth of the matter, and therefore examined them." There does not seem to be any difference. This minute disciplinarian was but an imitator of his master, who with his own Imperial hands would open soldiers' coats on parade to see that their shirts were clean. But a few months passed, and the cloud which betokened another tempest rose on the horizon. The representative of the Russian armies at the funeral of Wellington was placed in command of a powerful force. It remained to be seen how far the higher qualities of a general were united to those of the martinet. Gortschakoff had no great success in the Principalities, and, had his career closed with that campaign, he would speedily have been forgotten in the West. But, as it is, his name is joined to the longest, the fiercest, the most deadly struggle in modern warfare. The last act of the late Czar was to appoint him to the command which age, failing health, and weakening resolve induced Menschikoff to relinquish. Nicholas knew the man. You may well say, "A quarter of a century before he had carried on war in Poland with fearful severity." The case was this: He proposed to his prisoners on all occasions the alternative of the Russian service or the knout. Once a body of 2000 insurgents were defeated and took refuge in the Austrian territory. The Austrians disarmed them, and sent them to Gortschakoff. He gave them the usual choice of entering the Russian ranks; they desperately refused. It is said that the General was present at the execution which followed. The flogging lasted many hours; ten died under the lash; seven more yielded after terrible tortures, and were borne to the hospital. Gortschakoff stated his determination to go through the whole number, if the execution lasted a month. The Poles then bowed the head, and were draughted into the Russian legions. Such was the stern nature of the man whom Nicholas sent to defend Sebastopol. You may well say that he was "wise in his generation."—*A correspondent of the Times.*

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

The Phasis of Matter: being an outline of the Discoveries and Applications of Modern Chemistry. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

It is impossible to have too many books of this kind. It is an excellent treatise on an unexhausted and an inexhaustible subject; and, even on this ground alone, if it were without any other title to attention, it would deserve our warm commendation, as exhibiting, in purpose and tone, a marked contrast to the futile objects and endeavours of the myriads of utterly unsatisfactory metaphysical treatises with which the world has been deluged of late years. At the risk of being charged with a hopelessly unimaginative and unexcitable realism, we must take this opportunity of uttering our fervent wish that the alarming superfluity of intellectual activity, which distinguishes this age from all preceding ages, could be diverted at length from the never-ending and still beginning toil of spinning Penelope webs of purely hypothetical transcendentalism; from sitting in Milton's purgatory on hills retired, discussing free will, predestination, and the latest forms of Kantianism, Schellingism, or Spinozism—where it finds no end in wandering mazes lost; where it frets the self-corroding heart into crumbled dust; the self-overwrought brain into stolid fatuity or agonising insanity. We have something more to say on this head; but have first a far pleasanter duty to discharge in doing justice to Mr. Kemp's book.

Its purpose is partly identical with that of Professor Johnston's admirable volumes on the "Chemistry of Common Things;" but, while its style is not less popular or intelligible for the general reader, it has the additional merit of inviting and satisfying a deeper spirit of research. It is, in short, a compendious but clear report of what has been actually seen and verified by a keen and comprehensive eye in the course of a penetrating scrutiny, as far as natural science has hitherto advanced, into the positive and demonstrable constitution of the world in which we have our being. Briefly, and without unnecessary circumlocution, the following seems to be the amount of our information:—all that is out of the region of conjecture, of tradition, and delusion; all that is *known*, as distinguished from all that is *supposed*.

We are in a world composed, not according to a crude old theory, of five, but of some sixty ascertained elements—that is to say, chemistry, operating on all discovered modifications of matter, finds them resoluble into some one or more of these first principles. But there is reason to suppose that chemistry has still much to discover in this direction; and the latest experiments point strongly to the supposition that there was, and is, some generic principle of unity in original matter, from which all demonstrated elements diverge and descend as related species. The more and the farther that chemical research is pushed backwards, and upwards, or downwards into the origin of all material substances, the more reason there appears to be for an inductive conclusion that the principle which it pleased the Creator to make the basis of all the material universe, was a species of infinitely-diffused vapour or gas, which, when stamped by His supreme will with certain natural laws of self-compression, self-concentration, and mysterious cohesion, became, in the lapse probably of myriads of years, the majestic firmament of heaven—the infinite beauty and wonder of the earth; and so, by a marvellous ascent from atomic to inorganic matter, from inorganic into organic matter, and then by an utterly incomprehensible step from lifeless into vital organisms, attained its physical climax in the miracles of animated nature—in man, the paragon of animals.

No sensible man of these days cares to waste his time in investigating fruitlessly the first or even the secondary causes of these phenomena. It is sufficient for him that they are real phenomena—positive and accomplished facts; and not, as there seems to be no sufficient ground for supposing, mere phantasmata. Doubtless, they will one day disappear, like the baseless fabric of the poet's vision, and leave not a rack behind; but in the meantime, and while it is yet called to-day, they are actual, and τα ὄντα. As such it is clear that they deserve the most patient investigation: it is reasonable to suppose that the Divine maker intended his creatures to exercise their faculties primarily, and all but exclusively, in the investigation of these matters; seeing how eminently, and all but exclusively, their faculties are fitted for such inquiries; and how painfully and sadly, or even ludicrously, shortcoming their highest faculties are for the study of transcendental or super-sensuous science. It is in such pursuits, if anything like a natural state of beatitude is to be found, that it is most reasonable to look for it; for it is in natural science only, and not in metaphysical science, that man finds in his powers anything like a due adaptation, or approximation of means to ends; for there is, in the language of the old scholiast on Aristotle—there is a natural harmony and mutual attraction existing between the constitution and the objects of human intelligence (ἐστὶ γὰρ ἐφαρμογή τις καὶ ἁπάφη τοῦ γιγνώσκοντος καὶ τοῦ γιγνωσκομένου: Andronicus on Arist. Eth. Nic. lib. 6); and where the function is incomplete or unattainable, there is reason to suppose that the relation has been misconceived, or based upon false analogies.

Let us therefore come downwards from the cold and cloudy region of isolated contemplation, and turn from the somewhat monotonous and uninstructive study of the eternal stars, to the warm and sunlit atmosphere of the surrounding world. "All our knowledge is ourselves to know;" but how boundless a spirit of still untried inquiry and speculation is contained in this sphere. It comprises all the marvels of half a hundred natural sciences. It gets a little out of legitimate bounds, when it raises a controversy about the plurality of worlds; but it is quite at home with Mr. Kingsley, in his rambles by the sea-shore. It wanders at its own sweet will, and with incalculable profit to the world, when it maps out Siluria with Sir R. Murchison; when it generalises all physical science with Bacon and Sir John Herschell; or when it gives the long results of time in the chemical analyses of Mr. Kemp. Here the human mind is at length familiarly at home with the ingredients of its perishable nature; here it can trace, with feelings of reverential awe, the exact extent of the mysterious connection and cohesion of its material and spiritual being. It can appreciate and weigh to a nicety, as in scales, how much is the natural heirloom of the worm; and how much belongs to a purely spiritual nature and destination.

The *Phasis of Matter* treats of these subjects; but, as its title implies, it is confined to a history of the material world. Its thesis is the indestructibility, but endless mutability and cyclicism, of matter.

> Omnia mutantur: nihil interit. Errat, et illinc
> Hue venit, hinc illinc.

This is that restless rotatory motion of things which has struck the fancy of physiologists and poets of all times. It began with Pythagoras; it was considered by Lucretius and Ovid. It is that principle of which Schiller speaks as

> Changing and shifting all we inherit;
> But changeless through all, one immutable spirit.

It is the philosophy which taught Hamlet to look for the relics of Cæsar in the interstices of a cask. It was probably the esoteric meaning of that beautiful creed of the old world which saw Dryads in oaks and nymphs in streams.

In truth, this world and we ourselves *are* fearfully and wonderfully made. It is also a literal truth that such knowledge is almost too wonderful for us; and that the steadiest brain may well be pardoned if it suffer a slight dizziness when the eye and the instrument proceed to penetrate and dissect the *facts* of the natural world. The surface of things bears its own undecipherable hieroglyphics on its face; but the internal substrata are to us as the ideas and language of other planetary systems.

Thus much alone we know, that the material world is a compound of infinite particles; and that those particles, there is every reason to suppose, are the concentration of prime qualities about which we know nothing. Neither is anything known with reasonable certainty about the so-called atomic theory; and chemists are still undecided whether things, in their secondary state, are a congeries of indivisible monads; or whether the most infinitesimal molecules must not be treated, *à priori* and *à posteriori*, as still susceptible conceivably of infinite division. But, whatever be the truth here, it is certain that these particles, by the secondary influences of such laws as attraction and gravitation, and such principles as heat and moisture, are actually, and at this hour, the substance and essence of all inorganic and organic structures. All things are also dependent on each other. The inorganic world becomes gradually matured into the organic world. The primeval granite has its superstructures of inorganic strata approximating more and more nearly to organic structures as they reach those levels where their pulverised fragments become the recipients, and possibly the germs, of vegetable life. "More complex is more perfect;" and the lowest form of vegetable life is nearly as marvellous a leap from the state of inert matter, as the lowest form of animal life—the anemone or the egg—is from the mute repose of the vegetable world. But the striking fact is the mutual interdependence of things. The inanimate but still organic vegetable world has its own essential cellular structures, which, after discharging their mission of ephemeral life, crumble again into the inorganic world, but only to be renewed in fresh vegetable or animal organisms. The vegetable world lives on the carbonic acid gas and the ammonia, which the animal world throws off as poisonous and destructive to life, and, in return, gives forth its superfluous oxygen as equally deleterious to its own constitution, and equally essential to animal life.

This, then, is the Phasis of matter. It begins in mists and gases. It proceeds in particles and atoms. It encounters at this point fixed chemical laws, and results in the organised carbon of the vegetable world. It becomes acuminated and exalted by the supreme miracle—life. It grows and attracts correlatives to itself from all and each of sixty elements. It is attenuated into the insect—magnified into the mastodon—perfected into the man. But it is not only crystallised into quintessences, but dependent also for the very existence of its structures on the laws of an incessant variation. It advances and circulates in an endless whirlpool of conflux and efflux. It penetrates in powder, and evaporates in liquid. It is now a portion of a cloud; now of a rock; now of a tree; now of an animal; and then again of another cloud, another rock, another tree, and other animals. It is permanent nowhere; peculiar to none. It was a portion of a philosopher or a city merchant to-day; it will be a morning meal in carbonic acid gas to a sapling to-morrow. It is the momentary property successively of all created things. It is the diurnal essence or attribute of nothing. It is a temporary loan; not an inalienable gift.

> Vitaque mancipio nulli datur; omnibus usu.

Surely there is a world of deep and inexhaustible interest in these considerations. Surely it is at least equal in amount to that which is derived from the vague, unsatisfactory, and, it must be added, morbid transcendentalisms of the day. It is indeed the philosophy of facts as opposed to the philosophy of ideas; it is the elaboration of the actual, as distinguished from the conception of the possible. But who shall therefore charge it with the querulous complaint of the sentimentalist or the mystic—that it is wanting in poetry, that it affords no scope to the imagination? The fault, we submit, is in the writer's own barrenness of fancy, that thinks poetry is extinct when people yawn over a rhapsody on the eternal stars, or sleep fairly through a monody on the tender ferocities of the human heart. "No poetry in railways?" asks Charles Mackay with a noble incredulity. No poetry in the things of the visible and transparent world; but only in the Swedenborgian world of things unseen, unknown, and dimly guessed? Why this is the merest maudlin groaning of the carpet-knight and the novel-reading sofa hero. There are more things, and those visible and actual, in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in such a philosophy; there is more poetry, as Shakspere and Scott and Göthe have shown, in the running brooks—in stones—in every thing—than there is in all the aggregate motes that people the sunbeams of the greatest mystic or the greatest bore

who ever contrived to palm off his moody reveries on the world as the product of sublime genius.

In truth, we are anxious to see the educated world arrive at a more accurate appreciation of the value of facts—especially of physical facts—than they appear to have attained hitherto. Of course we are perfectly aware that we are already a practical nation, and that the disproportionate study of facts, as opposed to principles, has been considered at once as our merit and our disgrace. A great novelist wrote a not very successful book the other day to reprobate and ridicule this tendency. But his argument is too grotesque for serious refutation, and applies at most to the vice of an extreme. It applies also exclusively to the error of making a system of details supersede a system of principles. But the practical question is whether a system of principles ought not to be based on facts, as distinguished from ideas; whether the *morale* of human nature, when not clearly under the guidance of an abstract divine law, ought not to be regulated by the same course of inductive experiment which has led to the material prosperity of the last three centuries.

Take, therefore, such a book as Mr. Kemp's, as illustrative of our meaning. It deals, to be sure, only with the material world and the perishable elements of man's nature; but of these it gives a true, plain, and instructive narrative. Nor is it a mere philosophy of naturalism. It does not profess, indeed, to transcend the bounds of natural philosophy; but its ascertained data are the manifest substratum of an esoteric religion. It is therefore that we have not hesitated to say, and do not hesitate to repeat, that, even as a starting-point for new transcendentalists, new idealists, and new poets, an accurate naturalism has the same infinite advantage over the old philosophies and old idealisms, that inductive philosophy has intrinsically over *à priori* philosophy. Even as a means and mere instrument of early education—as a best mode of developing those imaginative and inventive faculties which assuredly were not given to man merely to be carefully eradicated and exterminated—as they now are by all customary rules of schools: even for this purpose we hold that the exuberant poetry of youth will bubble over most beneficially to itself and others, if it be taught to expend itself in starting from a true basis of natural science, and thence to deduce theories which, however wild, will necessarily contain at least a *primâ facie* credibility; will tend to reconcile the monstrous conflict between the moral and animal nature of man; to elevate practice, even if it should lower principle; and to bridge over the infinite gulph between human pretension and human performance.

We confess that we hope for some such result from the due extension of physical as opposed to metaphysical inquiries. We expect much from the discovery and development of natural *laws*; little from the investigations and professions of transcendental science. A science of demonstration must always be preferred by the mature reason to a science of probabilities, still more to a science of conjectures. Knowledge is power; but probability is weakness, and conjecture impotency. As investigation graduates upwards to probability and demonstration, it commands assent and respect; as it graduates downwards into darkness, or outward into mystery and perplexity, it ceases to excite assent, although it may still retain our respect and the awe which accompany conscious ignorance and weakness. But it is within the narrow, and yet still ample circle of the probable and the demonstrable, where we feel that our present lot and duty are cast. It is a goodly heritage, and such as was to be expected from a beneficent Creator, if we choose to view and use it as such. It has still materials unexplored which are sufficient to occupy the keenest analytical and constructive minds of innumerable generations. Our work is before us, which has to be done while it is yet called to-day. There comes a night when none can work, and when all shall rest from their labours; and, speaking humanly and humbly, it is difficult to conceive with what grace or reasonable pretension man can dare to aspire, even through infinite mercy, to the possession and enjoyment of other worlds, if, even in a spirit of restless and impatient longing, he neglect, or leave half completed the work which is so manifestly prepared to his hands in this still undiscovered earth.

It may be that these words are somewhat too grave for a merely literary article; but they have been toned and even dictated by an event which has become known to the world since it was commenced. Professor Johnston is no more. The most elegant and popular of modern chemists, the cheerful and judicious author of "Notes on North America," the philosopher of plain things, their lucid and fascinating historian, will no longer benefit and delight the world. We esteem his death a grave and almost an irreparable loss to that large outer world which is constantly craving admission to the inner scientific world. Without any remarkable power of invention, without any marvellous intellectual capacity, but yet endowed with a keen observation and a comprehensive understanding; he had in perfection that rarest of all rare faculties, which, without perhaps being strictly genius, is equally uncommon—the power of telling abstruse as well as plain truths in a plain and also an enchanting style. He was simple, and therefore always sensible, always pleasing, and sometimes even sublime. He was popularly intelligible to all persons of decent education and understanding, who knew nothing previously of natural or chemical science. In this respect we hold that he surpassed all who preceded, and all who have followed him, in treating on the same subjects. He did not profess to go far beneath the surface, but he skimmed it at once accurately, completely, and delightfully. He deserved well of his country in his generation, and his country is grateful to his memory. Fortunately for us, he has left similar spirits, whose abilities are still in the process of development. Among them Mr. Kemp may justly claim one of the highest places.

PHILO.

BIOGRAPHY.

My Exile in Siberia. By ALEXANDER HERZEN. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE talent of M. Herzen's writings, the style easy, flowing, and agreeable, would entitle them to remark under any circumstances; but, as a Russian author, impressing on his works the character of his mind, they possess peculiar interest. Amongst his compatriots, the professors of liberal views who have obtained in exile liberty of speech, he holds a place apart. Endowed with the gifts of Russian genius—the acuteness, the power of analysis, the vivacity of thought, adaptation, and expression, the brilliant quickness of sarcasm—he has a quality of mind which is not Muscovite, and for want of which the sharp analysis is but the discovery of death, the mobility of thought the sacrifice of individuality, the sarcasm the glitter of snow upon a frozen sea—a smile over desolation leading to no issue, encouraging no hope. The superiority of M. Herzen lies in his genial human spirit, in the faith and hope that live in him, in his sincere aspirations for a good that may be real and universal, in his devotedness of heart and clearness of purpose. He is more Slavonic than Muscovite; and we have rarely read a narrative so calculated to awaken personal interest in the author as this of M. Herzen's exile in Siberia. To that point we confine our notice; we cannot subscribe to all his political opinions, and their discussion would exceed our limits.

M. Herzen won his literary fame in Russia under the name Iskander, Turkish for Alexander. To assume his own after having been found guilty of a political offence would have been contrary to the law of Czarism, and the young philosopher at twenty-one had already experienced its penalties. From the year 1834 till 1846 M. Herzen submitted in his own country to the persecution of the Government; in 1847 he was enabled to quit Russia; but to induce his return vigorous means were employed. His mother had great difficulty in procuring the restoration of a sum of money deposited in the Bank of Moscow, and 10,000 francs sent to M. Herzen by his brother were seized and confiscated; the publication of his works was prohibited in Russia—a prohibition that extended to France after the appearance of his two most striking productions in the French language—*On the development of revolutionary ideas in Russia*, and *The Russian people and Socialism*. Only since the commencement of the present war their sale has been permitted.

The 20th of July, 1834, was the date of the author's first arrest, and his initiation into Russian life, real and practical. Of the charges against him he was not informed, persons simply suspected of belonging to secret societies may be naturally supposed better acquainted with their own crimes than their accusers can be. "Well then, my dear conspirator," said an old lady, to whom some years later he related this adventure, "were you as old as sixteen when they sent you into exile."

"Just twenty-one," I answered, laughing heartily at her despising our political activity, Nicholas's as well as mine; "but I was the eldest of us all." "Four or five students frightened the whole Government."

Previous to the exile, however, the accused had an opportunity of improving his acquaintance with Muscovite habits of justice and officialism. No books that might be amenable to the censorship were allowed to divert the tedium of his preparatory confinement at the police office; instructive works, grammars or dictionaries, were not forbidden, and the prisoner therefore gave orders and the money for an Italian grammar and a dictionary.

In the evening the commissioner came, and said that "the Chief Director of Police had ordered him to tell me by word of mouth that I should learn the cause of my arrest in due time." He then produced from his pocket an Italian grammar besmeared with grease, and added smilingly,

"By a happy chance a dictionary has been found here, so we need not buy one expressly." The money which he ought to have returned was not mentioned.

M. Herzen's examinations during the time of his forced residence at the police office consisted rather of endeavours on the part of the chief inspector to extract from him confessions and revelations. "An old priest with a grey beard and violet coloured face" assisted this functionary, representing to their captive the sin of attempting to conceal truth from imperial officials, and the vanity of the attempt, which could not escape detection from the eye of God. At this period terrible events occurred. The fires in Moscow in 1834, whose origin was never discovered, caused the arrest of numerous real or supposed incendiaries. The cries of these unhappy wretches, flogged, tortured, beaten, to procure an avowal of guilt, reached M. Herzen's ears, augmenting the horrors of his own incarceration. However severe, he affirms, may be the treatment to which political prisoners of a higher rank are exposed, it bears no comparison with that the peasants and persons of a humbler class must suffer without appeal. So cruel and so horrible to them is the probation through Russian courts of justice, alike to those proved innocent or declared guilty, that to the latter, departure for Siberia is welcomed as relief from a worse torment. Although criminating answers extorted by violence are not valid in Russian law—although an official applying torture to an accused person is liable to punishment—the practice still prevails from Bhering's Straits to Tauroggen. On the occasion referred to the commission of inquiry sat six months, and arrived at no conclusion. The Emperor at length, impatient, commanded them to terminate the affair in three days. Thus urged, the Fabian tribunal condemned a sufficient number to satisfy the requirements of justice, to the knout, to forced labour, and to be branded. M. Herzen relates:—

A captain of the gendarmes, a good old man, who had been present at the execution, told me the particulars of it. The first of those condemned to the knout, turned to the people, and said in a loud voice that he was innocent, and did not know what he had spoken under the influence of pain. Here he took off his shirt and said: "True believers, look here." One scream of horror burst from the multitude; his back was all one huge blue wound, and upon this wound the knout was again to play.

The atrocity of this scene excited the murmurs of the people. A report was made to the Emperor, a fresh examination decreed; the poor creature who had protested, and another, received in compensation for their unmerited sufferings 200 roubles banco, and a pass to testify that they were innocent, although they had been branded.

Three days after the Emperor's arrival at Moscow, M. Herzen was transferred to the Krutin Barracks, a place which had been a monastery three hundred years before. In a cell, damp, cold, half-sunk under ground, warmed by a stove, from the effects of which the prisoner once narrowly escaped suffocation—debarred from exercise, and condemned to darkness from nine in the evening till eight in the morning—he remained nine months, paying for his board daily two roubles banco. The Government indeed allows for the sustenance of each prisoner thirty-five copecks, but this is pocketed amongst the official perquisites.

The trial of M. Herzen and his companions in misfortune was confided to a new commission; their progress was slow, for the zeal of the police failed in the fabrication of a specific charge. A song, not complimentary to the Czar, sung after dinner in a company of young men, furnished a flimsy pretext for the arrest of others who were not present. The commandant of Moscow, General Stael, a veteran warrior and tried servant of the state, denounced the iniquity of the proceeding, and resigned his place in the commission. The remonstrances even of such a man could not modify the inexorable will of the Czar, predetermined to find guilt—and punishment. At length, in March 1835, the sentences were pronounced. Sokolofsky, author of "The Creation," "Chever," and other poems, who had been detained in a state prison, in solitary confinement, in a dark cell, was placed in the chief section with two others, Utkin a painter, and Ibayeff an officer. They were ordered to Schüsselberg for an indefinite term; death released the two first, the latter was sent afterwards to Perm. Three men cut off from society for no crime but the possession of intellect that might be dangerous. Paternal governments quote Scripture to their purpose: there is one text they would do well to remember:—

"The stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.

"Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity."

The remainder of the accused received sentences varying in degrees of severity. M. Herzen was exiled to Perm. Some farewells, touching, and touchingly alluded to, and then the young man—full of life and hope, of pure emotions, of noble thoughts, and the warm sympathies that should bind societies—passed from the prison to the desert.

We have not room to detail the incidents of the dismal journey to Siberia, which the author pleasantly describes in a manner something between smiles and tears. At Perm he was introduced to the governor, warned not to associate with the exiled Poles, and left at liberty.

At liberty! in a little town on the frontiers of Siberia, without the least experience, without knowing in any way the society in which I had to live.

Scarcely had the exile made preparations for his anticipated sojourn in this abode when he was ordered to proceed immediately to Wiatka. The change did not improve his condition, but procures us a vivid sketch of the small tyrant who from low origin had risen to be his Excellency, governor of Wiatka. M. Herzen, was occupied in the Government office from nine till two in the morning, and from five till eight in the evening. His fellow-clerks were far from agreeable companions.

They were to be bribed with twenty and twenty-five kopecks, sold documents for a glass of wine, altered others, and degraded themselves in every possible way.

His servant ceased to play at billiards because these officers cheated, and he dared not chastise them on account of their military rank. M. Herzen's "superior" was a drunkard, who could scarcely read and write. From this slavery he was relieved on consideration of performing at home an equivalent of statistical labour; the author furnishes examples of the lucid reports which came under his notice. The following was from Kaï.

Amongst various nonsense it was said therein: "Drowned persons, 2; causes of drowning unknown, 2—total 4." Amongst the list of remarkable events stood the following tragical anecdote: "Citizen N., whose brain had been destroyed by the use of spirits, has hanged himself." . . . In another report about the mortality of the inhabitants, it was said: "In the town of Kaï there are no Jews."

The feeling of the provincial inhabitants of these districts is not inimical to the political exiles; they enjoy even a kind of popularity, and are "lions" in their desert; the lower classes, with their simple instinct, regard them with commiseration.

On the borders of Siberia the name "exile" disappears, and that of "unfortunate" is substituted. . . . In the province of Perm, in the streets of Tobolsk, the peasants are often seen to put milk, bread, and kwas, a sort of beer, on the sills of their open windows, to assist one of these "unfortunates," should he be escaping from Siberia.

The exiled Poles are scattered in the different districts: they shun intercourse with the inhabitants, who consider them as strangers. *The greatest union prevails amongst them*, says M. Herzen; but no Russian is admitted into their society. We underline the sentence, which contradicts a common calumny. A Pole, notwithstanding, formed a friendship for the author, and at parting said, "Why are you a Russian?"

I made no reply; but this observation fell heavily on my heart. I understood that this generation of Poles will not liberate Poland.

Why, we would in turn ask M. Herzen, should he have drawn an evil augury from this natural remark? Is he not conscious of possessing qualities which are far more frequently apparent in the Polish than the Russian character. Unless patriotism be indeed, as he proclaims elsewhere, a narrow egotism, the Poles have little cause to contemplate the name of Russia with affection—Nicholas violently crushed Poland, with the aid of diplomatic Europe. Reforming Russians would fain suffocate her with kindness, efface Poland, to merge her into some vague and yet impracticable community of Slavonic states—the Czar's ideal in a different dress. If the re-establishment of Poland is necessary to Europe, it is also necessary as the sole basis for a true and cordial alliance between the Polish and the Russian people.

The exiled Poles have never been ill-treated, but the position of those who have no means is dreadful. From Government they receive but 15 roubles banco a month, and with this money they must provide lodgings, board, food, and clothing. In the larger towns, such as Kasan and Tobolsk, they can live by giving lessons and concerts, establishing drawing-classes, and playing at balls; but in Perm and Wiatka even these resources are wanting. Notwithstanding, they never ask the Russians for anything.

M. Herzen's portraits are admirable; the points are touched and brought out with a master's pencil. He traces in his petty Siberian tyrant the national characteristics. This man was offended by the victim's independent bearing; he had been once oppressed, and now in turn enjoyed his privilege as an oppressor.

He loved his power jealously; had acquired it by the sweat of his brow; and he demanded not only obedience, but also the appearance of unlimited submission. Unfortunately, in this he was national. A land proprietor is accustomed to say to his servant, "Be silent, I will allow no answer." The chief of any department grows pale, and replies to his inferior who ventures to make any opposition: "You forget yourself; do you know to whom you speak?" The Emperor sends people to Siberia on account of mere opinions; torments people to death in casemates on account of a few verses. And all three of them are more willing to pardon theft, bribery, robbery, and murder, than the boldness of human dignity and the audaciousness of free speech.

The system of Russian misgovernment extends to Siberia. Pestel, the father of the celebrated conspirator, chief governor of West Siberia, organised a plan of public plunder throughout the country. When his son was condemned to death, he bitterly reproved his conduct, as a proof of his own zeal in the imperial cause.

He concluded his fatherly speech with the question, "And what was left thee to wish for?" "That is too long to relate," answered the son; "but, amongst other views, I had also intended to render it impossible for governors like you to exist."

"Siberia has a great future," remarks M. Herzen; it is a place of vast and undeveloped resources. The Siberian race is well-formed, healthy, clever, and prudent. The use of arms and habit of an adventurous life gives to the peasant a bolder, more dexterous and martial character than is common to the Russian. An aristocracy does not exist in the towns, and the Government and military officials, stationed like hostile garrisons, are at such distances as to relieve the mass of peasants from too frequent contact with their masters. They are rarely visited by the "Popes;" generally indifferent on religious subjects, but include many sectarians. They are, however, robbed, persecuted, maltreated, and oppressed with the impartiality that reigns throughout the Muscovite dominions.

But there is a difference in the faculty of endurance amongst the various tribes.

The peasants of Wiatka are for the most part not very enduring; therefore the officials call them calumniators and unquiet people. But a real gold-mine for the officials are the Watiakes, the Mordwines, the Tchuwashes, poor, miserable, timid people. The under officials pay a double tribute to the governors, when they send them to districts inhabited by Finns. With these wretched beings the police and officials do incredible things.

If a surveyor passes for any purpose through a Watiakish village, he halts, and straight displays his formidable instruments of measurement. The alarm spreads—the alderman and elders of the village assemble to the rescue, and implore the invader not to diminish their land. The feint has succeeded; the surveyor demands from twenty to thirty roubles as the price of his forbearance; it is paid with gratitude, and he departs for the next village.

If the chief officer of a district and the chief of police find a dead human body, they carry it for some weeks about the Watiake villages, thanks to the cold, which renders this possible. In every village they say that they have just found the corpse, and that a trial will be held in that place. Then the Watiakes prefer giving a ransom. Some years before my arrival it happened that a chief officer who had made it his business to collect ransoms brought a corpse into a large Russian village, and demanded about 200 roubles. The alderman assembled the parish; they would not give more than one hundred. The officer would not yield. The peasants then grew angry, shut him up together with his two secretaries in the Common Hall, and threatened to burn them therein. The officer would not believe in this menace. The peasants put straw around the house, and offered the officer as an ultimatum a bank note for one hundred roubles at the point of a stick through the window. The heroic officer asked one hundred more; and thereupon the peasants fired the house from all sides, the three Mutii Scævolæ of the provincial police were burnt. This matter was eventually brought before the senate. The Watiake villages are in general much poorer than the Russian,

M. Herzen designates the priest in Russia a spiritual police officer. This personage adopts appropriate means of operating conversions. A certain number of Finlanders preserve to this day their Pagan creed; they esteem equally God and the Devil; their prayers are petitions for material benefits: "Give, Jumala, that from one buck there come two, from one grain five, that my children may have children again." At intervals of a year or two the priest and his police associate commence a tour of investigation. The unbelievers who have not attended the Lord's Supper are whipped, imprisoned, and fined; proofs are collected of the practice of the old religious ceremonies, for which a ransom is extorted; and things resume their course till the next day of reckoning. In the year 1835 the metropolitan confided the work of conversion to a vigorous missionary. The Tcheremisses opposed to him their own wild priests; the latter argued—

In the forest there are white birch trees, high firs and pines, and there are likewise small juniper bushes. God suffers them all, and does not order the bush to be a pine. We men are like those bushes in the forest. Be you the white birch trees; we will remain the juniper bushes. We do not hinder you. We *pray for the Czar*, pay our taxes, and furnish recruits; but will not become faithless to our religion.

Karbanowsky summoned to his aid the chief official of the district, an orthodox Mussulman named Dewle-Kildeyeff, who, supported by a detachment of soldiers, advanced to the attack in defence of Christianity. His success procured him the order of St. Wladimir; and, in the official report of the signal conversion which had taken place, his energy was mentioned. But, remarks the author,

It was forgotten to add that his zeal for the Church was the more disinterested the more firmly he adhered to Islamism.

M. Herzen spent two years and a half at Wiatka, and was permitted, as a commutation of punishment, to remove to Wladimir, so much nearer home. It was home now; and M. Herzen records the year 1838 as the best and most serene year of his life. There is reference to his marriage; and there, at Wladimir,

Terminates the lyrical part of our existence, the part entirely personal. Farther on, labour, success, encounters, a widely-extended circle, a long road, resolutions; farther still, children, cares, struggles; and farther yet, all ends. On the one side is a grave, on the other solitude

In 1840 M. Herzen quitted Wladimir. He was free, as such men are free in Russia. At this point in the book follow some philosophical chapters, which are exceedingly interesting. He visited Petersburg, with his father's caution, "Beware of every man, from the cab-driver to the persons you may happen to meet even at my friends'. Spies are in all ranks." It was a caution not easy for M. Herzen to practise; and he appears to have been continually dropping imprudent words, to the alarm of his acquaintance, in the unnoticed presence of cooks and valets. In 1840 he had a brief experience of the public service in the ministry of Count Strogonoff. A

who ever contrived to palm off his moody reveries on the world as the product of sublime genius.

In truth, we are anxious to see the educated world arrive at a more accurate appreciation of the value of facts—especially of physical facts—than they appear to have attained hitherto. Of course we are perfectly aware that we are already a practical nation, and that the disproportionate study of facts, as opposed to principles, has been considered at once as our merit and our disgrace. A great novelist wrote a not very successful book the other day to reprobate and ridicule this tendency. But his argument is too grotesque for serious refutation, and applies at most to the vice of an extreme. It applies also exclusively to the error of making a system of details supersede a system of principles. But the practical question is whether a system of principles ought not to be based on facts, as distinguished from ideas; whether the *morale* of human nature, when not clearly under the guidance of an abstract divine law, ought not to be regulated by the same course of inductive experiment which has led to the material prosperity of the last three centuries.

Take, therefore, such a book as Mr. Kemp's, as illustrative of our meaning. It deals, to be sure, only with the material world and the perishable elements of man's nature; but of these it gives a true, plain, and instructive narrative. Nor is it a mere philosophy of naturalism. It does not profess, indeed, to transcend the bounds of natural philosophy; but its ascertained data are the manifest substratum of an esoteric religion. It is therefore that we have not hesitated to say, and do not hesitate to repeat, that, even as a starting-point for new transcendentalists, new idealists, and new poets, an accurate naturalism has the same infinite advantage over the old philosophies and old idealisms, that inductive philosophy has intrinsically over *à priori* philosophy. Even as a means and mere instrument of early education—as a best mode of developing those imaginative and inventive faculties which assuredly were not given to man merely to be carefully eradicated and exterminated—as they now are by all customary rules of schools: even for this purpose we hold that the exuberant poetry of youth will bubble over most beneficially to itself and others, if it be taught to expend itself in starting from a true basis of natural science, and thence to deduce theories which, however wild, will necessarily contain at least a *primâ facie* credibility; will tend to reconcile the monstrous conflict between the moral and animal nature of man; to elevate practice, even if it should lower principle; and to bridge over the infinite gulph between human pretension and human performance.

We confess that we hope for some such result from the due extension of physical as opposed to metaphysical inquiries. We expect much from the discovery and development of natural *laws*; little from the investigations and professions of transcendental science. A science of demonstration must always be preferred by the mature reason to a science of probabilities, still more to a science of conjectures. Knowledge is power; but probability is weakness, and conjecture impotency. As investigation graduates upwards to probability and demonstration, it commands assent and respect; as it graduates downwards into darkness, or outward into mystery and perplexity, it ceases to excite assent, although it may still retain our respect and the awe which accompany conscious ignorance and weakness. But it is within the narrow, and yet still ample circle of the probable and the demonstrable, where we feel that our present lot and duty are cast. It is a goodly heritage, and such as was to be expected from a beneficent Creator, if we choose to view and use it as such. It has still materials unexplored which are sufficient to occupy the keenest analytical and constructive minds of innumerable generations. Our work is before us, which has to be done while it is yet called to-day. There comes a night when none can work, and when all shall rest from their labours; and, speaking humanly and humbly, it is difficult to conceive with what grace or reasonable pretension man can dare to aspire, even through infinite mercy, to the possession and enjoyment of other worlds, if, even in a spirit of restless and impatient longing, he neglect, or leave half completed the work which is so manifestly prepared to his hands in this still undiscovered earth.

It may be that these words are somewhat too grave for a merely literary article; but they have been toned and even dictated by an event which has become known to the world since it was commenced. Professor Johnston is no more. The most elegant and popular of modern chemists, the cheerful and judicious author of "Notes on North America," the philosopher of plain things, their lucid and fascinating historian, will no longer benefit and delight the world. We esteem his death a grave and almost an irreparable loss to that large outer world which is constantly craving admission to the inner scientific world. Without any remarkable power of invention, without any marvellous intellectual capacity, but yet endowed with a keen observation and a comprehensive understanding; he had in perfection that rarest of all rare faculties, which, without perhaps being strictly genius, is equally uncommon—the power of telling abstruse as well as plain truths in a plain and also an enchanting style. He was simple, and therefore always sensible, always pleasing, and sometimes even sublime. He was popularly intelligible to all persons of decent education and understanding, who knew nothing previously of natural or chemical science. In this respect we hold that he surpassed all who preceded, and all who have followed him, in treating on the same subjects. He did not profess to go far beneath the surface, but he skimmed it at once accurately, completely, and delightfully. He deserved well of his country in his generation, and his country is grateful to his memory. Fortunately for us, he has left similar spirits, whose abilities are still in the process of development. Among them Mr. Kemp may justly claim one of the highest places.

PHILO.

BIOGRAPHY.

My Exile in Siberia. By ALEXANDER HERZEN. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE talent of M. Herzen's writings, the style easy, flowing, and agreeable, would entitle them to remark under any circumstances; but, as a Russian author, impressing on his works the character of his mind, they possess peculiar interest. Amongst his compatriots, the professors of liberal views who have obtained in exile liberty of speech, he holds a place apart. Endowed with the gifts of Russian genius—the acuteness, the power of analysis, the vivacity of thought, adaptation, and expression, the brilliant quickness of sarcasm—he has a quality of mind which is not Muscovite, and for want of which the sharp analysis is but the discovery of death, the mobility of thought the sacrifice of individuality, the sarcasm the glitter of snow upon a frozen sea—a smile over desolation leading to no issue, encouraging no hope. The superiority of M. Herzen lies in his genial human spirit, in the faith and hope that live in him, in his sincere aspirations for a good that may be real and universal, in his devotedness of heart and clearness of purpose. He is more Slavonic than Muscovite; and we have rarely read a narrative so calculated to awaken personal interest in the author as this of M. Herzen's exile in Siberia. To that point we confine our notice; we cannot subscribe to all his political opinions, and their discussion would exceed our limits.

M. Herzen won his literary fame in Russia under the name Iskander, Turkish for Alexander. To assume his own after having been found guilty of a political offence would have been contrary to the law of Czarism, and the young philosopher at twenty-one had already experienced its penalties. From the year 1834 till 1846 M. Herzen submitted in his own country to the persecution of the Government; in 1847 he was enabled to quit Russia; but to induce his return vigorous means were employed. His mother had great difficulty in procuring the restoration of a sum of money deposited in the Bank of Moscow, and 10,000 francs sent to M. Herzen by his brother were seized and confiscated; the publication of his works was prohibited in Russia—a prohibition that extended to France after the appearance of his two most striking productions in the French language—*On the development of revolutionary ideas in Russia*, and *The Russian people and Socialism*. Only since the commencement of the present war their sale has been permitted.

The 20th of July, 1834, was the date of the author's first arrest, and his initiation into Russian life, real and practical. Of the charges against him he was not informed, persons simply suspected of belonging to secret societies may be naturally supposed better acquainted with their own crimes than their accusers can be. "Well then, my dear conspirator," said an old lady, to whom some years later he related this adventure, "were you as old as sixteen when they sent you into exile."

"Just twenty-one," I answered, laughing heartily at her despising our political activity, Nicholas's as well as mine; "but I was the eldest of us all." "Four or five students frightened the whole Government."

Previous to the exile, however, the accused had an opportunity of improving his acquaintance with Muscovite habits of justice and officialism. No books that might be amenable to the censorship were allowed to divert the tedium of his preparatory confinement at the police office; instructive works, grammars or dictionaries, were not forbidden, and the prisoner therefore gave orders and the money for an Italian grammar and a dictionary.

In the evening the commissioner came, and said that "the Chief Director of Police had ordered him to tell me by word of mouth that I should learn the cause of my arrest in due time." He then produced from his pocket an Italian grammar besmeared with grease, and added smilingly,

"By a happy chance a dictionary has been found here, so we need not buy one expressly." The money which he ought to have returned was not mentioned.

M. Herzen's examinations during the time of his forced residence at the police office consisted rather of endeavours on the part of the chief inspector to extract from him confessions and revelations. "An old priest with a grey beard and violet coloured face" assisted this functionary, representing to their captive the sin of attempting to conceal truth from imperial officials, and the vanity of the attempt, which could not escape detection from the eye of God. At this period terrible events occurred. The fires in Moscow in 1834, whose origin was never discovered, caused the arrest of numerous real or supposed incendiaries. The cries of these unhappy wretches, flogged, tortured, beaten, to procure an avowal of guilt, reached M. Herzen's ears, augmenting the horrors of his own incarceration. However severe, he affirms, may be the treatment to which political prisoners of a higher rank are exposed, it bears no comparison with that the peasants and persons of a humbler class must suffer without appeal. So cruel and so horrible to them is the probation through Russian courts of justice, alike to those proved innocent or declared guilty, that to the latter, departure for Siberia is welcomed as relief from a worse torment. Although criminating answers extorted by violence are not valid in Russian law—although an official applying torture to an accused person is liable to punishment—the practice still prevails from Bhering's Straits to Tauroggen. On the occasion referred to the commission of inquiry sat six months, and arrived at no conclusion. The Emperor at length, impatient, commanded them to terminate the affair in three days. Thus urged, the Fabian tribunal condemned a sufficient number to satisfy the requirements of justice, to the knout, to forced labour, and to be branded. M. Herzen relates:—

A captain of the gendarmes, a good old man, who had been present at the execution, told me the particulars of it. The first of those condemned to the knout, turned to the people, and said in a loud voice that he was innocent, and did not know what he had spoken under the influence of pain. Here he took off his shirt and said: "True believers, look here." One scream of horror burst from the multitude; his back was all one huge blue wound, and upon this wound the knout was again to play.

The atrocity of this scene excited the murmurs of the people. A report was made to the Emperor, a fresh examination decreed; the poor creature who had protested, and another, received in compensation for their unmerited sufferings 200 roubles banco, and a pass to testify that they were innocent, although they had been branded.

Three days after the Emperor's arrival at Moscow, M. Herzen was transferred to the Krutin Barracks, a place which had been a monastery three hundred years before. In a cell, damp, cold, half-sunk under ground, warmed by a stove, from the effects of which the prisoner once narrowly escaped suffocation—debarred from exercise, and condemned to darkness from nine in the evening till eight in the morning—he remained nine months, paying for his board daily two roubles banco. The Government indeed allows for the sustenance of each prisoner thirty-five copecks, but this is pocketed amongst the official perquisites.

The trial of M. Herzen and his companions in misfortune was confided to a new commission; their progress was slow, for the zeal of the police failed in the fabrication of a specific charge. A song, not complimentary to the Czar, sung after dinner in a company of young men, furnished a flimsy pretext for the arrest of others who were not present. The commandant of Moscow, General Stael, a veteran warrior and tried servant of the state, denounced the iniquity of the proceeding, and resigned his place in the commission. The remonstrances even of such a man could not modify the inexorable will of the Czar, predetermined to find guilt—and punishment. At length, in March 1835, the sentences were pronounced. Sokolofsky, author of "The Creation," "Chever," and other poems, who had been detained in a state prison, in solitary confinement, in a dark cell, was placed in the chief section with two others, Utkin a painter, and Ibayeff an officer. They were ordered to Schüsselberg for an indefinite term; death released the two first, the latter was sent afterwards to Perm. Three men cut off from society for no crime but the possession of intellect that might be dangerous. Paternal governments quote Scripture to their purpose: there is one text they would do well to remember:—

"The stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.

"Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity."

The remainder of the accused received sentences varying in degrees of severity. M. Herzen was exiled to Perm. Some farewells, touching, and touchingly alluded to, and then the young man—full of life and hope, of pure emotions, of noble thoughts, and the warm sympathies that should bind societies—passed from the prison to the desert.

We have not room to detail the incidents of the dismal journey to Siberia, which the author pleasantly describes in a manner something between smiles and tears. At Perm he was introduced to the governor, warned not to associate with the exiled Poles, and left at liberty.

At liberty! in a little town on the frontiers of Siberia, without the least experience, without knowing in any way the society in which I had to live.

Scarcely had the exile made preparations for his anticipated sojourn in this abode when he was ordered to proceed immediately to Wiatka. The change did not improve his condition, but procures us a vivid sketch of the small tyrant who from low origin had risen to be his Excellency, governor of Wiatka. M. Herzen, was occupied in the Government office from nine till two in the morning, and from five till eight in the evening. His fellow-clerks were far from agreeable companions.

They were to be bribed with twenty and twenty-five kopecks, sold documents for a glass of wine, altered others, and degraded themselves in every possible way.

His servant ceased to play at billiards because these officers cheated, and he dared not chastise them on account of their military rank. M. Herzen's "superior" was a drunkard, who could scarcely read and write. From this slavery he was relieved on consideration of performing at home an equivalent of statistical labour; the author furnishes examples of the lucid reports which came under his notice. The following was from Kaï.

Amongst various nonsense it was said therein: "Drowned persons, 2; causes of drowning unknown, 2—total 4." Amongst the list of remarkable events stood the following tragical anecdote: "Citizen N., whose brain had been destroyed by the use of spirits, has hanged himself." . . . In another report about the mortality of the inhabitants, it was said: "In the town of Kaï there are no Jews."

The feeling of the provincial inhabitants of these districts is not inimical to the political exiles; they enjoy even a kind of popularity, and are "lions" in their desert; the lower classes, with their simple instinct, regard them with commiseration.

On the borders of Siberia the name "exile" disappears, and that of "unfortunate" is substituted. . . . In the province of Perm, in the streets of Tobolsk, the peasants are often seen to put milk, bread, and kwas, a sort of beer, on the sills of their open windows, to assist one of these "unfortunates," should he be escaping from Siberia.

The exiled Poles are scattered in the different districts: they shun intercourse with the inhabitants, who consider them as strangers. *The greatest union prevails amongst them*, says M. Herzen; but no Russian is admitted into their society. We underline the sentence, which contradicts a common calumny. A Pole, notwithstanding, formed a friendship for the author, and at parting said, "Why are you a Russian?"

I made no reply; but this observation fell heavily on my heart. I understood that this generation of Poles will not liberate Poland.

Why, we would in turn ask M. Herzen, should he have drawn an evil augury from this natural remark? Is he not conscious of possessing qualities which are far more frequently apparent in the Polish than the Russian character. Unless patriotism be indeed, as he proclaims elsewhere, a narrow egotism, the Poles have little cause to contemplate the name of Russia with affection—Nicholas violently crushed Poland, with the aid of diplomatic Europe. Reforming Russians would fain suffocate her with kindness, efface Poland, to merge her into some vague and yet impracticable community of Slavonic states—the Czar's ideal in a different dress. If the re-establishment of Poland is necessary to Europe, it is also necessary as the sole basis for a true and cordial alliance between the Polish and the Russian people.

The exiled Poles have never been ill-treated, but the position of those who have no means is dreadful. From Government they receive but 15 roubles banco a month, and with this money they must provide lodgings, board, food, and clothing. In the larger towns, such as Kasan and Tobolsk, they can live by giving lessons and concerts, establishing drawing-classes, and playing at balls; but in Perm and Wiatka even these resources are wanting. Notwithstanding, they never ask the Russians for anything.

M. Herzen's portraits are admirable; the points are touched and brought out with a master's pencil. He traces in his petty Siberian tyrant the national characteristics. This man was offended by the victim's independent bearing; he had been once oppressed, and now in turn enjoyed his privilege as an oppressor.

He loved his power jealously; had acquired it by the sweat of his brow; and he demanded not only obedience, but also the appearance of unlimited submission. Unfortunately, in this he was national. A land proprietor is accustomed to say to his servant, "Be silent, I will allow no answer." The chief of any department grows pale, and replies to his inferior who ventures to make any opposition: "You forget yourself; do you know to whom you speak?" The Emperor sends people to Siberia on account of mere opinions; torments people to death in casemates on account of a few verses. And all three of them are more willing to pardon theft, bribery, robbery, and murder, than the boldness of human dignity and the audaciousness of free speech.

The system of Russian misgovernment extends to Siberia. Pestel, the father of the celebrated conspirator, chief governor of West Siberia, organised a plan of public plunder throughout the country. When his son was condemned to death, he bitterly reproved his conduct, as a proof of his own zeal in the imperial cause.

He concluded his fatherly speech with the question, "And what was left thee to wish for?" "That is too long to relate," answered the son; "but, amongst other views, I had also intended to render it impossible for governors like you to exist."

"Siberia has a great future," remarks M. Herzen; it is a place of vast and undeveloped resources. The Siberian race is well-formed, healthy, clever, and prudent. The use of arms and habit of an adventurous life gives to the peasant a bolder, more dexterous and martial character than is common to the Russian. An aristocracy does not exist in the towns, and the Government and military officials, stationed like hostile garrisons, are at such distances as to relieve the mass of peasants from too frequent contact with their masters. They are rarely visited by the "Popes;" generally indifferent on religious subjects, but include many sectarians. They are, however, robbed, persecuted, maltreated, and oppressed with the impartiality that reigns throughout the Muscovite dominions.

But there is a difference in the faculty of endurance amongst the various tribes.

The peasants of Wiatka are for the most part not very enduring; therefore the officials call them calumniators and unquiet people. But a real gold-mine for the officials are the Watiakes, the Mordwines, the Tchuwashes, poor, miserable, timid people. The under officials pay a double tribute to the governors, when they send them to districts inhabited by Finns. With these wretched beings the police and officials do incredible things.

If a surveyor passes for any purpose through a Watiakish village, he halts, and straight displays his formidable instruments of measurement. The alarm spreads—the alderman and elders of the village assemble to the rescue, and implore the invader not to diminish their land. The feint has succeeded; the surveyor demands from twenty to thirty roubles as the price of his forbearance; it is paid with gratitude, and he departs for the next village.

If the chief officer of a district and the chief of police find a dead human body, they carry it for some weeks about the Watiake villages, thanks to the cold, which renders this possible. In every village they say that they have just found the corpse, and that a trial will be held in that place. Then the Watiakes prefer giving a ransom. Some years before my arrival it happened that a chief officer who had made it his business to collect ransoms brought a corpse into a large Russian village, and demanded about 200 roubles. The alderman assembled the parish; they would not give more than one hundred. The officer would not yield. The peasants then grew angry, shut him up together with his two secretaries in the Common Hall, and threatened to burn them therein. The officer would not believe in this menace. The peasants put straw around the house, and offered the officer as an ultimatum a bank note for one hundred roubles at the point of a stick through the window. The heroic officer asked one hundred more; and thereupon the peasants fired the house from all sides, the three Mutii Scævolæ of the provincial police were burnt. This matter was eventually brought before the senate. The Watiake villages are in general much poorer than the Russian,

M. Herzen designates the priest in Russia a spiritual police officer. This personage adopts appropriate means of operating conversions. A certain number of Finlanders preserve to this day their Pagan creed; they esteem equally God and the Devil; their prayers are petitions for material benefits: "Give, Jumala, that from one buck there come two, from one grain five, that my children may have children again." At intervals of a year or two the priest and his police associate commence a tour of investigation. The unbelievers who have not attended the Lord's Supper are whipped, imprisoned, and fined; proofs are collected of the practice of the old religious ceremonies, for which a ransom is extorted; and things resume their course till the next day of reckoning. In the year 1835 the metropolitan confided the work of conversion to a vigorous missionary. The Tcheremisses opposed to him their own wild priests; the latter argued—

In the forest there are white birch trees, high firs and pines, and there are likewise small juniper bushes. God suffers them all, and does not order the bush to be a pine. We men are like those bushes in the forest. Be you the white birch trees; we will remain the juniper bushes. We do not hinder you. We *pray for the Czar*, pay our taxes, and furnish recruits; but will not become faithless to our religion.

Karbanowsky summoned to his aid the chief official of the district, an orthodox Mussulman named Dewle-Kildeyeff, who, supported by a detachment of soldiers, advanced to the attack in defence of Christianity. His success procured him the order of St. Wladimir; and, in the official report of the signal conversion which had taken place, his energy was mentioned. But, remarks the author,

It was forgotten to add that his zeal for the Church was the more disinterested the more firmly he adhered to Islamism.

M. Herzen spent two years and a half at Wiatka, and was permitted, as a commutation of punishment, to remove to Wladimir, so much nearer home. It was home now; and M. Herzen records the year 1838 as the best and most serene year of his life. There is reference to his marriage; and there, at Wladimir,

Terminates the lyrical part of our existence, the part entirely personal. Farther on, labour, success, encounters, a widely-extended circle, a long road, resolutions; farther still, children, cares, struggles; and farther yet, all ends. On the one side is a grave, on the other solitude

In 1840 M. Herzen quitted Wladimir. He was free, as such men are free in Russia. At this point in the book follow some philosophical chapters, which are exceedingly interesting. He visited Petersburg, with his father's caution, "Beware of every man, from the cab-driver to the persons you may happen to meet even at my friends'. Spies are in all ranks." It was a caution not easy for M. Herzen to practise; and he appears to have been continually dropping imprudent words, to the alarm of his acquaintance, in the unnoticed presence of cooks and valets. In 1840 he had a brief experience of the public service in the ministry of Count Strogonoff. A

year after his return to St. Petersburg he was destined again to meet the vengeance of the authorities; and for what? A policeman had murdered a man in the night. M. Herzen repeated the tale, "with an inclination to blame Government." This was "gratitude for his *freedom!*" He had helped, according to the report, "to spread a pernicious rumour;" and for this St. Petersburg must reject him from society a second time. This time the blow was heavier; for he had a wife seriously ill through terror and concern, and a sick child, to share his punishment.

The real reason of the proceeding was that I had become acquainted with the Petersburg literary men, and begun to print articles in reviews, and, above all, that I had been permitted to return from Wladimir to Petersburg by the intervention of Count Strogonoff, without any participation of the police; and that, after my arrival in Petersburg, I did not present myself to Dubelt, or any of the third division, as prudent people advised me to do.

He was not, however, sent to Wiatka, but interdicted the capitals, placed under the control of the police, and his abode fixed by the Minister of Home Affairs. For some months the offender was forgotten; but, in the June following, he was sent to Novgorod, with a nomination as councillor of the regency. An original Doctor of his acquaintance had formerly said to him: "Your fate is like Horace's; you have sung once, and now you are continually translated."

The description of M. Herzen's official duties at Novgorod are characteristic and instructive. They were disagreeable, difficult, and dangerous—a form of slavery, with the risk and odium of a responsibility. In 1842, at the intercession of the Empress, and in consideration of the ill-health of his wife, the author was permitted to reside at Moscow, under the surveillance of the police. At Moscow we are introduced to new scenes, and some amusing anecdotes, illustrate the fervour of Panslavism. A Slavo-phile professor, at a grand dinner, expressed the amiable sentiment—"I will drink the blood of the Magyars and Germans." The sober portion of the assembly displayed their disgust, when a well-known satirist, desirous of turning the affair into a joke, rose and said: "Excuse me, gentlemen; I just recollect that my landlord, an old tuner of pianos, is paralysed, and a German. I will kill him, and be back in a moment." A laugh ensued; but such patriotism as this M. Herzen justly and heartily condemns.

There is something hideous in the spectacle of corruption that festers in Russian society; but with regard to the future, the author does not renounce hope from the development of the elements which are at the foundation of the social structure. The artel of the workmen, the community of the peasants, the division of the soil, the union of the villages, are enumerated by M. Herzen as the stepping-stones to a new order of things, to be cemented with the thoughts of the West. It would be interesting to examine at a greater length M. Herzen's doctrines. But in the present work M. Herzen touches only incidentally the subject of his own theories. His narrative is calculated to instruct and interest the general reader, and to supply the omissions inevitable in our rapid sketch we refer to these agreeable volumes. The picture of Russian life is fresh and original, traced without exageration, and bearing an evident stamp of truth. It will repay perusal, and bears fearful witness against that government which wars against the intellect of the best sons of Russia.

In 1846 M. Herzen obtained a passport, which permitted him to visit foreign countries. He has since established in London the first free Russian printing press, and attained a rank and name in the literature of the West. The Russian works which procured him popularity under the name Iskander, are devoted to scientific or philosophical subjects, tales and novels, in which the thoughts are veiled like the face of the ancient hero about to immolate his daughter. Thus men who feel write in Russia.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Famous Persons and Famous Places. By N. P. Willis, Author of "Pencillings by the Way." New York.

Mount Athos, Thessaly, and Epirus: a Diary of a Journey from Constantinople to Corfu. By George Ferguson Bowen, Esq., M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. London.

A Visit to India, China, and Japan in the Year 1853. By Bayard Taylor. New York.

N. P. Willis is essentially a literary coxcomb; but he is withal a clever fellow—writes more than respectable verses, tells a story capitally, and is quite an artist in portraiture of persons and places. He has published many pleasant books under most affected and coxcombical titles. "People I have Met," and some others, are in execrable taste, and are endured only because they really cover a great deal that is instructive and a great deal more that is amusing. Of the same class is *Famous Persons and Famous Places*, a work lately published in America, in which Mr. Willis narrates his impressions of men and things in divers parts of the world; and in spirit they do not differ from their predecessors in the same style, which a single specimen will serve to introduce to any reader who may be a stranger to it.

REGENT-STREET.

Look at these equipages and their appointments! Mark the exquisite balance of that claret-bodied chariot upon its springs—the fine sway of its sumptuous hammercloth in which the un-smiling coachman sits buried to the middle—the exact fit of the saddles, setting into the curves of the horses' backs so as not to break, to the most careless eye, the fine lines which exhibit action and grace! See how they stand together—alert, fiery, yet obedient to the weight of a silken thread; and as the coachman sees you studying his turn-out, observe the imperceptible feel of the reins and the just-visible motion of his lips, conveying to the quick ears of his horses the premonitory, and, to us, inaudible sound, to which, without drawing a hair's breadth upon the traces, they paw their fine hoofs and expand their nostrils impatiently! Come nearer, and find a speck or a raised hair, if you can, on these glossy coats! Observe the nice fitness of the dead black harness, the modest crest upon the panel, the delicate picking out of white in the wheels, and, if you would venture upon a freedom in manners, look in through the window of rose-tinted glass, and see the splendid cushions and the costly and splendid adaptation of the interior. The twin-mated footmen fly to the carriage-door, and the pomatumed clerk who has enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* for which a Prince Royal might sigh, and an ambassador might negotiate in vain, hands in his parcel. The small foot presses on the carpeted step, the airy vehicle yields lightly and recovers from the slight weight of the descending form, the coachman inclines his ear for the half-suppressed order from the fooman, and off whirls the admirable structure, compact, true, steady, but magically free and fast—as if horses, footmen, and chariot were but the parts of some complicated centaur—some swift moving monster upon legs and wheels. Walk on a little further to the Quadrant. Here commences the most thronged promenade in London. These crescent colonnades are the haunt of foreigners on the look-out for amusement, and of strangers in the metropolis generally. You will seldom find a town-bred man there, for he prefers haunting his clubs; or, if he is not a member of them, he avoids lounging much in the Quadrant, lest he should *appear* to have no other resort. You will observe a town dandy getting fidgetty after his second turn in the Quadrant, while you will meet the same Frenchman there from noon till dusk, bounding his walk by those columns as if they were the bars of a cage. The western side towards Piccadilly is the thoroughfare of the honest passer-by; but under the long portico opposite you will meet vice in every degree, and perhaps more beauty than on any other *pave* in the world. It is given up to the vicious and their followers by general consent. To frequent it, or to be seen loitering there at all, is to make but one impression on the minds of those who may observe you. The two sides of Regent-street continue to partake of this distinction to the end. Go up on the left, and you meet the sober citizen perambulating with his wife, the lady followed by her footman, the grave and the respectable of all classes. Go up on the other, and in colour and mien it is the difference between a grass walk and a bed of tulips. What proof is here that beauty is dangerous to its possessor? It is said commonly of Regent-street, that it shows more beauty in an hour than could be found in all the capitals of the Continent. It is the beauty, however, of brilliant health—of complexion and freshness, more than of sentiment or classic correctness. The English features, at least in the middle and lower ranks, are seldom good, though the round cheek, the sparkling lip, the soft blue eyes, and hair of dark auburn, common as health and youth, produce the effect of high and almost universal beauty on the eye of the stranger. The rarest thing in these classes is a finely-turned limb, and to the clumsiness of their feet and ankles must be attributed the want of grace usually remarked in their movements. Regent-street has appeared to me the greatest and most oppressive solitude in the world. In a crowd of business men, or in the thronged and mixed gardens of the Continent, the preoccupation of others is less attractive, or at least more within our reach, if we would share in it. Here it is wealth beyond competition, exclusiveness and indifference perfectly unapproachable. In the cold and stern mien of the practised Londoner, it is difficult for a stranger not to read distrust, and very difficult for a depressed mind not to feel a marked repulsion. There is no solitude, after all, like the solitude of cities.

Mr. Bowen's attention during his Mediterranean trip was given principally to investigating the present state of the Greek monasteries, their discipline, constitution, and government, and the treasures of Biblical and other lore contained in them. But he has not neglected to note by the way the scenery and the people, and with so keen an observation that he has preserved for his readers pictures of them that are vividly imprinted upon the mind's eye of the reader. This tour was made in the summer of 1849, before the present state of affairs was contemplated, and, consequently, Mr. Bowen is an impartial and therefore valuable witness. Heartily recommending his volume to the book-clubs, we proceed without preface to prove its worth by a few extracts, and we take such as are likely to be of considerable present interest to our readers. They will be glad to know something of

THE GREEK BISHOPS.

The Greek community is presided over by the Bishop, who settles all civil causes among his co-religionists, if Turks are not concerned in them. This is the practice throughout the Turkish dominions, and the immense power which it confers on the Greek bishops gives them a good right to the title of despot, that is, lord or master, which is assigned them by both Turks and Greeks. In fact, the metropolitan bishop is generally the most important functionary after the pasha of a province, and, if supported by the English, French, and Russian consuls, can ordinarily procure from Constantinople the removal of any Turkish official who may have made himself obnoxious to the Christians. It is the opinion of many Europeans settled in the Levant, that the Rayahs, or non-Mussulman subjects of the Porte, are now in so utterly different a state, politically and socially, from what they were thirty years ago, before the shock of Greek independence had thoroughly alarmed the Turks, that they would refuse to join the Russians in any invasion of Turkey, and even prefer perfect municipal liberty in their separate villages under the Sultan to being the "only legitimate source of all power" under the centralised bureaucracy of Otho. I cannot say, however, that the conversations which I have myself held with so many Greeks of all classes bear out at all this assertion. The dominion, however just and temperate, of aliens in blood and religion, will ever be distasteful to the majority of a people; though the rayah has more reason to hate the ruling caste for what they have been than for what they now are. In the war of Greek independence, the insurgents saw in their opponents, not only the enemies of their race and religion, but also in too many cases the robbers of their property, the torturers of their children, the dishonourers of their wives and daughters. But now the Christians in Turkey are considered by the law more as dissenters from the dominant religion than in any other light, and they are subjected to none of the persecutions to which the Presbyterians of Scotland and the Romanists of Ireland were once exposed. An Osmanly of the old school looked on a Greek with all the Spartan haughtiness with which an Irish Orangeman looks on his Romanist fellow-subjects; and the Greek regarded the Osmanly with all the Helot mixture of fear and aversion entertained by the Celt for his Saxon conqueror. Still, in the worst of times, the Greek was never interdicted from the free exercise of his religion, or from the holding of property; nor were his national and religious feelings constantly insulted by party processions on the anniversary of the taking of Constantinople.

Among other notable personages Mr. Bowen was introduced to

THE GREEK PATRIARCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The palace of the patriarchate is a large pile of wood, dark and rain-stained outside, and exceedingly dingy and smoke-stained within. Going up some steps, I passed into a sort of half-hall, half-kitchen, where a table was plainly laid out for the minor clergy in attendance, crowds of whom filled the antechambers, just as crowds of chavasses and janissaries fill the antechambers of a pacha. Indeed, the reception given to a stranger by all Orientals, Christians as well as Mahommedans, is very similar. All the Patriarch's menials wear a kind of clerical undress, like the lay brethren of a convent. I presented my letter of introduction to the secretary who came to receive me, and I was then immediately, and without any ceremony, ushered into the presence of the Patriarch of the East, at whose apostolic revenues (3000*l.* per annum at the most, and that dependent on fees) his brothers of Rome and Canterbury might smile. I found his All-Holiness seated with his legs crossed under him, in the usual Oriental style, on the corner of a low divan running round three sides of a room, which had no other furniture except a mat on the floor. The walls were painted with flowers and fruits, much like those of a second-rate Italian inn, and the

windows commanded a fine view of the Golden Horn, and of the opposite heights of Pera—a prospect hardly to be compared, however, with that of the Campagna and the Appennines from the Vatican, or even with that of Westminster Abbey and the new Houses of Parliament from the drawing-room of Lambeth. The Patriarch had a common deal writing-desk and a mass of papers on the divan beside him, and he invited me to sit down on his right hand. He stood up on his divan both on my entrance and on my departure—a mark of honour among Orientals; but every Christian in the East looks up to the present English ambassador (Sir Stratford Canning) as the chief protector of his faith; and every Englishman, however humble, comes in for a share of the reverence felt for the representative of his Sovereign. At the other end of the room stood by the door several deacons and priests, their heads bent forward, and their arms crossed on their breasts—that simple and graceful attitude of Eastern respect and salutation. At the Patriarch's command, pipes and sweetmeats were brought us by deacons, just as they are by janissaries in a pacha's palace, and we smoked the delicate latakia (as different from American tobacco as *eau de Cologne* from burnt feathers), sipped the very essence of coffee from little cups set in silver filagree, and had a most interesting conversation in modern Greek, which an official residence of two years in the East has enabled me to speak with perfect fluency. Meanwhile the secretary was writing a letter of recommendation for me to the monks of Mount Athos. . . . . Anthimos, the present Patriarch of the East, is a tall and very striking-looking man, of about seventy, with a mild and expressive countenance, and a snow-white beard flowing over his breast and graceful dark robes. He had twice filled his high office before, and had twice been removed—the common history of the patriarchate—owing to the intrigues of the suffragan archbishops, all struggling for the same place, and the influence with the Sultan of the Logothetes—a great Greek functionary, who is now little more than the medium of communication on ecclesiastical affairs between the Porte and his co-religionists, but who, under the Eastern emperors, exercised powers analogous to those of the Lord Chancellor and Prime Minister of England, if combined in one person. The Patriarch still exercises ecclesiastical supremacy over the Ionian Islands, and he approves cordially of all that the English Government has done to improve the education of the Greek clergy in that most interesting of our dependencies. The new kingdom of Greece, following the example of Russia, rejects his jurisdiction entirely, and has placed the supreme power in ecclesiastical affairs in the hands of a synod of its bishops.

Another visit was paid to a Pasha, who is one of the greatest men in the Empire.

RIZA PASHA.

Nov. 5 (1849).—I went this morning with the English consul to pay my respects to Riza Pasha, the governor of Macedonia. Through the picturesque and motley crowd of chavasses, guards, and idlers of every sort, which throng the courts of all great men in the East, we were introduced into the room of his secretary, a fat Turk, who spoke Greek very well, and with whom we had a pleasant chat over the never-failing chibouques. The Bishop of Thessalonica, a man of rather forbidding aspect, and of whom no one, Greek, Frank, or Turk, gives a good character, came in while we were there, but took his seat on the divan, and smoked his pipe in silence. We were told the latest news from Constantinople by a fine-looking intelligent young man, a Circassian officer in the Turkish service, who had just arrived from the capital by the weekly steamer. He had seen the long-wished for English fleet in the Dardanelles—a piece of news which brightened the countenances of all the Turks present. Nor could an Englishman listen to the description of our three-deckers, and of the effect they produced, without feeling that inward exultation of the soul, which Longinus describes as an effect of the sublime. After an hour's conversation, we adjourned to the Pasha's audience-room, where a crowd of handsomely dressed attendants served us with sweetmeats, sherbet, and chibouques with beautiful amber mouth-pieces surrounded by circlets of precious stones. Riza Pasha is a man of middle age, with striking features and dark eyes, that seem to pierce through every one at whom he looks. He was lately one of the Sultan's chief ministers, and belongs to the party which is still not fully reconciled to the adoption of European customs and policy. He speaks no Greek, so I conversed with him for some time by the the help of the consul's dragoman, an old Cytherean, or native of Cerigo, who trembled like an aspen-leaf, and raised his hand to his head each time he addressed the great man. No wonder the Turks were formerly such tyrants, when they are still treated with such servility. The conduct of a Mussulman of the lower rank in his intercourse with his superiors is very different. Indeed, all Moslems are considered, in some degree, as equals. In the ante-chamber of a pasha you may generally see ragged peasants waiting their turn of audience along with the chief persons of the province.

In the paralysis of home literature produced by the war, we receive our most abundant supply from America. Our own publishers prudently refrain from appealing to a public too much impoverished, and having thoughts too far diverted, to listen to appeals of authorship in England. America, more fortunate, continues in its great career of civilisation, in which we have made so sudden a stand-still, with a future of retrogression, and is rapidly passing us in the race. The books that come to us from the United States manifest continuous improvement. Every successive importation introduces the English reader to new works in history, fiction, poetry, which eclipse the modern productions of our own authors, excepting only some few of the greatest of them.

But certainly we do not class Mr. Bayard Taylor among the greatest of the American writers. He is one of the most copious, having produced we know not how many volumes of travels, remarkable for their dogmatism and the effrontery with which he pronounces judgment on everything that comes before him, criticising men, manners, and institutions with an assumption of knowledge that sometimes becomes positively ludicrous. But, on the other hand, he has great power of description, leaving on the mind of the reader brightest impressions. In this he revels, conscious that it is his vocation; and so long as he does not wander out of description into speculation, he is one of the most pleasant tourists to travel with whom we have encountered since the time of his countryman, Stephens, whom in some particulars he much resembles.

He revels in pictures of the luxuriance of Eastern vegetation. He is delighted with the aspect of modern civilisation upon the skirts of an ancient one so essentially different in all its features, and, therefore, so striking by the strong contrasts it exhibits. But he seems to doubt whether the innovators will be enabled to make much progress, and he thinks that what has been done is only superficial, and would be annihilated on the expulsion of the alien race by which it was introduced. There is, indeed, this difference between our possession of India and that of Roman and Greek dominion over their conquered territories: they mingled with the people; we do not. We remain, and ever shall remain, a distinct race, with no probability of the difference being gradually effaced by intermarriage. But, where a soil is held by conquerors, a time will come, sooner or later, when they must either extinguish or be extinguished; they must expel the old race or be themselves expelled. In America we ousted the natives, and annihilated them. There is no chance of this in India; and hence the conclusion that ultimately it must revert to its rightful owners. It must not be forgotten, also, that, by our own denunciations of Russia because of her aggrandisement by conquest, we are pronouncing judgment upon ourselves, who are still more guilty; and, the example of war against her, for the purpose of taking away from her the territories she has seized, will, of course, be followed by the war of a like league against ourselves to obtain the same end, unless we should take the manly part of carrying out our own principles by voluntarily liberating India, and thus to justify our own revilings of the foreign dominations of Austria and Russia.

But Mr. Taylor will best be recommended by extracts; and his book abounds in passages that will please the reader. This is the

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY IN CHINA.

The country is a dead level, watered with sluggish creeks, and intersected with ditches and canals. It is studded far and near with shapeless mounds of earth erected over obsolete natives; sparingly dotted with clumps of dark cedar-trees or plantations of the inestimable bamboo, and enlivened by occasional hamlets, which, shaded with bushy willows, have a pleasant rural aspect when seen from a distance, but are mostly disgusting when you draw near. The soil is a very rich clayey loam, and yields abundant crops of rice, wheat, sweet potatoes, beets, beans, pea-nuts, and the other staples of Chinese food. Much of it must have been originally marsh land, which has been drained by canals and the gradual rise of the coast, from the deposits of the Yang-tse-Kiang. The paths from village to village are on narrow dykes, winding between the fields, and crossing the ditches by bridges formed of single large slabs of granite, which are brought down from the hills. Occasionally you see a highway, six or eight feet broad, paved with blocks of stone, laid transversely; but I doubt whether a carriage could go in any direction further than two or three miles from the city. I sometimes met a Chinaman of the better class mounted on a sturdy little pony, and once encountered a traveller from Soo-Chow in the national conveyance of China—the wheelbarrow! He was seated sideways, with his legs dangling below, while his baggage, placed on the opposite side, served to trim the vehicle. It was a one-horse wheelbarrow, propelled by a stout coolie, with a strap over his shoulders, and made a doleful creaking as it passed.

Here is

A CHINAMAN'S HOUSE.

We are curious to inspect the dwelling of a Chinaman of the better class, and our friend, who is fortunately able to assist us, conducts us to the house of a wealthy old merchant. It is a stone building, recently erected, and everything about it indicates great neatness, and an approach to taste in the owner. In the open verandahs are boxes of the *mau-tan*, or rose-scented peony, with gorgeous white and crimson blossoms, and the *lan-whei*, a water-plant of an orchideous nature, with a long spike of yellowish-green flowers. The *mau-tan* also decorates the rooms, which are hung with lanterns of stained glass. The furniture is of wood, of a stiff, uncomfortable pattern, but elaborately carved. The owner, an urbane, polite old gentleman, regales us with cups of stewed tea, whose delicate aroma compensates for the absence of milk and sugar, and asks us up stairs into his library. The shelves are covered with Chinese works, bound in their wooden covers, and in the centre of the room stands a bronze frame, with three apertures at the top, and a bundle of arrows. The latter are the implements of a game which the host explains to us, by taking the arrows to the further end of the room, seizing one by the tip of the shaft with his thumb and fore-finger, and throwing it so as to fall into one of the small circular openings of the frame. We try a game, whereof the victory, owing to his more extensive practice, remains with him.

And this of the aspect of

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

From dawn until dark we went slowly loitering past the lovely islands that gem those remote seas, until the last of them sank astern in the flush of sunset. Nothing can be more beautiful than their cones of never-fading verdure, draped to the very edge of the waves, except where some retreating cove shows its beach of snow-white sands. On the larger ones are woody valleys, folded between the hills, and opening upon long slopes, overgrown with the cocoa-palm, the mango, and many a strange and beautiful tree of the tropics. The light, lazy clouds, suffused with a crimson flush of heat, that floated slowly through the upper heavens, cast shifting shadows upon the masses of foliage, and deepened here and there the dark-purple hue of the sea. Retreating behind one another until they grew dim and soft as clouds on the horizon, and girdled by the most tranquil of oceans, these islands were real embodiments of the joyous fancy of Tennyson, in his dream of the Indies, in "Locksley Hall." Here, although the trader comes, and the flags of the nations of far continents sometimes droop in the motionless air—here are still the heavy-blossomed bowers and the heavy-fruited trees, the summer isles of Eden in their purple spheres of sea. The breeze fell nearly to a calm at noonday, but our vessel still moved noiselessly southward, and island after island faded from green to violet, and from violet to the dim pale blue that finally blends with the air.

FICTION.

The Newcomes. By W. M. THACKERAY. London: Bradbury and Evans.

FEW works of fiction leave on the reader's mind so strong an impression of reality as this last work of Mr. Thackeray's. The easy and indefinite, yet complete manner in which its persons and personages are gradually set before us, the unforced and apparently artless movement of the narrative, the remarkable naturalness of the conversations, and even the occasional obscurity of some of the genealogic threads, all conduce to this result; and we ask ourselves, like the author in his last pages, can it be that the Colonel and Clive, and Miss Ethel and Lady Kew, and the Reverend Honeyman, and all their associates and satellites, are indeed but thin ghosts and shadows? Vanity Fair is again the stage; the fashionable world of London, from the *pur sang* of the peerage to the upper stratum of moneyed folk, who have no grandfathers, or worse than none; the West-end, Clubs, City, supply the well-accustomed scene, shifted a little, at due seasons, to the country-seat, or to Baden and Rome, with very slight glimpses into some less haughty regions—such as a litterateur's tobacco-smoky chambers in the Temple, or a middle-class lodging-house; but for the distinctly "lower classes," our author, as usual, has not the slightest manifestation of interest or sympathy. Our old acquaintance "Jeames," indeed, being exalted into that grand sphere upon the wings of plush, comes occasionally under our notice. But, if we should incline to object to the author's predilection for high and titled company, it must be confessed

that he is not wholly occupied in the contemplation of their virtues and glories; is not much of a flatterer or toady; has indeed, rather a knack of bringing down these nobles to ninepence, and showing that a Countess may be a mean, hard-hearted, scheming old woman—a Marquis an empty coxcomb who talks very indifferent English—and that the officers of the Guards, gentlemen of the clubs, titled young ladies of the nobility's ball-rooms, are essentially the same beings as those young bucks, old fogies, and pretty flirts, the natives of much inferior social circles. Higher up are better manners, certainly, as well as better wines and cookery, and every variety of affair is transacted and afterwards ground into conversation, with less friction and noise; for which reasons, no doubt, among others, it is that our author likes to keep good company, and to write about it when he is bent on pointing a moral and adorning a tale. Besides, if we receive a skilful picture of an actual phase of English society, very important and interesting, and hitherto, one must suspect, inadequately portrayed by novel-writing artists, it is something to be grateful for. Mr. Dickens's "genteel" people are ludicrously ill-coloured; and the crowd of fashionable novels are after a few patterns, originally of no very clear or exact design. Perhaps Mr. Thackeray stands alone as the delineator of modern English aristocratic society. His pictures, most likely, are not faultless. Whose are? A line here may be out of place, a tint there too strong or too weak; but there is quite enough evidence of faithfulness and capability in the artist to make his work a fit subject for serious study. Mr. Thackeray's qualifications are peculiar and unquestionable; a gentleman of education and refinement and wide knowledge of the world; a practised writer, with the best style for easy originality and polish of any Englishman living; a deep satirist and pathetic moralist, who, however, is cautious against over-emphasis and preaching, sees everything on its two sides, and refuses to run wild either in objurgation or praise; a lover of truth and manliness; a humourist, too, who keeps, as it were, his wheels constantly lubricated with the essential oil of good-humour and quiet drollery; our author, in addition to all this, is one who sits at rich men's tables, who knows well how the *Great World* is accustomed to talk and think, what are its tastes and usages, its opinions and prejudices; and who can satirise that high-bred community with so initiated an air, familiar and not presumptuous, censorious without boring, that the Great World itself deigns to listen and murmur applause, with somewhat of a new sensation. A man of moral insight and high genius, writing, with clear understanding of his subject, novels of fashionable life—this, indeed, is something new in literature, and deserves to make a sensation.

And now, what is the nature of this Fashionable World according to the report of our peculiarly qualified author? "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Newcomes," these three books are, as far as regards their evidence on this subject, essentially one. The land is a pleasant land, of palaces and villas, of parks and gardens, of smooth-rolling chariots and high-stepping steeds, of fair women and jewelled raiment, of smiles and gay-flowing chat, of splendour and authority, with crowds of obsequious slaves, of hock and claret—and *cuisine* for its milk and honey—a land of the desire of the eyes and the pride of life. Mr. Thackeray has been there, with observation keener than a native's; and, unless the witness be held dishonest or stupid, we are forced from what he tells us to conclude that Haut Ton is not remarkably wise, nor particularly witty, nor peculiarly liberal-minded, nor immoderately virtuous and religious. Narrow prejudices, mean ambitions, pride, vanity, pomp, insolence, luxury, cupidity—multiform selfishness, in short, dressed in graceful manners, and glorified with wealth and the traditions of lofty rank—can it be that any fair analysis of Haut Ton can present us for the most part with such elements as these? Is the Marquis of Steyne a representative personage, and his sister Lady Kew, and the most noble Farintosh? Is Miss Ethel to be taken as a very favourable specimen of the beautiful maidenhood of that rank, and Lord Kew as of the most recommendable kind of young nobleman? Does Love among these "upper classes" usually signify Flirtation, and Life a succession of gratifications and various intrigues; and the World a highly artificial stage where *we* always play the first parts; and Nature a side-scene and drop-scene; and Art a sugar-plum; and Marriage a convenient arrangement; and Religion a decent bit of conservatism, sometimes rising into a temporary fashionable amusement, like Potichomanie; and Death a disagreeable topic, and, in reference to one's self, a still more disagreeable occurrence—are these the polite definitions? It would appear so. Perhaps our author has a spite against the upper classes? But do the middle get off any better? Rather worse; for they are painted with all the bad qualities of their superiors, with the addition of ungainly manners, and a constant admiration and worship (not heroic) of such as live in a prouder street of Vanity Fair than themselves, A doleful and depressing view of human nature, surely! True, we have Mr. Pendennis's mother and Lady Walham, who are religious and self-sacrificing, but depictured at the same time as somewhat narrow-minded and tiresome individuals, with a selfishness one degree removed, as it were, and blindly devoted to their next-of-kin; and we have Mr. Pendennis's model wife, a great deal too good for him, and whose principles that gentleman, retaining the full consciousness of his superior wisdom, condescends now and again to recognise with approbation, always with the understanding that she is strictly to keep to her own place, and *be* a model wife and worship him. The Colonel, the hero of this last book, an elaborate and touching portraiture, is evidently brought up very close to the author's ideal of a high-minded gentleman; and who has read his history and failed to love him? Simple, kindly, generous, brave, full of prejudices and impulses, he is, perhaps, the most real, and certainly the most loveable, of Mr. Thackeray's creations. We can regard him as a man whose qualities were very sweetly mixed, but whose nature had struck down no deep roots, and bears no fruitage of wisdom or encouragement. With tears which do not brighten into fairer weather, but leave a leaden cloud of despondency over the scene, we quit the poor Colonel's bedside in Grey Friars.

His son Clive is our novelist's A. 1 sample of a young man, handsome, lively, clever, generous, good-natured—*non quæsiveris extra*. He drinks his full share, smokes immensely, idles in the familiar rooms of Warrington and Mr. Pendennis, and talks slang there and at the Haunt where Fred. Bayham and others have late beer and lobster; likes sketching, and does it semi-professionally; goes to Baden and Rome, idles there and lets his beard grow, falls in love with his cousin the beautiful flirt, wishes himself a marquis or duke and hates those who are, sulks over his father's indulgence, marries a plump Scotch girl and her mother, and becomes permanently disgusted with existence. In his companion the young painter, John James Ridley, Mr. Thackeray seems to show a sort of half intention to illustrate the value of fixed moral principles and "the beauty of holiness;" but he shies off, is probably afraid of boring his readers, does not feel at home here, and makes the good boy a servant's son, a *protégé* and humble companion of Clive's, and of mean and meagre person, as if by way of apologising for his purity of life and simplicity of purpose. Here, as it appears to us, we touch on the worst and central fault of Mr. Thackeray's books. The author, knowing better, chooses to write as "man of the world;" that is his platform (to use a convenient Americanism); his bearing towards virtue and vice is easy and genteel; he is on good terms with either, and patronises both. We do not desire that the novelist should be intolerant or vehement, or in any way strain his characteristic turn of thought and expression; but the question here is of the most essential of all truths and principles—the opposite, antagonistic nature of Virtue and Vice. In manifestation they are frequently intricate and indistinguishable, but *radically and essentially they are in a state of infinite remoteness one from the other*, and on this truth depends all the grandeur, nobility, and awfulness of human life. There can be no compromise between good and evil; leniency to a sinner must not tend to the smallest toleration of his sin. The application of this to the subject in hand will, we believe, be sufficiently clear to thoughtful readers. Where the novelist's lenient pencil evidently works on a firm ground of the deepest and surest principles of human life, all is well; but it is not so with our present author, and the result we must regard as at least very questionable.

We speak thus of Mr. Thackeray as of a high and influential writer, and we speak with sincere and strong respect for his many admirable qualities; the greater is our desire to see an end of his coquetting between good and evil, bowing low to Truth with a smile or a wink to Fashion in the same moment — praising *Pilgrim* and *Faithful*, yet choosing to abide with the pleasant company in *Vanity Fair*. "The chronicler of worldly matters," he tells us (Vol. I. p. 365), "had best be chary of applying hard names to acts which young men are doing in the world every day," and so he is; he talks of blacklegs, debauchees, scoundrels male and female, as "merry Pagans," "jolly rebels and repealers of the law," and is never without an Horatian turn in his moralisings, to the effect how pleasant those wicked days of our youth were, of which we must now in due course (or at least very soon) begin sincerely to repent us! There is more sweetness and soundness of feeling expressed in *The Newcomes* than in the author's previous writings; his love for good and innocent people is tender and very real; yet the spirit of the book is the same as that of its predecessors, as "The Kickleburys," for instance, which the *Times* once attacked for its general views of society, no less emphatically than it the other day eulogised the present production. Let us here take the opportunity to notice a fact which we are not alone in remarking, namely, the striking inferiority (as a general rule, to which there are brilliant exceptions) of the literary reviews of the *Times* compared with other departments of that famous paper. The best available intellects of the day one would expect to find engaged here; but feebleness, ignorance, and presumption, are the frequent characteristics of a *Times* review. In a recent article on James Montgomery—an article containing nothing of the least value, and utterly contemptible in point of style—Rousseau is shortly characterised as a "frantic quack;" Coleridge's philosophy and Swedenborg's are both of them termed "enormous shams;" while, as a slight indication of the writer's familiarity with polite literature, we may mention that he spells the name of the celebrated Edinburgh Reviewer, Lord Jeffrey, thus, "Jeffery," in each of the two instances where he has occasion to use it. Perhaps he is the same accurate and refined gentleman who not very long ago succeeded in making his great newspaper the laughing-stock of Europe and America, by reviewing *Compte's* "Positive Philosophy," in despite of title-pages and biographical dictionaries, and carrying the misnomer through his entire article.

Returning to the *Newcomes*, we have to observe that, like Mr. Pendennis's own history, it is an admirably well written book; the author's tolerant irony, half-pathetic sarcasm, manly tenderness, varied experience, play with soft lambency on every page. Yet the traces of hurried and desultory composition are sometimes visible, and the middle portion of the book, concerning "the Queen of Scots" and her body-guard, is heavy and superfluous. Mr. Thackeray would do better for his permanent fame, though perhaps worse for his pocket, by planning his novels with more forethought and finishing them with more deliberation. A great artistic fault in the present work, as it appears to us, is that the Colonel's downfall has no relation to his character; to indicate such a relation truly, subtly, and effectively, ought to be a principal aim of the novelist or dramatist. In conclusion—what this author says of the selfishness of men and women is too true, and to trace and expose the taint through its most cunning disguises is a righteous and useful work; those who read with discrimination and balance may draw valuable instruction from Mr. Thackeray's pages; but, undoubtedly, here is only a part of the truth, and when this is displayed and philosophised about as though it were all, the effect cannot but be unwholesome and degrading upon a large part of the audience. Genuine unselfishness is also an element of human nature, and the examples of it in real life, and in the regions which great writers have the privilege of peopling, are powerful to elevate and purify those by whom they are contemplated. When there is exaggeration as to particulars, as there often is, on the part of him who displays or who contemplates such examples, it is an error on the safe side, a want of nicety in apportionment merely; the central fact that, to put it in the fewest words, *Man is the child of God*, is infinitely great and important, and admits of no exaggeration. But the hard, material, unimaginative truth (so called), which is supplied by shrewdness and "knowledge of the world," is a most pernicious falsity. Let us never for a moment forget that

the germs of the higher existence to which faith points, are in being and in progress in the present; and that we ought to regard our human nature and existence not only with pity and kindness and toleration, but with wonder, reverence, and devout awe. A grain of genuine imagination (for that power has its moral aspect) is a more enviable and valuable possession than a mine of shrewdness without it. We speak of Mr. Thackeray as of an author whose writings deservedly command a large and admiring audience, and will have their place among the English classics. We do not pretend to enter on an examination of their faults and merits, but merely to indicate a certain tendency in them which has impressed our minds in the perusal. That the same general impression will not result to every reader, we can easily admit, for our author is a man of true genius, and his mind works in various and liberal scope. Probably it is a mind not even yet arrived at its fullest maturity and culmination.

Catherine, the Egyptian Slave, 1852. By the Rev. W. J. Beamont, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

Mr. Beamont, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and late Principal of the English College in Jerusalem, is evidently also a gentleman possessed of very strong anti-Turkish opinions, and who, having a strong case to urge against the inner vices of the Moslem system, is not to be deterred by any political consideration from speaking boldly out upon the subject. He declares, in the Preface, that the main facts related are true; that they were communicated to him by the Rev. C. L. Lauria, Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, who was resident in Cairo during their occurrence. At the request of this witness he has woven the incidents into the form of a tale, supplying a *dénouement* and inventing dialogue; additions which warrant us in classing the book under the head of Fiction.

Catherine, the heroine of the tale, is a Bosnian slave in the hareem of Zoheirah, the mother of Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. Her extreme beauty makes the Queen-Mother so jealous of her that, in a fit of vindictive rage, she sends her to Mustapha Bey, a dreadful old slave-owner, with a large hareem.

The physiognomy of Mustapha sufficiently indicated the foul demon that reigned within his breast. His forehead was low and retreating; his nose thick and snub; his sunken eyes were kindled with the lurid flash of a restless avarice. A projecting underlip and woolly hair betokened an origin which, despite the declamations of *equal-right* philanthropists, will ever be regarded as the badge of God's curse. His mouth not unfrequently relaxed into a sardonic expression—it would be a libel to call it a smile, for the simultaneous clenching of his fist showed that more was to be feared than hoped from it. Such was the man whom Catherine was henceforth to call "Master." He had recently succeeded in scuttling a Nile-boat, which was conveying to Cairo the son of Sheikh Osman, with heavy accusations against himself, and thus removing the most formidable witness to his former villanies. This success had given him so much satisfaction that he had determined to loose his purse-strings and give a feast on the occasion.

This feast is carried on with such spirit that, when Catherine is brought before him, he is drunk.

"Look at me, and tell me what thou thinkest of me." Catherine was silent. Hafifi and Ismahin had told Mustapha that he was handsome, and he did not care to dispute it. He therefore repeated his command to look at him, and presently added, "Canst thou love me? Catherine instinctively shuddered, and cried, "Never!" "By Allah! but thou shalt; and to prove it, come hither and embrace me." Catherine stepped back two or three paces, and again uttered the word "Never!" Furiously Mustapha sprang from his seat. Had he reached the spot where she stood, the slave had perchance expiated her temerity by instant death. But the brandy had unsteadied a step usually firm; he reeled and fell.

Catherine, having been barbarously flogged, contrives to escape during the night, and takes refuge in the house of a Jew named Mordecai, whom (fortunately for her) she finds pondering over the parable of the Good Samaritan in a frame of mind which disposes him to succour her at all risks. Mustapha is soon upon her track; but the Jew, by invoking the aid of the Austrian consul, is enabled to refuse the officers of injustice admission to his house. Mohammed Ali himself applies for the necessary search-warrant (without which the house of a foreign subject may not be invaded), but in vain; until at length he hits upon the ingenious plan of prompting some of his own subjects to act unjustly by some Austrians, which gives him a pretext for refusing to see them righted until the fugitive slave be given up. Thus coerced, the Austrian consul yields perforce, and condemns Catherine to be given up to Mustapha. Popular feeling, however, is aroused in her behalf, and the anti-Moslem population of Cairo resolves to effect her deliverance.

"This is all the good your Western Powers get by supporting the empire of these foul Osmanlis," cried a young Greek who stopped as he overheard the conversation. "In sooth, 'tis very pretty to read of the extraordinary sympathy manifested in England for the scowling despots. Let the English send a deputation to the dominions, and inspect the institutions, of the Sublime Porte, and if they do not go home with a different idea of *the poor sufferers*, my name is not Cyril Philandro. There was groaning in Europe when the first Christian metropolis yielded to the scimitar of the Turk; and now, such is the perverseness of man, there is no less anxiety to preserve intact the Moslem supremacy. E'en let them perish, say I, and the sooner the better!"

By the assistance of a Maltese youth named Paolo Siri, Catherine escapes in male attire, and reaches Malta in safety. Mr. Beamont puts into the mouth of this good Maltese much sound divinity, by virtue of which Catherine is converted to Christianity. The conversation between the teacher and the neophyte are very edifying, and, considering the antecedents of the latter, rather extraordinary. Paolo is talking about the chances of proselytising the Mohammedans, when he suddenly breaks in with—

"Did you ever—of course you never did; but you must some day—read 'Mahometanism Unveiled?'"—"May I ask what you think of the mission to the Jews?" asked Catherine.—"I have less hope of a mission to the Jews than of one to the Mohammedans," answered Paolo.

The result may be easily guessed. Paolo and Catherine stand together upon the deck of the vessel as it enters the harbour; Paolo points to his home, and concludes a very earnest speech with the usual question—

"O say, Catherine, do you not love me?"—"Love you! yes, with my whole soul!" murmured the Greek, and raised her eyes confidingly in his face. Paolo must have been more of a philosopher than he was, to doubt the sincerity of that look; and, bending over her, he kissed her, and said, "Dearest, do so ever."—The sun shone brightly as the vessel passed the Castle of St. Angelo, and entered the Great Harbour of Malta. The consent of Antonio Siri to the nuptials of his son was easily obtained; and in a few days the church of Queen Adelaide witnessed the union of Paolo Siri and Catherine the Bosnian slave.

As the reader will have divined from the passages quoted, the story is very ably written, and the assurance that the main facts are true will add very considerably to the interest with which it is perused. As for the degrading vices of the slave system, as it exists under the Moslem sway, they are inexpressibly disgusting, and have not even the poor excuses urged in favour of the institution in slave-holding America. In the last impression of the Critic (page 456) a paragraph of recent news from Turkey, extracted from *Galignani*, was inserted, which offers a very remarkable corollary to Mr. Beamont's very interesting story.

Catherine D. Bell, who has obtained a wide popularity by a long list of tales, addressed chiefly to young persons, has just published another, entitled *Unconscious Influence; or, Horace and Mary*—the story, like all of hers, is designed to point a moral, the influence of necessity upon conduct, and the advantage it is to us to be obliged to obey that little word "must." It is a clever story, full of interest, and fraught with wholesome teachings.

Stanhope Burleigh; or, The Jesuits in our Homes, by Helen Dhu, is, we presume, a reprint of an American tale. It is, as its title suggests, a furious onslaught upon Jesuitism, as it is said to exist in the United States. The story is romantic, and highly spiced, and will doubtless be popular, for it will gratify many passions at once.

The Hidden Path, by Marion Harland, is another importation from America, by Messrs. Routledge. It is beautifully written; the plot is cleverly contrived, the characters are well sustained, and the tendency of the work is to good. It is wholesomer than some books that have come to us across the Atlantic.

A fifth edition of Augustus Mayhew's *Kitty Lamere; or, a Dark Page in London Life*, and a second edition of "Cousin Kate's" *Mary Elliot; or, be ye kind to one another*, attest in the most emphatic form the public approval of these fictions, so strongly contrasted in subject and treatment.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Sappho: a Tragedy. By Franz Grillparzer. Translated by L. C. C. Edinburgh: Constable. London: Hamilton and Co.

L. C. C., whoever he or she may be, has "done the state some service" by a translation from the German of this really fine tragedy. It is not surprising that Byron in a letter to Moore should have called this work of Franz Grillparzer "superb," for "Sardanapalus" itself scarcely surpasses it in lustrous passages, in breadth of emotion, in the full surging of passion. In an age of dramatic bombast and platitudes *Sappho* is doubly welcome. It has stately simplicity and living action, not the inane, pulseless, soulless artificialism of the marionette. Its story is plain and direct, so that the reader is not embarrassed. In this way he can enjoy artistically progressive beauties, and not find that the whole result of his reading has been the recollection of some fragmentary speech, or some special episode. The characters are very few, so that as a representative play this work of Grillparzer may not come up to the present requirements of stage pomp and expansiveness—may we not say *expensiveness*?—but its power of personification is excellent, and it is altogether a charming study for the closet. The historical fame of Sappho shows at once the admirable material such a subject presented to Grillparzer in the delineation of that master passion—love. You can no more disconnect song from the history of love than you can disunite the doves from the celestial car of Venus. These, whether types or substances, go to prove how beauty associates itself with the beautiful!

We are presented to the first scene of this delightful drama by the return of Sappho from the Olympic games, where she has won the triumphal garland in the presence of assembled Greece. Not alone does she come with the garland, but with her she brings a youth clad in a simple garb. Sappho's elevated position entitled her, we presume, to "choose" a lover—will our lady readers think so?—and hence she addresses her welcomers thus:

SAPPHO, *descending from her chariot, and exchanging friendly questions with the by-standers.*

My faithful Rhamnes, greeting! Thou, Artander,
Here too—despite the weakness of old age?
Calisto, Rhodope, ye weep, beloved?
Eyes pay their debts as faithfully as hearts,
And for your tears—see mine; oh! spare me them.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Be welcomed to the ancient soil of home,
To the glad circle of thy own be welcomed!

SAPPHO.

You shall not greet me thus without reward,
I bring you back another citizen.
See Phaon here—Descended from the best,
He with the best may boldly claim a place.
Although as yet, if judged by years, a youth,
Both word and deed have well approved him man!
If you should ever need the warrior's sword,
The orator's bold speech, the poet's tongue,
The friendly counsel, or the helping arm,
Then call on him—you will not call in vain.

PHAON.

Thou mockest, Sappho, at a humble youth.
Say, how have I deserved such wealth of praise?
Who will believe so much of the untried?

SAPPHO.

All who have seen thee blushing at my words.

PHAON.

Abashed, I can but wonder and be mute.

SAPPHO.

Thus best securing what thou'dst fain refuse,
Merit and silence still are sisters found.
Yes, friends! I bid you know it now and aye,
I love him! upon him my choice is fixed;
He is by fulness of rich gifts decreed
To draw me down with soft constraining might
From cloud-capt summits of poetic art,
Into life's brighter, warmer, flower-strewn vales.
Henceforth in midst of you and by his side
A simple, silent shepherd's life I'll lead—
Gladly the laurel for the myrtle changing;
Only in praise of hearth and household joys
Shall wake henceforth the music of this lyre
That you have honoured, hitherto admired,
Now you shall learn to love it—*love* it, friends.

It may, however, be presumed that the love of the twain was more mutual at first than Sappho's words declare; for Phaon tells us of his excitement during the rivalry of the poets—a passage of strong descriptive beauty.

PHAON.

And when my father sent me to Olympia,
To try my fortune in the chariot race,
Along my way these tidings echoed loud—
That in the contest for the poet's wreath,
Sappho would strike her lyre, and, striking, win!
Then swelled my heart with longing and desire,
My o'er-urged coursers dropt down on the road,
Before Olympia's towers I discerned.
I came—the chariots in their rapid course,
The wrestler's skill, the discus' manly game,

These had no power to move my boding soul!
I asked not even who had won the prize;
Had *I* not gained, the highest, best of all?
I was to see *her*, crown of womanhood!
Now came the day to judge the claims of song—
Alcæus sang, Anacreon—in vain!
They could not free my spirit from its chain.
When, lo! there ran a murmur through the crowd,—
The multitude divided—"It is she!"
Then holding in her hand a golden lyre,
A woman passed throughout that wond'ring throng,
With flowing garments, white as innocence,
That reached, but not concealed, the ankle's grace
(Like a clear brook that runs o'er banks of flowers):
The hem with palm and laurel leaves adorned,
Imaging gracefully both peace and fame,
Bespoke the poet's need and his reward.
Like gorgeous morning clouds about the sun
A Tyrian mantle floated round her form,
And in the "purple midnight" of her hair
Uprose a shining moon-like diadem,
Emblem of genius, shedding wide its rays!
My soul exclaimed, "'Tis she!" and it was thou.
And ere my own conjecture found a tongue,
A nation's thou-and-voiced joy proclaimed
Loud confirmation of my sweet foreboding.
But of thy song, thy triumph, of the wreath
Placed, when the strain was ended, on thy head,
And how in trance of inspiration high
From thy relaxing hold fell out the lyre,
How at one glance, from thy all-conquering eyes,
The rustic youth stood trembling and abashed.
This know'st thou better, lofty one, than I,
Who but half wakened yet, can scarce decide
How much was real, and how much was dream.

Long before Sappho left for the Olympic games she had brought into her household a little girl torn from her parents, and, though a slave, Melitta was fondly loved by Sappho. Melitta was just fifteen when Phaon is introduced by the poetess—fifteen and beautiful! truly a dangerous time! How delightfully natural of Sappho to be almost angry because the little slave did not at first sufficiently note the comeliness of Phaon; it is thus we often unconsciously point and poison the arrow which returns to our own breast only to wound!

SAPPHO, *who meanwhile has thrown herself on the grassy bank.*
Melitta!
And know'st thou, then, so little how to say
That which would give me pleasure, dearest child?
And yet thou sawest him. Didst nothing mark
On which once seen 'twere natural to dwell,
To talk of to me? Girl! where were thine eyes?

MELITTA.
Thou knowest well how often thou hast said,—
"Becomes not that a maiden send her glance
In presence of a stranger freely round."

SAPPHO.
And thus, poor thing, thine eyelids were cast down.
(*Kisses her.*)
This was thy reason. Not for thee, my child,
This lesson, but for older, wilder hearts;
What suits the girl befits not womanhood.
(*Measuring her with her eyes.*)
And yet, see there!—How strangely thou art changed
Since last I left! Why, now, I scarcely know thee—
Grown so much taller and—— (*Kisses her again.*)
Thou sweetest one!
Yes, thou wert right—my lesson suits thee too.
(*Rises.*)
Why art thou still so frightened and so mute?
Thou wert not wont to be so!—Wherefore tremble?
'Tis not thy mistress, Sappho, thou dost see;
Sappho, thy friend, Melitta, speaks with thee.
Ambition, pride, the sting of angry words,
And all that once was faulty in my nature,
These I have not brought back unto my home;
I cast them deep into the wave's abyss,
When o'er the ocean sailing at his side;
By this is proved the magic power of love,—
It glorifies whate'er its breath has stirred,
Like to the sun whose golden beams can change
Even dark storm-clouds into molten gold.
If ever I have pained thee by quick speech,
Or bitter word, forgive it to me now!
In future we will trusting sisters be,
Will both live near him—equal in all else
But in the nature of the love he gives.
Oh! I will grow more kind—more meek and kind.

MELITTA.
Art thou not kind, then? Wert not ever so?

SAPPHO.
Kind!—yes, if *not unkind* deserves such praise.
Was that enough for such a high reward?
Will *he* be happy, think'st thou, maiden, here?

MELITTA.
Who could be aught but happy near to thee?

Sympathy is a blossom which bears not unfrequently the mature fruit of love. It is not wonderful that Phaon should break in upon the solitude of Melitta, and so join her in the "bond of sorrow," when she is sitting on a bank of grass mourning for her distant home. To what mischief incalculable, to what innocent rapture inexpressible, have bonds of sorrow between the sexes led? We must give this unexpected meeting for its truthfulness and power:—

SCENE IV.

Enter PHAON, *who, during the foregoing soliloquy, has appeared at the entrance of the grotto and then retired. He now comes forward and lays (from behind) his hand upon* MELITTA'S *shoulder.*

So young and yet so mournful, maiden!

MELITTA, *starting.*
Ah!

PHAON.
I have o'erheard thee calling on the gods
To grant a friendly heart.—Here *is* a friend!
There is a bond of sorrow as of blood,
And those that mourn are everywhere akin.
I too am parted from my parents dear,—
I too am yearning for a distant home;
Let us agree, then, that my sadness be
A balsam for thy heart as thine for me.
Thou'rt silent.—Wherefore, maiden, this distrust?
Look up—look at me: Mine no wrong intent.
(*He raises her face with his hand.*)
Why, see! it is the little serving maid
Who spilt the cup upon the marble floor;
Art *therefore* sad? Thou needst not—the mischance
Amused me, as it did thy mistress too.
(MELITTA, *who, during the last words, had become more composed, now raises her eyes, looks at him, and prepares to go.*)

PHAON.
I did not purpose to offend thee, child.
Have then those gentle eyes a glance so hard?
Nay, thou must stand and speak—thou shalt not go!
I had already marked thee at the feast;
Thy maidenly repose shone out most fair
Through the wild tumult of the banquet hall.
Who art thou, and what ties detain thee here?
Thou wert not of the guests: I saw thee serve.
The slaves' familiar bearing seem'd to claim
Thee for companion, and ——

MELITTA.
I *am* a slave.
(*Turns as if to go.*)

PHAON, *detaining her.*
Not yet!

MELITTA.
What would you with a slave, my lord?
Let her seek out the bosom of a slave.
(*Tears choke her voice.*)
Oh! take me up to you, ye gods,—to you!

PHAON, *supporting her.*
Thou art excited, trembling; grow more calm.
Fetters and chains can only bind the hands;
It is the mind that makes us slaves or free.
Be thou at rest—Sappho is good and mild.
A word from me, and without ransom paid
She gives thee back to parents and to home!
(MELITTA *silently shakes her head.*)

PHAON.
Believe me that she will. But what? has all
The burning longing for thy fatherland,
Felt but so late, so quickly died away?

MELITTA.
Ah! tell me first where is that fatherland?

PHAON.
Thou dost not know it?

MELITTA.
In my tend'rest years
From its kind shelter I was torn away.
Its beauteous flowers, its wooded valleys, still
Can memory recall; but not its name.
And yet, methinks it to the sunrise lay;
For all was brighter, clearer, lighter, there!

PHAON.
Then it is far from hence?

MELITTA.
Oh, very far.
By other trees I was surrounded there,
And other flow'rs than these perfumed the air.
In bluer midnight glow'd more radiant stars,
And kinder, gentler, were the men around.
I in the midst of many children played;
Ah, yes! and an old man with silver hair—
I call'd him father—would caress me oft.
And then another man, young, stately, tall,
With dark-brown hair and eyes—almost like thine—

PHAON.
Well, then—that man—go on.

MELITTA.
He, too—

PHAON.
Caress'd thee;
Is it not so?
(*He seizes her hand.*)

MELITTA.
I was a child!

PHAON, *softly.*
Thou wert!
I know thou wert a sweet unconscious child!
(*He releases her hand.*)

Phaon and the lovely slave go so far as to exchange flowers—roses. If Sappho had not possessed the quick penetration and sensibility of the poet, being *woman*, she would have at once comprehended the force of such symbols.

Melitta, decked with roses in her hair and bosom—one the very rose which Phaon gave—comes into the presence of her mistress; but "the green-eyed monster" has stalked in there before her. Our readers may imagine the result of such a meeting. So could we proceed threading the course of this admirable tragedy, showing the revenge which Sappho is about to take, marking the surprises, the escapes, and so on to the climax, when Sappho, with her purple mantle on her shoulders, the golden lyre in her hand, and the laurel crown on her brow, pays "the latest debt of life" by blessing the two lovers, and then throws herself from a rock into the sea. But we have quoted enough to show the nerve and force of the translator, the individuality of the author, Franz Grillparzer, and to induce many of our readers to become possessors of this fine tragedy.

Mr. GILFILLAN has re-introduced to the world a poet almost forgotten, though enjoying some fame in his day, the Rev. W. L. BOWLES. He forms a necessary part of the magnificent library edition of the *British Poets* publishing by Mr. Nichol; but the intrinsic merits of the poems do not, we think, entitle them to immortality. They are excellent in their mechanism; and if poetry consisted, as most persons formerly thought, and as many think now, in rhyme and metre, Mr. Bowles would be a great poet. But taste has improved of late years, and the world is beginning to learn that poetical thoughts constitute poetry, and that metre is only the frame in which these are exhibited. We have turned over the pages curious to find something that entitled the author to the name of poet—ideas fresh, startling, grand, or even graceful; in vain; nothing beyond the commonplace of a scholar and a gentleman. We tried them by this test—we turned some of them into prose by altering the position of the words. If it be true poetry of thought, the idea will remain bright and true as ever, though prose in shape. The trial was not endured by the poems of Mr. Bowles; they became prose in spirit, as in form, and very poor prose too. Nevertheless, he is counted among the poets of England, and as such he is entitled to a place in this collection, and this at least may be said, that he is far better than many others who are placed by universal custom in all Libraries of British poetry. He is in advance of his predecessors, although far behind his successors, and our taste is necessarily formed upon a higher standard of poetry than was known in his time.

Leonora: a Poem (Schulze) is one of those productions which perplex a critic. There is nothing which he can positively praise, little which he can blame. Its characteristic is mediocrity. The story had been better told in prose; and one wonders why the author should have taken the trouble to put it into rhyme. When he writes again, we advise him to write in the form of prose. It is less laborious and far more effective.

The *Works of Churchill* have just been added to Mr. Nichols's magnificent series of "The British Poets." They are prefaced with a memoir, critical dissertation, and explanatory notes, by Mr. Geo. Gilfillan. The impression made on us by Churchill's poems is that their author was not a poet at all. He was a clever rhymester and a wit; but there is not a gleam of poetry, properly so called. He simply turned brilliant prose into polished verse.

A few Stray Verses, by "A Spirit of the Cam," were scarcely worth printing. They relate chiefly to incidents of the war, and are as good as anything that has yet been written on that suggestive theme, which, truth to tell, is saying very little for them.

Lake Leman, a Satire, is clever and keen; but we protest against personality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Embassies and Foreign Courts: a History of Diplomacy. By "The Roving Englishman." London: G. Routledge and Co. 1855.

DIPLOMACY, like the theatrical profession (*si parva licet componere magnis*), is a secret and mysterious corner of human life into which everybody would fain have a peep, but which disappoints all persons in proportion as they become informed upon the matter. There is a certain professional air of humbug surrounding both; both depend upon a certain false glitter and exterior trickery; in both the man will best succeed who can most deftly thread the cunning mazes of intrigue and can with the readiest ability sustain a character not honestly his own; in fine, there are many points of similitude which require no very great subtlety to detect, but which sufficiently account for the lively interest which both professions arouse in the bosoms of the profane vulgar.

With what eager curiosity is a book of memoirs bought if it be only understood to contain some spicy revelations concerning the private doings of actors and actresses. The mere droppings from the ale-tap, the vilest gossip which has been picked up by association with stage carpenters in the bars of public-houses, is sure of a ready sale; and so it is that a writer has only to profess some acquaintance with the back-stairs and keyholes of "the diplomatic circle"—has only to insinuate the possession of peculiar information respecting spies, mistresses, and other despicable machinery commonly understood to belong to the craft, or haply of a dozen letters filched from the portfolio of some foreign potentate—and his book is more sure of a tremendous sale than if it contained more than the wisdom of Socrates, flavoured with more than the wit of Sidney Smith.

Let it not be supposed that there are any fair grounds for classing "The Roving Englishman's" book in this category. It has a far higher title to our regard. It is something more than what it professes to be, for it is by no means a dry-bone

History of Diplomacy, but a volume containing anecdotes, smart sayings, and sly sarcastic touches pertinent to the matter in hand; yet is it a book in which sound information is mixed up with the pleasant matter; and, while the curiosity of the reader is to a certain extent gratified, his understanding is informed upon the true history of this very mystic art.

We have always suspected that something was wrong with this wonderful business of diplomacy; and certainly our estimation of it does not progress in proportion as we become acquainted with its true nature. We have had a general idea that ambassadors and attachés are frequently appointed for any reason but that of special fitness for the required duties: because (for instance) they can be of no possible use at home; or because they have done something which renders foreign residence desirable; or even because they happen to have pretty wives. Qualities even more negative have sometimes recommended noble gentlemen to this high and onerous office; and at this very moment we have an ambassador representing us at one of the most important capitals in the world, in whose favour nothing can be said but that he can play the fiddle very creditably. There is another reason why we have entertained no special liking for the business, and that is the mystery and secrecy with which it is surrounded. When honest men have dealings with one another they have no need of envoys with two sets of instructions, of secret agents, of spies, of intrigues, or of cunning trickery in any form whatsoever. Why then should honest nations? Ciphers we have known to be as silly as they are futile; and the perseverance in their use suggests a deplorable ignorance of what Dr. Playfair calls "common things." We are bound to say that all these impressions are considerably strengthened by a perusal of "The Roving Englishman's" work.

To go into the history of the matter, it would appear that ambassadors (in our sense of the term) were quite unknown to the ancients. It was not until treaties had laid the foundation of international law, that this means of communication was resorted to by sovereigns. Envoys were occasionally sent, but always upon special occasions, and usually as suppliants, to crave mercy and forbearance. There were no permanent diplomatic relations, worthy the name, until comparatively modern times. The inviolability of an ambassador was certainly not recognised as a principle in early times; for when David's ambassadors were treated with such indignity by the Ammonites (see 2 Samuel, x), it is not mentioned as a breach of international law.

Before the time of Grotius (the creator of international law), the rights of legation in Europe were grounded upon the secular claims of the Roman Catholic Church. In consequence of this, ambassadors were mostly chosen from among the ecclesiastics, and great political power thence accrued to the papacy. Grotius laid down the principles of diplomatic intercourse upon broader and more cosmopolitan grounds, declaring that this was decidedly the most important branch of international law. The next great writer upon the question was Puffendorf, who is mentioned as "a man of a warped and crooked mind;" and then came Spinosa, the Jew, who promulgated the principle, so comfortable for tyrants, that "no treaties are binding on superior force." The late Czar Nicholas was clearly a disciple of Spinosa. After this came a motley crowd of memoir-writers, collectors of letters, dispatches, and treaties, and authors of treatises upon diplomatic intrigue. Among these last Von Wicquefort, De Callières, and Von Bynkershoek deserve and obtain honourable mention. At the present day, a collection of all the works which relate directly or indirectly to diplomacy and diplomatic operations would fill a library. What the worth of that library would be is a matter of pure speculation.

There is no need to follow "The Roving Englishman" into his discussions upon the necessity of preserving diplomatic relations in some form or other. We take this to be a self-evident truth. What is not quite so clear is the character of the agents employed, and the footing upon which those relations should stand. Our author (while good-humouredly bantering the German writers for making their model diplomatist a being composed of Apollo and Doctor Johnson) declares that an ambassador should be a good man of business, and that he should possess "a thorough general acquaintance with the laws, constitutions, organisation, and government of foreign states," especially so far as regards the country to which he is accredited. These are positions which we are not disposed to deny. Indeed, we should be inclined to add that, if the diplomatist be a man of sense, he needs nothing more to do the work required of him thoroughly and satisfactorily. We fear that this last qualification has hitherto been the rarest of all.

"I could venture to assert (writes "The Roving Englishman") that, perhaps, there is no position among mankind which requires a clearer and a sounder mind than that of a diplomatist." Is this condition fulfilled by selecting ambassadors from the House of Peers? Certainly not as a rule. Our author himself supplies us with an example when he refers to Cardinal Richelieu's habit of sending two ambassadors, one to look after the other, and remarks that "Lord John Russell's recent mission to Vienna would seem to prove that the practice is not entirely discontinued." There may be something gained by sending out a man of high character and courtly demeanour to represent the Sovereign in a capital and among a society where such qualities are almost necessary; but we quite agree with our author when he declares that this is generally overdone, and that a more business-like and less costly envoy would often answer the purpose better.

There appears no doubt that the diplomatic service is very much overgrown; that it is often a useless pageant, or a mere tinselled delusion. I venture respectfully to submit, therefore, that it is impossible to advocate too energetically the nomination of chargés d'affaires (*ad interim*) on all ordinary occasions.

Some noble ambassadors have affected great state, alleging that, as they represent their sovereigns, they are entitled to equal respect. Grave quarrels have arisen out of these absurd pretensions. Some courts, however, have taken offence on account of ambassadors not of noble rank being accredited to them. When President Jeannin was sent to Philip II. by Henry IV., the former monarch asked him if he were a gentleman; the ambassador smartly replied that, if Adam was, he was. The King then asked of whom he was the son; whereupon Jeannin replied, "Of my virtues, Sire." The author, in referring to this anecdote, adds one of more modern date.

The story, upon the whole, puts us rather in mind of the reply told of a certain wit to a musical diplomatist who has survived him. "He forgot I was a peer," mumbled out the one, with revolting and ridiculous pride. "Pshaw! my lord," returned the caustic scholar; "you are a peer, but he is of the stuff from which peers are made."

A certain modern statesman might peruse with considerable profit a chapter upon letter-opening—a diplomatic practice of very ancient date. Martin Luther suffered from this infamy; for which he took summary vengeance upon Duke George of Saxony, in a pamphlet full of the most deadly sarcasm. "A thief (argued Luther) is a thief, whether he steals money or letters." The practice, however, continued, and still flourishes, in spite of Luther's pamphlet.

The French ambassador of the day once made a complaint to the feeblest and worst of English ministers (the Duke of Newcastle), that the dispatches sent to him from France had been not only opened, but were actually forwarded on to him sealed with the royal arms of England!—"It was in consequence of a mistake at the Foreign Office," replied the Duke, laughing at his infamy as a good joke.

Cypher is, of course, no protection against this; for the cypher has yet to be invented that can baffle a careful and scientific scrutiny.

There is a great deal of curious information respecting the expenses of ambassadors and the means of defraying them formerly resorted to. The author is of opinion that the salary of a diplomatist "should in all cases be extremely liberal," inasmuch as "the dignity and becoming appearance of his household will always have a marked effect on his position and utility." Chancellor Oxenstiern speaks contemptuously of an ambassador who lived in a garret; and the French Directory, in 1798, when apportioning the salaries of their ambassadors, sensibly observed that it was necessary to place their agents in a just medium *between penury and seduction*. Napoleon instructed his ambassadors very tersely:—"Keep a good table, and be polite to the women." Talleyrand added: "Above all, no zeal."

After so much about ambassadors, it is only natural that our author should have a word to say about ambassadors' wives, commonly called ambassadresses. These good ladies often ape more state than is even claimed by their husbands, and not a few diplomatic quarrels have entirely emanated from the feminine halves of the embassies. In remote times, ambassadors left their wives at home (whether for their own convenience or for that of the gracious sovereigns who deigned to bestow so much honour upon them, we cannot precisely tell); but now they form quite a necessary and integral part of the diplomatic system. Pope Sextus the Fifth was the first to recognise the diplomatic rank of ambassadresses, and his memory is held in great estimation by them. They are now entitled to all the rights and privileges of their husband's rank; and the Court of Great Britain sends a royal yacht to receive ambassadresses of the first class. At Rome they are received by the College of Cardinals—never averse to paying their respects to the ladies. In France they had the privilege of being kissed by the royal family. There is an odd anecdote told of the treatment of a certain ambassadress from the Spanish Court. The lady in question had been accused of intriguing with the celebrated Prince of Peace, and was refused admission to Court. Her husband, upon this, wrote an official letter of remonstrance, in which the following very sensible passage occurred: "My wife, as the wife of the Minister of Spain, is a public woman, in the same manner as I am a public man; and therefore she ought to be received at Court." "Pardon, M. le Ministre," was the reply, "that is the very reason why she is not received."

Several chapters are devoted to a consideration of what an ambassador should be, and how he should perform his duties. Oxenstiern said that it was astonishing what a little knowledge was requisite in ruling the world; and "The Roving Englishman" states, with truth, "a statesman of great natural abilities will carry on his department a thousand times better than all the precedent-hunters in the world. Common sense and sound judgment are really more useful in important business than every other quality combined." This is quite true; but we can hardly agree with him when he seems to infer that the knowledge is sufficient which a statesman acquires in the actual practice of his office. How many fatal blunders may be committed *before* the knowledge is acquired?

Our author is here very particular and diffuse upon the subject of diplomatic documents. There are some very detailed instructions upon the art of drawing up dispatches, some of which are provocative of a smile.

There is no reason why a cheerful topic or an apt illustration should be excluded from a dispatch. The story of even a court-ball or a public dinner, well told, may let a flood of light on some momentous question. *The writer, however, must be cautious to confine himself to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, in the very strictest interpretation of those words. A certain dignity of language should be always preserved in a dispatch. This does not exclude wit or humour; *but it absolutely forbids flippancy or ribaldry*. Even language that would be perfectly admissible in conversation should be kept out of a dispatch.

This is quite a primer for sucking diplomatists. One really valuable suggestion is that ambassadors "might often be employed advantageously in furnishing data to the War Office, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, the great law officers of the Crown, and the heads of public schools." Some such service has been rendered lately by our Embassy in France, in preparing a report of the constitution and working of the *Conseils des Prudhommes*, for the consideration of our Board of Trade. This is, in point of fact (remembering the amount of general information necessary to do such work satisfactorily), to endow an ambassador with the qualities of a successful journalist; and the author himself recognises it, when he says:

I am very much mistaken if the publicists of to-day will not be the statesmen and rulers of to-morrow. America makes them cabinet ministers and diplomatists. Britain will some day do the same.

Before this anticipation is justified, let us hope that the profession of journalism will have considerably improved its own status. "The Roving Englishman" appears to have the greatest confidence in the public press as the engine for effecting future reforms. "Let the honourable publicists of this country associate in the good

cause, and there is no fear of their ultimate success!" Alas! he little knows how much reform is needed in the press itself; he little knows how appositely his own question will apply to many of the members of that press, when he asks:

How long will any gifted men be found to write down their own degradation daily—to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, to give up the rich and righteous heritage of their brains for Grub-street and the bench?

"The Roving Englishman" avows himself to be in the diplomatic profession, to have believed in it, to have hope in its future mission if reformed, but to be disgusted with its vices and its follies. His work (though by no means perfect, so far as digestion of the question and coherent rrangement are concerned) is an interesting and valuable book. May be it but paves the way to some more important work upon the same subject; but for the present it is very welcome, as affording ventilation to some very close corners of humanity. We will conclude by quoting a very forcible passage, in which the author expresses his sense of modern diplomacy, as brought to bear upon the dispute now raging in the East.

Oh! this Russian business, what a weary and shameful series of blunders it has been! If one man employed had understood his duty, this war would have been impossible. Such a statement as this may smack of presumption, perhaps of impertinence; but it is true, and, by the living God, I know it! I have watched that dreadful game played out by hands so nerveless, and with lips so pale yet rash, that I have shuddered with impatience and disgust. Any man indeed, who brought a fresh and unprejudiced mind to bear on the quarter, must have felt like a looker-on with his eyes open, watching the mistakes of two blindfolded chess-players. If any reader should say it is easy to make such a statement as this, let me add, it would be easier far to pour out an indignant torrent of proofs. The only difficulty is to restrain it.

"The Roving Englishman" is a bold writer, and we trust that his honesty will not be a disqualification for promotion in the diplomatic service.

The Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England. Part VII. Suffolk. Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker.

The valuable series of Church notes, of which Mr. Parker now presents us with the seventh number, has been for some time before the public, and its characteristics may therefore be well known to some of our readers. But, since this is the first time that we have had the opportunity to notice it in these columns, we shall devote a few sentences to it. The title is, perhaps, a little ambitious, and might mislead an inquirer into turning to it with the expectation of finding a complete account of the ecclesiastical and other architectural antiquities of his neighbourhood. This expectation would be disappointed, for he would find only notes of the general characteristics of the churches, and occasional very brief notices of the more remarkable remains of domestic architecture. The illustrations, too, instead of being such as an architect would select as the subjects best calculated to illustrate the ecclesiastical and architectural topography of a neighbourhood, are simply reprints of the woodcuts which have appeared in Mr. Parker's numerous architectural publications, together with others collected from similar sources.

But, though the work is not all which the title implies, it is, nevertheless, a very valuable one to the architectural and ecclesiological student. Imagine a great scrap-book containing brief but careful church notes of all the churches in England, done by competent hands, and illustrated by engravings cut out from all the recent architectural works; it would form a book for which architects and ecclesiologists would bid high against one another at a public sale. Imagine such a valuable work put into Mr. Parker's hands, to be printed for the benefit of everybody, at a very small cost—and that is precisely the work of which Mr. Parker has already presented us with seven parts, and which, when completed, will form a very valuable index and handbook to the ecclesiologist and architect and tourist, and a very valuable permanent record of the condition of the churches of England at the present time.

The *Isthmus of Suez Question* threatens to be a troublesome one. France has set her mind on the possession of it, as a part of her great scheme for the conversion of the Mediterranean into "a French Lake." She is in Constantinople, and has no intention to leave it again. She is settling now in Kamiesch, manifestly with an eye to permanent occupancy. She is filling every Mediterranean post with her ships. She has Algeria; she wants Egypt, and she will have it. Hence the "Isthmus of Suez Question," so ably stated by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps in the pamphlet before us (Longman and Co.) At present there is a contest in the Divan as to who shall be the favoured, France or England. Probably France will obtain the permission; England will be invited to find the greater portion of the money; and again we shall leave Napoleon the master of the situation. At present we appear to be his catspaws in the game that is playing.

Lieut. J. W. Macdonald has treated of the *Errors and Evils of the Bank Charter Act.* We suspect him to be really one of the Birmingham currency school. At all events, he is a currency doctor.

Rationale of our present Division of the Pound sterling is an opposition to the Decimal Coinage project; and *Inverse Elementary Tactics of Cavalry* (Bosworth) is a book whose title alone must content the reader. We cannot pretend to give an account of it.

Mr. E. D. Chattaway has published a useful manual on *Railways; their Capital and Dividends, with Statistics of their Working* (Weale). To all who are interested in these magnificent but unprosperous undertakings we can recommend this analysis of them. Here all the facts and figures are to be found which reveal their true condition and the cause of their depression. It will be found at pp. 22 and 23, under the titles of "Legal and Parliamentary Expenses" and "Sums paid for Land Compensation."

Mr. David Urquhart has issued a second series of his *Familiar Words*, a collection of short essays on subjects connected with the events of the time, but exhibiting strange persistency in his theory that the Ministry and the *Times*, and Napoleon III., are in the pay of Russia, and that the war is only a sham, designed to exhaust the Allies, so as to enable Russia more securely to grasp her prey when we have ruined ourselves by a long war.

The *Life Boat* is the title of a yearly pamphlet, issued by the Life Boat Institution, detailing its proceedings during the year, and collecting all the improvements that have been proposed, with narratives of all the good it has done.

A *History of Erith and its Neighbourhood* (Hope and Co) is a brief history of that beautiful neighbourhood, so delightful a day's trip from London.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *Westminster Review* is unusually heavy. It wants variety. There are but five articles, and of these all but one are on topics of a very grave cast—to wit, Theism, Cicero, the Position of Woman among the Ancients, Evangelical Teaching (*apropos* of Dr. Cumming's multifarious productions), Drunkenness and the Daily Press. The latter alone relieves the "slowness" of the number. The *Westminster* is lapsing into a fatal error by devoting so much space to its short notices of contemporary literature. These occupy nearly one-third of the new number, to the exclusion, of course, of matter far more interesting and more becoming a quarterly. These brief notices are already amply anticipated by the literary journals; they are out of place here, and, in fact, are not looked at by one reader in a hundred. We have seen with regret the gradual expansion of this worthless and stale portion of the *Westminster*, and the consequent contraction of that for which alone it is read; and now it is shrunken to five papers, which cannot possibly permit of the variety so necessary to sustain the interest of a periodical, and to which *the* Quarterly owes its popularity, spite of its politics. Dr. Cumming is assailed with very considerable vigour, and the legislative hankerings of the temperance party are proved to be impracticable. About Marcus Tullius Cicero nothing new is said; and, for the article on "Theism," we confess to want of courage to pursue it beyond the three first pages. The readable paper of the number is on "the Daily Press," in which the career of the *Times* is narrated and its conduct eulogised.

The *London Quarterly Review* has more variety than the *Westminster*, but it is not exempt from the same complaint of heaviness. Learned certainly, but dull, are the articles on Bunsen's Egypt, the Fall of the Byzantine Empire, Copernicus, and the Greek Church; but they are relieved by two papers on "Maud" and "The Fine Art Exposition in Paris." The poet is more highly praised by this reviewer than by any other of his critics; but there is an indiscriminate applause, an absence of critical impartiality, which proves him to be rather too much of a partisan. The other, on the Paris Gallery, is far more able. This is really a criticism, and not a panegyric. "Home Heathenism" is an appropriate social theme for a periodical which is the organ of a sect; and "The General Post-office" is suggestive of defects and improvements in that great establishment.

Blackwood's Magazine for October opens with a notice of Christopher North's "Noctes," written with admirable taste, and a genuine appreciation of the extraordinary work reviewed. "Zaidee" is continued; and there are more chapters of the "History of the War," by a spectator which is certainly the best picture of it that has been published, next to those of the correspondent of the *Times*. "The Baltic in 1855" is another seasonable paper, also by a spectator, faithfully describing that scene of our naval enterprises, and especially the attack on Sweaborg. "Notes from the Seaside," on divers topics, reveal the hand of an old and valued contributor.

Bentley's Miscellany for October has no less than five contributions relating to the war and its belongings. But these are varied by an amusing article by Dudley Costello, called "Lycanthropy in London," "Adventures of Bobbin the Bagman," and "Prosings about the Essayists," the present subject being Sidney Smith.

The *Irish Quarterly Review* for September sustains its reputation as the liveliest and most truly literary of the Quarterlies. There are no less than seven articles which every reader will enjoy. A review of "Maud," the "Biography of Banim," the memoir of Sidney Smith, a second paper on "The Poets of America," "Our Soldiers at Home and in the Field," "Alison's History," and the "Parisian Correspondence." It is not only the pleasantest, but the cheapest, quarterly.

The *Dublin Magazine* gives only two papers to war topics. For the rest, there is a lively narrative of a Yacht Cruise from Forth to Clyde. Another review of the Dramatic Writers of Ireland, comprising Moore, Maturin, and Sir Aubrey de Vere. Meredith's poems are noticed at great length, and commended with just applause. Some ballads are capitally translated from the German; and these agreeable readings are varied with the continuation of two novels.

Hogg's Instructor introduces Kit North again, criticised by Mr. Gilfillan. "The Memoranda of a Marine Officer" is amusing, and the Scientific Pickings from the British Association Papers the best abbreviation that has been published.

Chambers's Journal for October maintains it sold reputation for more judiciously mingling information with amusement, and conveying the former so that it may be understood and remembered by readers of all classes and ages, than any other cheap periodical.

The National Review has one brilliant article on the "First Edinburgh Reviewers," a sketch of the men of that memorable era, written with a sparkling but impartial and discriminating pen. "Statesmen of the Day," in contrast with it, is common-place; but for the manner in which it deals with our living great men, fearlessly, but not quite impartially, it will probably attract more readers than the other. An argumentative paper on Cornewall Lewis's "Credibility of Roman History" will reward those who may toil through it. "The Civil Service" is another topic ably handled.

The *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* takes the first place among the periodicals devoted to science, of which it embraces the entire range. The new number has papers on Geology, Natural History, Medicine, Mineralogy, Chemistry, Botany, and Electricity, a memoir of Mr. George Johnston, of Berwick, reviews of new books, and reports of proceedings of scientific societies. Here is enough to attract a vast circle of readers.

The *Art Journal* for October presents to its subscribers engravings of Lerius's "Firstborn" and Collins's "Fisher-boys," in the Royal Collection; MacDowell's beautiful statue "The Day-dream;" some thirty or forty exquisite engravings of objects in the Paris Exhibition; and some specimens of Eastlake's best pictures.

The *Ladies' Companion* presents us with a picture of the Fashions; an engraving taken from the *Sporting Magazine* (!) and a quantity of light literature selected with much taste.

The *Eclectic Review's* best articles are on Amateur Music; the present condition of Hungary; and the National Literature and Language of Finland—the unhappy country whose towns we are battering down and whose people we are destroying because they were so unlucky as to fall under the dominion of Russia.

The Rate at which Waves Travel.—A paper was read by Professor Bache before the American Scientific Association, stating that at nine o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of December, 1854, an earthquake occurred at Simoda, on the Island of Niphon, Japan, and occasioned the wreck of the Russian frigate Diana, which was then in port. The harbour was first emptied of water, and then came in an enormous wave, which again receded and left the harbour dry. This occurred several times. The United States has self-acting tide-gauges at San Francisco and at San Diego, which record the rise of the tide upon cylinders, turned by clocks; and at San Francisco, 4800 miles from the scene of the earthquake, the first wave arrived twelve hours and sixteen minutes after it had receded from the harbour of Simoda. It had travelled across the broad bosom of the Pacific Ocean at the rate of six and a half miles a minute, and arrived safely on the shores of California, to astonish the scientific observers of the coast surveying expedition. The first wave, or rising of the waters, at San Francisco, was seven-tenths of a foot in height, and lasted for about half an hour. It was followed by a series of seven other waves of less magnitude, at intervals of an hour each. At San Diego similar phenomena were observed, although, on account of the greater distance from Simoda (400 miles greater than to San Francisco), the waves did not arrive so soon, and were not quite as high.—*Boston Atlas.*

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

Signs and tokens many warn us that the dull days are coming, when it will no longer be possible for dwellers in cities to find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones. Already the nights are chill, the meadows are drenched with dews, and the sun looks blear-eyed through the mists of the morning. Already fogs settle down upon the great city of cities. Dahlias bow their heads and drip in suburban gardens, where their elder sisters of the summer daily droop and die, and fall down upon the sere autumnal leaves. The hedgerows are tattered and draggled, and spring brambles, half denuded of foliage, descend into moist ditches or straggle across miry by-ways. Poor Robin still sings; but there is melancholy in his notes; he sings the dirge of the departed summer, the dying hymn of departing autumn. Sportsmen begin to think of returning from the moors, tourists from the lakes, anglers from trout-streams, and happy families from the sea-side. But we need not look dismally on the close of the year. All our joys are not to be found in cool grot and mossy cell. They are not confined to Broadstairs, Bognor, or watering-place in any direction. They are not for ever on the top of Snowdon, on the shores of Windermere, or among the water-drinkers of Malvern. We can easily contrive to make the dull November day without a bright one within, when the curtains are drawn of an evening; when a bright fire burns in the grate where lately were heaps of gay willow-shavings or gaudy fire-papers; when the kettle sings on the hob, and the cat, no longer on board-wages, purrs in unison on her domain, the hearth-rug; and when the very poker winks and blinks, and appears to rejoice in the light of the fire which erst gave it form and favour. Under such circumstances pleasant reading makes the hours pass pleasantly along. To every thing there is a season, writes Solomon, and, we may add, to every season a book—one for the fireside, when the wind howls without, and frosts bite the traveller; one for the springtime, when leaves are green, and the birds sing merrily; one for the summer-time, to read among the brakes or by cooling brooks; one for the time when the leaves are red and brown, and the sunbeam sleeps on hill and lea. Yea, books may be applied as the doctors apply their medicines: some as antidotes, some as stimulants, some as soporifics, some as cathartics—a few only, thank goodness, as emetics. We endeavour, as much as we can, to administer the proper literary medicine at the proper season. Thus, a few numbers back we gave account of M. Deschanel's little book—*Le Mal qu'on a dit des femmes*—the ungracious things that have been said of the ladies. It was at a season when they could listen to every railing accusation brought against them with reason; that is to say, when they could afford to smile at the many sad lies told of them, under the influences of sea-breezes and sunny weather. We have reserved the counterpart, to put the ladies in good-humour, to reconcile them to home after all the joys and fatigues of the season. This little volume, by the same author, is called *Le Bien qu'on a dit des femmes*—the pretty things that have been said of women. As in his other work, the author has extracted his gracious sayings from authors sacred and profane. Of course he begins with Eve—poor Eve, whom we have been taught to regard as our sinning mother—and, naturally enough, he quotes Milton, and Adam's account to Raphael of his first impressions of his help-mate—

> Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
> In every action dignity and love.

It is true that afterwards, when he had eaten of the forbidden fruit, and knew the curse attending it, he reproached her with the fearful words—

> Out of my sight, thou serpent!

But Eve was still beautiful—"bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh;" and the man clave to her even in the presence of doom, and it was "hand in hand" that they wandered forth from Eden.

The author is rather erratic in his extracts, observes no chronological order, and bounds at once from Milton backwards to Solomon, taking Racine, Scarron, and other poets in his way, who have written pretty things about the eyes, lips, and hair of women. Saith J. Racine of the hair—

> Les nœuds de tes cheveux devinrent mes liens.

Soft bondage in truth. Then quoth Voiture of his lady's eyes—

> Mille rayons ensorcelés
> Sortent de vos yeux étoilés.

and Desportes—

> O beaux yeux qui pleuvez tant de feux et de traits!

Tom Moore sings of Lesbia's beaming eye and its arrows flying right and left; Scarron sings of one in whose eyes might have been a whole Woolwich Arsenal—

> En quel amoureux magasin,
> Bel œil homicide, bel œil assassin,
> Prenez-vous tant de plomb
> Et tant de poudre à canon?

"From what magazine of love, fair lady, doth thy homicidal eye take so much powder and shot?" The lips, and teeth, and mouth, have each been duly celebrated. Pezay celebrates of some one—

> Ces lèvres du plus beau corail,
> Ces dents du plus brillant émail,
> Ce teint d'incarnat et d'albâtre.

Many other pretty things might we extract respecting eyebrows, eyelids, necks and breasts, arms and ancles; but here we must give a list of the poets who have loved and celebrated women.

Among the Greeks, Homer and Sophocles. Among the Latins, Lucretius, Catullus, Horace, Gallus, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid. Among the modern Italians, Dante, Petrarcha, Boccaccio. Among the Spaniards, Lope de Vega, Guillen de Castro, Calderon, Moratin. Among the French, Régnier, Malherbe, Bertaut, Corneille, Racine, Molière, *et cent autres*—a hundred other Frenchmen! Good. Among the English, Shakspere, Milton, Sheridan, Sterne, Otway, Byron. Among the Germans, the minstrel Henry of Meissen, who died in the fourteenth century, and whose poems entitle him to the surname of *Frauenlob* (ladies' praiser); Jean-Paul, Goethe, Schiller.

We must not omit mention of the Hollander, Vondel by name, who in his tragedy *Lucifer*, written in the sixteenth century, thus expresses himself:—

No; beneath the spheres sublime, no seraphim there is surpasses woman. When she appears, 'tis said she issues from light's bosom, and gives day a greater lustre. Pearl and mother o' pearl are images of purity; but woman is fairer than mother o' pearl, whiter than the pearl itself.

Dante, of course, says many pretty things of the ladies. Grim and saturnine as we behold him in aspect, he had within him a large and tender and loving heart. Goethe—but he is a stone. We could never regard him but as a piece of marble, finely carved, yet cold. He speaks for his countrymen more than for himself. His countrymen of the seventeenth century designated women as "the small drink which men get drunk upon." Lessing, far more gallant, describes woman as "the masterpiece of creation." Deschanel evidently knows not Burns, who sings a tune equal to that of any other respecting the lasses. Nature did well in the long-run—

> Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, oh!
> Green grow the rashes, oh!

Brantôme, on female beauty, gives us the Spanish version of the thirty "ifs." If—now, ladies, lend an ear:

> Three things are white: skin, teeth, and hands.
> Three things black: eyes, eyebrows, and eye-lashes.
> Three things red: lips, cheeks, and nails.
> Three things long: waist, hair, and hands.
> Three things short: teeth, ears, and feet.
> Three things wide: breast, front, and brow.
> Three things narrow: mouth, waist, and ancle.
> Three things large: arm, hip, and calf.
> Three things fine: lips, hair, and fingers.
> Three things small: nose, head, and bosom.

Then there are thirty beauties in all.

La Fontaine celebrates the beauty of woman weeping.

> Une belle, alors qu'elle est en larmes,
> En est plus belle de moitié.

A wicked saying—"a woman in tears is prettier by half than a woman in placid condition." Moratin, but he was a Spaniard and accustomed to garlic—this Moratin, who deserves to be better known than he is as a writer, says, "Pearls drop from the eyes of a woman who sheds tears;" but he should have informed us how these pearls are set. On the breasts of men in metals various. But we must hasten to an end. Of the many "good things" said of women, we have been able to fix but on one or two. Here, however, is a secret in good eating, which ought to be made public. Brillat-Savarin, in his *Physiologie du goût*, extols ladies who are rather fond of good living.

La Gourmandise (we can hardly translate the word) is not unbecoming in ladies: it agrees with the delicacy of their organs, and compensates them for some pleasures which they must deprive themselves of, and for some evils to which by nature they are condemned. Nothing is more agreeable than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms; her napkin is laid out to advantage: one of her hands rests on the table; the other carries to her mouth dainty morsels, elegantly cut, or the wing of a partridge which she must pick; her eyes are brilliant, her lips of crimson, her conversation agreeable, all her motions graceful. She wants not even that grain of coquetry which the women mingle with everything. With such advantages she is irresistible, and Cato the Censor himself could not fail to be moved.

Then we read a text in which, as persons somewhat knowing in human physiology, we entirely agree:

The *penchant* of the fair sex to *la gourmandise* has something in it belonging to instinct, for good eating is favourable to beauty. A series of exact and rigourous observations have demonstrated, that a nutritious diet, delicate and well-dressed, resists for a long time the external marks of old age. It gives the eyes more brilliancy, the skin greater freshness, to the muscles more plumpness, and as it is certain, in phisiology, that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, the formidable enemies of beauty, it is no less true to say, all things equal, that those who know how to eat well are, comparatively speaking, ten years younger than those who are strangers to the science. Painters and sculptors are thoroughly aware of this fact, for when they want to represent those who have been abstinent, through choice or duty, as misers or anchorites, they always give them the paleness of sickness, the leanness of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

Then, again, as to good eating and drinking.

Two *gourmand* spouses—so runs the text—have an opportunity of meeting together once a day; whatever else, they must eat at the same table; they have always a new subject of conversation. They speak not only of what they are eating, but of what they have eaten, of what they shall eat next, and of what they have observed in the form of new dishes on the tables of others. Familiar chit-chat, it is well known, is full of charms.

Music at dinner time this writer considers to be all very well for those who like it, but on the whole votes it a bother. The first part of M. Deschanel's duodecimo relates to woman in her physical capacity, the second to her intellectual endowments, and the third to her moral condition. Of woman's head and heart many words of disparagement have been spoken and written, but, for the honour of manhood, let us believe that more good things than evil are spoken and written of her. Cornelius Agrippa, conjuror and astrologer, did something better than discover the philosopher's stone; he wrote a treatise "On the Superiority of the Female Sex," which he dedicated to Margaret of Austria, in which he proves, in thirty chapters, that woman, morally, physically, and intellectually, is the better half of creation. We are not disposed to quarrel with him, if he does even speak slightingly of our father, Adam. In the creation, he informs us, woman was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the six days; when woman was created God rested. "God was exhausted, as it were, in forming her." Spite of all the faults of body and mind her enemies attribute to her she is still, he tells us, "worth all the universe." Again, God took care that she should have a pretty mouth; he made that the last, because he intended that she should be "the queen of creation." Man was created in open field, like the other animals; woman was created in Paradise, and hence has "marvellous privileges." Among the marvellous privileges it is amusing to read: "If it happens that a man and a woman fall into the water together, without hope of succour, the woman floats a long time before she sinks, while the man goes like a stone at once to the bottom. How happens this, if you please? You attribute it perhaps to the slightness of the machine, or to skill. Pretty reasons! It is because woman was created in Paradise; and because that place was, as it is at present, considerably above the level of the sea." Let geographers ponder the latter fact.

But now we must lay our pleasant little book aside, in order that we may say a good word on our own account of a woman. We have been perusing the twentieth and last volume of the *Histoire de ma vie*, by George Sand—"large headed woman and large hearted man," as some one said of her. We may grumble with the publishers who have spread her thirteen chapters over twenty volumes; but it is impossible to grumble with the noble woman. In the "conclusion" are some touching passages. "Now that I am about to close the history of my life on this page," she says, "that is to say, more than seven years after having traced the first page, I still labour under the blow of a terrible personal grief. My life, twice greatly shaken, in 1847 and 1855, is still preserved from the tomb; and my heart, twice broken and a hundred times wounded, is still defended from the horrors of doubt." Many who read of George Sand are impressed with the idea of her splendid genius—there they are right; and they think lightly of her morals—there they are wrong. They need but to read this closing volume to find a woman full of faith, hope, and charity, of thorough trust in God, and of thorough love to all mankind.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the *franc* has been valued at a *shilling*, and the *thaler* at *three shillings*, as in importing books *duty and carriage have to be reckoned.*]

FRANCE.

Code international de la propriété industrielle artistique et littéraire. (A practical guide for authors, inventors, composers, artists, and French and foreign manufacturers.) Paris. 8vo. 5*s.*

Les Comédies de Pierre de Larivey, Champenois. Tom. I. and II. Paris. 16mo. 20*s.*

Les confessions d'un loup, &c. (The confessions of a wolf, from a manuscript discovered by a woodman in an owl's nest). Pont-à-Mousson. 16mo.

Le Duc de Saint-Simon, sa vie et ses écrits. Eugène Poitou. Paris. 8vo. [This work obtained the prize of the French Academy.]

Une legende de chevalerie. Ar. de Solignac. Limoges. 12mo.

Une histoire d'hier. E. Texeir. Paris. 16mo.

Le Roman d'une femme. A. Dumas fils. Paris. 16mo. 1*s.*

Trois hommes fort. A. Dumas fils. Paris. 16mo. 1*s.*

Filles et fleurs, poésie, &c. Charles Watteau. Lille. 8vo.

ITALY.

Gianavele, ovvero I Valdesi del Piemonte, storia del secolo XVI. V. Albarella. Torino. 8vo.

Studii sulla Divina Commedia di Galileo Galilei. Vincenzo Borghini ed altri. Firenze. 8vo.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Oct. 13.

THERE is but little to remark in the literary world in Paris during the past fortnight—and what is worse, there is but little ground to hope for a better state of things. Newspapers and the periodicals alone give sign of life; as for books, the literary celebrities are deterred from undertaking works *de longue haleine*, by the indifference of the public for every thing but the ephemeral productions which they find every morning in the *feuilleton* of their journal, or in the *revues*—and, with very few exceptions, that is not of a character calculated to elevate or refine the public taste.

In default of literary novelty there is, however, some literary gossip. Thus it is stated that poor Lamartine has had a narrow escape from the fangs of the Procureur Impérial, who took umbrage at some expressions in his *Histoire de César* (published as a feuilleton by the *Presse*), and was about to bring an action against him and the publication. This intention, fortunately, came to the ears of the Emperor, who put a stop to the proceedings which had already commenced, and rebuked the over-zealous Procureur for his *maladresse*.

Two literary brothers, Messrs. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, have published an interesting volume, *Histoire de la Société Française pendant le Directoire*. The fault of the work is that it is rather lengthy; having lighted on a good subject, the authors are evidently determined to make the most of it. Their moral and philosophical reflections are also decidedly *de trop*. The epoch of the directory to a careful historian—not to an annalist like Thiers, or a romancer like Lamartine—but to a *chroniqueur* like Monstrelet, the Moine de St. Denis, or Juvenal des Ursins, which indeed, prove a valuable mine. As it is, we must rest content with M. de Goncourt's description of the city and its inhabitants.

Let the reader, who knows only Paris from its noble boulevards, well-lighted streets, and comfortable cafés, carry back his imagination to the year 1795, and accompany us in a ramble through the city. The boulevards and other of the principal thoroughfares are unpaved, dimly lighted by a few straggling *reverbères;* grass grows in some of the streets; all are unsafe after nightfall. Half-subterranean dens supply the place of *cafés*, such as the *Café de Vénus* for instance, whose characteristic appellation sufficiently indicates its double nature—where ices were served on legless tables and eaten with tin spoons. Society also exhibits traces of the gigantic wreck caused by Ninety-three—*teste* the following anecdote told by the Duc de Lauraguais, one of the few *habitués* of the *Œil de Bœuf*, who escaped complete ruin and the scaffold:—His Grace returned home one night in a cab. He happened not to have any change upon him, and told the Automedon: "Call to-morrow, ring at the second floor, and you will be paid." "Very well, Citoyen," replied the coachman, in a tone which smacked of deference in those days of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Next day, the coachman called, and the Duke paid him himself. "Are you satisfied?"—"Oui, Monsieur le Duc."—"What, do you know me?"—"Assuredly."—"Where did you see me before?"—"At Versailles."—"At Versailles? You were apparently ——."—"I belonged to the Court, as you did, Monsieur le Duc. I am, or rather was, the Chevalier de R——."—"What! Chevalier! you turned cabman? Tell me how this happened."—"The easiest thing in the world. I was a prisoner at *Port Libre*. The 'nation' sold my hotel, my furniture, my jewels, my carriages—everything, in fact. An old coachman of mine bought one of my carriages and a pair of good horses, and, to feed them, must often have gone without bread. When I was set at liberty he died, and by his will left me my carriage and horses. What could I do with them? Sell them? Their price would only have supplied my wants for a few months. A long while might elapse before the 'nation' should think fit to restore some portion of my property to its rightful owner. So I made up my mind, and now drive in my carriage many who, in happier times, often invited me to take a place in theirs, and you among the first, Monsieur le Duc."—"Well," returned M. de Lauraguais, "you, Chevalier, turned cabman. . . . But never mind, when you pass this way and give your team a feed, come and breakfast with me, and we will have a chat about dear Versailles."

It is a curious fact that, towards the end of '94, when France had hardly emerged from that bloody nightmare, the Reign of Terror, a reaction of the most curious description took place. A kind of dancing mania seemed to have taken possession of the country. In Paris alone no less than six hundred and forty public balls were established, within the reach of all purses. In the Rue des Filles St. Thomas the admission was *vingt-quatre sous par cavalier*, and *douze sous par citoyenne*. The old churchyard of St. Sulpice had been turned into the "Bal des Zéphyrs." This was rather an aristocratic *bastringue*, the admission being five francs, by subscription. The *habitués* were also informed that contiguous to the ball-room was a saloon, where "gents" might exchange their unmentionables against flesh-coloured pantaloons. At the Hôtel Longueville, three hundred nymphs, in most *décolleté* costumes, were announced to "do the honours." And all this dancing was going on while bread riots were of daily occurrence in the streets. The Parisians, unlike the Romans of old, had the *circenses*, but not the *panem*.

But let us turn from these scenes, which represent only the grotesque side of the resuscitation of society in France. Before taking leave of the book before us, which we can recommend to the reader in quest of amusing reading, we must remark that MM. de Goncourt would have done well to eschew fine writing, leave the reader to draw his own inferences, confine themselves to describing facts, and avoid setting themselves up as philosophic censors.

Autres temps autres mœurs, another little work by the same writers, very diminutive in its bulk, and racy and incisive in its style, is now enjoying much popularity—more indeed than it deserves, and which, if the truth must be told, is due chiefly to its piquant title, and to a vignette by Gavarni which ornaments the frontispiece. The most amusing part of the book is not, however, that which treats of *ces dames*, but of their clients, which are very happily hit off. The mysteries of Venus Epistrophia are not of a nature to be revealed in these columns; those, therefore, who entertain any curiosity on the subject are referred to the book itself.

M. Charles Rolland, ex-member of the late Representative Assembly, has been employing his leisure in a manner for which the reading public owe him thanks—making a tour in Turkey, and jotting down his "impressions" of men and things there with considerable descriptive power. Turkey is so well known at present, or at least so much has been written about it, that it requires no common merit to make a book interesting, and avoid the old humdrum style of Eastern travellers, who will insist on letting the reader into the mysteries of Turkish bathing, the yashmak, the harem, &c. &c. M. Rolland has done nothing of all this. From Marseilles he proceeds to Athens, thence to Smyrna, thence he goes over the estate conferred by the Sultan on M de Lamartine, and afterwards to Constantinople. With ancient Athens he was enchanted, with modern Athens disgusted; and well he might, judging from what the author and two fellow travellers beheld in an evening's ramble.

Night was come; following the lights we saw at a distance, we entered a long narrow street, from the ground-floor of which, brilliantly lighted, proceeded the sounds of boisterous amusement and confusion. These were *cafés*. We entered one, the largest and the most densely crowded, and pipes, raki, and mastic were brought us; and then the attention of the *habitués*, which our entrance had excited, subsided, to our great satisfaction. The company consisted of about twenty or thirty Greek sailors, or inhabitants of the Piræus, a dozen seamen belonging to the English, French, or Russian navy, who were fortifying themselves against the morrow's punishment by copious potations of raki, and a few rather good-looking girls. In one corner, two or three strolling musicians were accompanying, on quaint-looking mandolins, monotonous, and, to judge by the singer's gestures, obscene songs. Gamblers were quarrelling in another over their cards and dice. The women, as to whose industry their lascivious demeanour left no doubt, were seated at tables with European sailors; but these were the virtuous part of the assemblage. At their side, and at ours indeed, several among the natives were dandling on their knees small boys, whose rouged cheeks, curled locks, and strange caresses, marked their infamous and precocious depravity. . . . . We left the place in disgust. But, alas! in each of the adjoining houses, we might observe the same horrid sights through the open doors and windows. . . . . At a few steps from these loathsome scenes, the noise of which yet rang in our ears, all was calm, pure, serene, harmonious. Men were lying before their doors asleep, according to the custom in those climates during the warm summer nights. Through the open windows might be seen matrons finishing some household work by the light of lamps, that looked as though they had just been dug up from Herculaneum; others were chatting together around fountains, where muleteers were watering their teams; while young girls were filling ancient-shaped amphoræ, and carrying them away gracefully poised upon one shoulder. It seemed as though from Gomorrha we had been wafted to the tents of some patriarch loved of the Lord.

M. Rolland's account of Smyrna, though certainly not flattered, gives one a not unfavourable impression of the "City of the Jessamine:"—

One's first experience at Smyrna of the East and its realities is cruelly disappointing. Save a few yards of stone quay towards the centre of the town, in lieu of a landing place the traveller only finds an earthen embankment, protected against the inroad of the waves by a few planks and stakes. Caïdgies and hamals are quietly smoking on the shady side of a dilapidated wall; tribes of dogs are howling in a frantic manner, from the top of heaps of excrement and other filth, piled up to the height of a first floor; and, unless you trudge by the side of a fœtid swamp, called by courtesy a gutter, you sink in dust to your ankles at every step.

The *premier pas* is, however, the most difficult. Once the nausea caused by the landing-place overcome, the lover of the picturesque must agree that, in that respect, few cities in existence can vie with Smyrna.

As soon (says M. Rolland) as you leave the zone of the quays to penetrate into the Turkish quarter, these disagreeable impressions rapidly disappear. There you find so much *couleur locale* that, if you feel no admiration, you pass through all the sensations of agreeable surprise. . . . . A labyrinth of tortuous streets, badly paved with large square stones and pebbles, winding between two lofty walls black with age, or dazzling white, broken here and there by a narrow-barred window—while the projecting roofs exclude the heat and the dazzling light of an Eastern sun. Here and there a large balcony, hermetically closed to the eye of the profane intruder, enables the inmates of the harem to gratify unseen their curiosity. Strange looking designs and inscriptions here and there varied the monotonous aspect of the long line of wall. At intervals we met a few Osmanlis, gravely advancing in the turban, flowing robe, and babouches of the old school, not condescending to bestow a look on the Giaours. We might fancy we were walking in a picture of Decamp's.

Before we take leave of M. Rolland and his *Turquie contemporaine*, we cannot help suggesting that, had he suppressed all that is of a personal nature, and in which the public cannot possibly feel any interest, he would have thereby got rid of many *longueurs* which induce skipping.—*Au reste*, his volume is entitled to commendation for the completeness and accuracy of the information it contains.

The Parisians merit to have good writers for their theatres, for a good piece is never thrown away upon them. Whether at the Odéon—which is about as far removed from the gangway of civilised life as the Surrey or Victoria—the Gymnase, the Variétés, the Ambigu, or the Français, whether the author be nameless or renowned, let the director give them a production entitled to success, and crowds are sure to follow it for months. In proof of this I may mention the little one-act sketch by the late Mme. de Girardin, *La Joie fait Peur*, which was acted last night at the Français, having been before the public at least a twelvemonth, and drew a capital house; and, be it remembered, the writer here is a legal participator in the profits of his production. This pretty heart-touching bagatelle, which occupies about three-quarters of an hour in presentation, must have already brought the authoress or her heirs upwards of a thousand pounds. But then how beautifully it is acted! One or two parts were probably as well done in London (where the piece was acted in English); but, as a whole, what a difference! There no over-paid mediocrities like —— or —— are permitted to dictate to a manager what character they will take or refuse, or, forsooth, to have their parts altered to suit their capabilities or caprice. Is such the case with you? I believe not. Here, actors are engaged to fill a particular line, and all within that line, they are expected, and if insisted on *compelled*, to appear in. Hence the perfection, the completeness, with which comedies are represented at the Français, the most subordinate parts being given quite as well as the leading *rôles*. In tragedy things are not quite so well, from the terrible fact that France has no

tragedian, save Rachel—and her very merits rendered the paucity of talent in her brethren of the sock more conspicuous by contrast. She is now in America, but her loss is in reality little felt. *Au reste*, I verily believe there were more tears shed last night over the simple return of the absent son, believed by the despairing mother and family to be dead, than at all the tragedies Rachel ever appeared in, put together.

The Italian Opera opened on the 2nd instant for the season, with Rossini's *Mose*—not that beautiful opera as originally composed, but a transplantation of that work from the French opera, for which the *gran maestro* toiled some years since, to elongate it from two to four acts, by the addition of various airs and choruses. This has had the effect of turning one of the most delightful of operas into a wearisome bore: from its extreme length, it sent half the auditors away before its conclusion; and, though splendidly got up, it was a complete *fiasco*. It introduced three vocalists never heard before in Paris. M. Angelini, the Mose, possesses a sound bass voice, not very rich in quality; but he sings and acts with energy, and obtained the suffrages of the public, even after Lablache, in the character. The Pharaoh was a M. Everardi, italianised from Evrard, a French or Englishman, an excellent baritone of the Tamburini school. The tenor was a M. Carrion, who showed himself, with much want of discipline in point of style, to be master of one of the finest voices ever heard. The principal female part was confided to Mme. Fiorentini, who will be remembered in London for an exceedingly fine voice, without much skill in using it. The orchestra is conducted by M. Bottesini, an excellent musician, who has the reputation of being the finest contrabassist in Europe; the public have not yet had an opportunity of judging him as an *artiste*, but as a conductor he commands approbation. We have since had *Cenerentola*, with M. Zucchini as the successor of Lablache in Don Magnifico. His success was complete; to a good voice and musician-like style he adds the humour of a comedian of the first order; and, though we are told by connoisseurs, who remember the great Gros de Naples in his prime, that Zucchini is not quite equal to what Lablache then was, his performance perfectly satisfied the public. The duet "Un Segreto d'Importanza," between him and Everardi, the Dandini of the night, was quite an ovation for both. Mme. ——— sang the music of *Cenerentola à ravir;* sentiment, intelligence, expression, and a lovely contralto voice—nothing was wanting. Rossini has been said to be going out of fashion—the meaning of which I take to be that modern singers capable of doing justice to his music were not to be found, the new school requiring much inferior vocal accomplishments. For this reason the public of the Italiens were specially delighted with Mme. Borghi-Mamo, and to hear again their old favourite *Cenerentola* by *artistes* who promise to restore them the "Cigno Pesarese" in all his glory.

Apropos to the Italiens, under its new director, who is a Spaniard, and a perfect stranger in Paris, the *France Musicale* relates the following story, intended to typify something nearer home.

It may not be without interest (says the journal in question) or utility to French writers in the press, to acquaint them with a curious fact which has just taken place in the Celestial Empire. A new Italian company has just appeared in Pekin, the director being a foreigner. Hearing of a journalist particularly known for selling his encomiums, the impresario dispatched his head clerk to the writer, and an agreement was entered into, that the director should pay the critic 3000 francs (120*l.* sterling) per month for his services. From that date all the artistes, prime donne, tenors, baritones, chef-d'orchestre, choruses, in fact all without exception, were the constant objects of this conscientious writer's unceasing panegyrics. But one evening, in the saloon of the theatre, the director remarked with surprise that the critic in question, who had described himself as all-influential, was pointedly avoided by all his colleagues belonging to the press. A little alarmed, the director proceeded to inquire the causes, when a system of the most shameful venality on the part of his dearly-bought panegyrist was laid before him. How the director, who is known for his firm and resolute character, intends to act, is not yet disclosed; but the story is in everybody's mouth, and the next mail from China will, doubtless, bring us fuller details on the subject.

So far the *France Musicale*; but the grand joke of the thing is, that that print has the character of carrying on exactly the same disgraceful traffic as that against which it expresses such warm indignation. A hostile meeting is expected to come off between the writer in the *France Musicale* and the well-known feuilletonist, who fancies he can detect a family likeness between himself and the critic of Pekin.

AMERICA.

The Crayon: a Journal devoted to the Graphic Arts and the Literature related to them. Vol I. New York: Stillman and Durand. London: Trübner and Co.

This first volume of an American weekly publication, the scope of which is sufficiently indicated by its title, deserves notice on account of its novelty of plan, as well as the enthusiasm that evidently actuates its conductors. It offers no bait of pretty engravings, like the so-called "Art" periodicals of our own country, but relies upon an earnest exposition of, and commentary upon, the profound principles of the graphic arts to interest and edify its readers. Its motto is from "Modern Painters"—"Whence, in fine, looking to the whole kingdom of organic nature, we find that our full receiving of its beauty depends, first on the sensibility, and then on the accuracy and touchstone faithfulness of the heart in its moral judgments;" and Ruskin's writings are its chief oracles. The editor has disinterred and republished a long series of papers entitled "The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character, by Kata Phusin," which appeared in Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* about eighteen years ago, and are from the hand of Ruskin. These are interesting as compositions, belonging to the vernal season of a style which has since reached so elaborate and full-coloured a development, and also as showing the careful study and thought bestowed by the young man upon his subject, along with that nicety of observation, at once poetic and microscopic, which is so rare and exquisite a gift. But these papers also exhibit very distinctly, in their cruder modes of expression, his tendency to fantastic and incoherent deductions from ill-established premises, assuming the guise of logical accuracy and the boldness of indisputable truth. We also, from an attempt or two which are utter failures, catch a hint of the deficiency of *humour* in Ruskin, in common perhaps with most very dogmatic men.

The Oxford graduate is much more passionately honoured and admired in America than in his own country; and from this feeling a somewhat amusing incident took its rise in connection with the exhibition of the Academy of Design in New York this spring. An American enthusiast, it appears, visiting Mr. Ruskin's house at Denmark Hill, in his absence, obtained from the housekeeper, "in addition to other precious little reminiscences of genius, probably the first preserved drawing he ever made, and which had long hung framed under that roof." Another drawing, "a slight sketch," was purchased by the indefatigable worshipper from a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., Ruskin's publishers; and this last, with autograph appended, was sent to the New York Academy Exhibition, where it excited much criticism and considerable ridicule. Mr. Ruskin, on hearing of this transaction, is naturally very much annoyed, and writes a letter to *The Crayon*, of which the following passages have more than merely local interest:—"Until I was 18 or 19, I was totally ignorant of the first principles of drawing—and as I never had any invention, it would be difficult to produce anything more contemptible in every way than the sort of sketch I used to make in my boyhood. Nor do I at present rest my hope of being of service as a critic on any power of painting. When I praise Turner, I do not think I can rival him, any more than in praising Shakspere I suppose myself capable of writing another "Lear." But I *can* now draw steadily, thoroughly, and rightly, up to a certain point; and as the American public have seen my child-work, I shall be grateful to them if they will do me the justice to examine, with some attention, the drawing which I shall take care to have in the next New York Exhibition, if it may then be accepted. . . . You sent me two rather formidable queries in your last private note to me. On one—'What are the limits of detail?' I have something like sixty pages of talk in the third volume of "Modern Painters," which, if I live, will be out about Christmas; but I may answer hurriedly, as you will at once understand what I mean, that as far as you can *see* detail you should always paint it—if you intend your picture to be a finished one, and to be placed where its finished painting can be seen. . . . In every picture intended for finished work, and intended to be seen near, the limit of detail is—visibility—and no other." *The Crayon* is also an advocate of the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting, which appears to have many warm admirers on the other side of the Atlantic. For the rest, it contains some poetry, not particularly noticeable either as bad or excellent, and a great deal of æsthetic criticism, which is, we much fear, like most such ware, rather enthusiastic than strong, rather flatulent than nutritious. Enthusiasm, however, is at all events a *living* condition, and we wish our youthful contemporary all manner of success and development, internal and external.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

(*Continued from page* 487.)

The present aspects of literature in Italy have scarcely, I think, been appreciated by criticism in England. Inertness and unproductiveness have been charged too hastily against this country, when it should be remembered what circumstances exist to account for some depression of her native genius. If the present be no one of the most vigorous and promising epochs of Italian literature, there remains, nevertheless, that species of activity which evinces undiminished *demand* for intellectual nourishment, however the creative energies of mind may be weakened, or the free expression of thought under check. This state of things is natural in a country lately passed through political struggles, and where the less liberal cause has come off victorious, in the greater part, from the conflict between opposite elements. Piedmont is altogether an exception, and raised above the ambitions of other Italian states. In the Tuscan and Austrian provinces, whatever the depression of mind, *publication* at least is active; works already recognised as classic, others of subjects locally interesting, artistic, statistic, or descriptive, and translations from many provinces of foreign literature, are now appearing in numerous and rapid succession. For at least twenty years a principal centre for this reproduction of the past in literature has been Milan, nor have late events caused that activity to cease.

The Austrian Government has a liberality of its own—that liberality which tolerates, often encourages, intellectual effort in any walk that leads to no foreseen results prejudicial to its own power or reputation. No *preventive* censorshp is enforced in its Italian provinces, though exclusion is rigorously carried out against importations from abroad, especially of the multifarious illustrations to recent events in Italy with which the press in Turin, to a degree also that in Florence, have been teeming since the catastrophes of 1848-9. As to religious questions, the principles of Joseph II., are still so far dominant that the Roman Index is totally disregarded, and works even recently condemned as notoriously hostile by that tribunal are exhibited for sale with the utmost publicity in Milan. Tullio Dandolo and Cesare Cantu are writers who alone might vindicate the honour of their country's literature; both these minds are now labouring, in the fulness of productive power, within the walls of the Lombard capital. The "History of Thought," by the former, I have already referred to as a work greatly conceived and worthily executed, entitled to an honoured place in the library of modern Europe. One of the latest published of the various sections into which it is divided, I see as a new edition in the *Biblioteca Ecclesiastica*, a series which has now been existent for many years, brought out by one of the first publishers at Milan; and which gives, in a single volume containing much, the "Pagan Thought in the time of the Empire" by Count Dandolo. His latest publication, the advertisements of which are now (according to Italian practice) *affichés* on the walls of these streets, is "The Lady of Monza and the Witches of the Tyrol" (*La Signora di Monza*, &c.) a compilation of inedited documents, judicial and others. The latter of the subjects here illustrated is explained by the title; and, I believe, the trials for witchcraft are the same narrated, with all their horrific circumstances, in a like publication by Cantu—trials, leading to the atrocities of mediæval persecution, even under the mild and enlightened spiritual government of Cardinal Federico Borromeo, the Archbishop of Milan, so nobly portrayed by Manzoni. As to the "Lady," she is no other than the unhappy and guilty nun, whose story is worked up into such a powerful episode in the *Promessi Sposi*. The original documents of the trial against her, or rather against her seducer, are here published, drawn from the archives of the archiepiscopal palace. Dandolo has been blamed by the Italian correspondent of the *Corriere Italiano* of Vienna, for giving this fuller publicity to the scandalous story; and, not contented with blame, calumny was unjustifiably added in those pages—unworthy means were imputed to him for obtaining these documents from the archivist. His exculpation has been triumphant; for the official gazette has published letters from the archivist and the Archbishop himself; the latter declaring that he had first refused, but afterwards ceded the documents to Dandolo, because informed that his predecessor in the see had lent them to Manzoni. Thus is revealed a fact adding fresh interest to that thrilling story in the *Promessi Sposi;* and, to justify the propriety of this publication, severely called in question by the Vienna journal, it should be observed that the story is not only one of guilt and misery, conveying fearful warning against the abuse of the cloister for selfish objects of family pride, such as this victim was sacrificed to, but also of remorse, of expiation worked out through long years of self-mortifying penitence and heart-wringing sorrow, finally consoled by hope and faith. The other romance in which Manzoni's episode has been taken as foundation to the leading story, "La Monaca di Monza," by Rosini,

is totally unsupported, save in that episode itself, by the evidence now published. The erring nun survived many years after the events introduced, though not exactly as they occurred, in the narrative of the former, after the discovery of her guilt, and the punishment of her partner in guilt. Her portrait, of a sad beauty and sorrow-stricken aspect, such as might be given to Eloisa, prefaces the volume edited by Dandolo.

Cesare Cantu has begun, and is now giving to the public in serial numbers, a work certainly one of the most valuable contributions to Italian letters of this and all ages, and most characteristic of its author's individuality—the "History of the Italians" (*Storia degli Italiani*)—of which have appeared five large volumes, each comprising ten numbers. It is published, not at Milan, but at Turin, and is thus made over to the Piedmontese press. I may refer to it in another letter. The editors, representing the house of Pomba (the most enterprising at Turin), announce in their preface, dated February last, that the work had been promised to their partnership many years ago; but the author, finding materials accumulate on his hands far beyond the immediate demand, was thus led to the idea of his vaster undertaking, the "Universal History"—surely one of the greatest monuments of erudition and mental energies ever raised by a single hand. This occupied him for sixteen years; and the 7th edition, lately brought out by Pomba, gives proof of its success, even under circumstances most unfavourable to literary enterprise. Like the later publication, it was originally brought out at Turin instead of Milan—an arrangement implying little confidence in the dispositions of authority there. His greater task being accomplished, the author now returns to the theme of his predilection, and no abatement of powers, no inferiority in style or richness of material, appear in this history as compared with his *Storia Universale*. Picturesque, vivid, and with all his vastness of erudition ever superior to pedantry, ever characterised by manly simplicity, he may, I think, be allowed the very first place in the new epoch of Italian letters emancipated from that slavery to classicism imposed by Della Cruscan authority—the idolatry of form rather than spirit. Episodes of this new work have already appeared in separate volumes at Milan—*Ezzelino da Romano; Il Sacra Macello in Valtellina, La Lombardia nel Secolo XVII.*, and *La Lombardia nel Secolo XVIII.* One of these, "Lombardy in the Seventeenth Century," may be said to owe its existence to the profound sensation created by Manzoni's fascinating romance. Every great historic point and conspicuous personage of history interwoven with the plot of that work is here brought before us, with minute details, supplied from actual testimony and vivid portraiture. Though assuming only the humbler office of a commentator to Manzoni, the author is here a great deal more the painter of an epoch in its various social aspects; manners, dress, festivals, the abuses of the Spanish Government, the terrors of the plague at Milan, the crimes and tactics of mercenary armies, the miseries of the poor and splendours of the rich—all are included in this interesting episode, quietly conversational in style, but most pregnant with matter. Here, too, we find the nun's story in all its most memorable facts, perhaps dispensing with the necessity for the further revelations made by Dandolo; and the figure of Cardinal Federico rises, in the majesty of virtue, pure, simple and grand, in more striking relief against the depravities and tyrannic licentiousness of that age when Lombardy groaned, and all her resources were becoming exhausted, under the unprincipled rule of the Spaniards. In one of the numbers in which this History of the Italians is appearing is discussed the subject of the mediæval commercial governments, in a tone implying preference of their constitution to the centralisation of modern monarchies. Curious specimen of the sensibilities of absolutism!—this, and this number alone of the work, was confiscated by Austrian authority, and can no longer be obtained by any subscribers beyond the Ticino. Here, at Milan—where Cantu has remained unmolested, I believe, throughout the vicissitudes of late years—he is respected because of irreproachable conduct and principles, because not one sentence he has written can be construed into an appeal in the revolutionary sense, though a high-minded patriotism influences his works and the choice of their subjects. (The very first, a "History of Como," the production of his youth, was dedicated to the honours of his native city.) But who can calculate on the preferences or antipathies of men in power towards men of genius? Not certainly in Milan, where this great writer, I am told, is looked on with suspicion, whilst treated with regard such as due to his position and character.

A little work recently published at one of those towns, beautifully situated, that stud, with their white villas and churches, the wood-clothed mountains of the Larian Lake—Lecco and its territory—is one more proof how enthusiastic the sympathies excited by Manzoni. In the principal section its sole object is to identify and describe from every point of view all the sites in that neighbourhood associated with the events of the *Promessi Sposi*. (The native village of *Lucia* and *Renzo*, it may be remembered, is placed a few miles from Lecco, on the lake). Has the creator of these "beings of the mind," of that romance which every traveller should read in Milan, as the most masterly picture of the past in these regions—has he absolutely withdrawn from the sphere of cotemporary literature? Such has been long inferred from the retirement and silence observed by Manzoni for so many years, his increasing age, and the infirmities he has been supposed to suffer. But, to my great satisfaction, I now hear another report, that he has been long engaged on a work of importance, which may be expected as forthcoming—a history or review of the progress of the Italian language. Fuller details I cannot obtain.

Italian journalism has sunk low indeed, ceasing (for the most part) to be an expression either of the public mind or national realities. Yet in Milan I find it possessed of more talent and independence than might be expected. The official Gazette has correspondences from London and Paris worth reading; the Gazette of Verona is now publishing, as a *feuilleton*, a translation into blank verse of "Götz von Berlichingen"—a task not ill performed, but superfluous, and necessarily wanting the vivid colouring of Goethe's original. *Il Crepusculo* ("Twilight"—an ominous name) is a weekly periodical of belles lettres, supplied with interesting and ample correspondences from Florence, Turin, Berne, and Berlin, generally treating of literary novelties, but when politics are animadverted to maintaining a tone of manly freedom. A series of papers, "Italian Studies in France," now coming out in these pages, would be creditable to any of our quarterlies or monthlies. *Il Caffè*, twice a week, is a journal of literary and scientific anecdote and notices, now giving a series of some interest, the "Topography of the Oriental War." *Il Fotografo* is of the penny-magazine genus, with wood-cuts. *Il Fuggilozio* ("The Expeller of Idleness"), a weekly compilation of gossip and light stories—its present contribution under the latter category being the "Adventures of the Prince of Wales," in which Beau Brummel is duly prominent. Subscription libraries are not numerous here, and mostly supplied with novels. No reading-room, or establishment answering to the character of a club exists; and when something of this description was attempted, it died after brief struggles, I believe even before the events of 1848.

On the 1st July expired one, whose private career corresponded to the high character as a Christian philosopher in which his memory must be revered, his voluminous writings prized by future ages. A brief notice of the life of Roswini has just appeared in Milan, supplying the following details:—Antonio Roswini Serbati was born either in March or August 1797, at Rovereto, on the confines of the Italian Tyrol. Though of noble family, and heir to wealth, he early decided for the ecclesiastical career, contrary to the wishes of his father, and had scarcely received the subdeaconate when the death of that parent left him in possession of fortune he esteemed only as a means for more extended usefulness. In the University of Padua he made his first collegiate studies, and received the laurel as Doctor of Theology. When, after being ordained priest, and having visited Rome, he had returned to his native place, he dedicated himself, from his twenty-fifth year, with fervour and enthusiasm to those metaphysical studies the fruits of which obtained for him so high a reputation. In 1827-8 he published two volumes of philosophic *opusculi*, directed to the refutation of errors in other Italian writings of the day. A work more important, in which he laid the basis of his system, the "New Essay on the Origin of Ideas," was published in four volumes at Rome, in 1830, on the instance of a Cardinal who proved ever after his patron and friend—Cappellari, afterwards Pope as Gregory XVI. The peculiar doctrine of Roswini is the recognition of the idea of Being as the sole innate idea from which emanate all others, and which is the supreme criterion of truth. To him is attributed the exclusion from Italian philosophy of the invading pantheism which extended from Germany to France, gradually passing through so many phases. And not only is the merit claimed for him of raising an effective barrier to the progress of opinions popularised by Fichte, Hegel, Jouffroy, Leroux, St. Simon, and Cousin, but of preventing the domination in Italy of the materialism of Locke and Condillac, which had obtained a degree of popularity through the writings of the well-intentioned but not very profound Padre Soave. Five years after the publication of the Essay above named he quitted parochial duties, counselled by the Pontiff as well as his own inward sense of vocation, and dedicated himself entirely to the service of religion and humanity as a writer—a philosopher in the most exalted sense. Established at Milan, he first conceived the idea of accomplishing the high task before him in the cloister; and, finding in no existing order qualities that fully satisfied him, formed the project of founding a new society of regular priests, to be called the Priests of Providence or of Charity. The Jesuits are accused of having endeavoured, by unworthy intrigues at Rome, to prevent the requisite approval of the Holy See, dreading the influences of a society that threatened to clash with the intellectual ascendancy of their own. Notwithstanding, the sanction of the Roswini Order was pronounced by solemn decree in December 1838, as Gregory XVI. refused to listen to insinuations against one he had mind to appreciate. Thenceforward began a species of persecution against him, carried on in part by anonymous publications, *L'Eusebio Cristiano* ("The Christian Eusebius"), and other works, imputing to him errors and rashness tending to perversion of the sense of Scripture and the ancient Fathers. But the most thoughtful minds of Italy soon recognised him as the regenerator of their country's philosophy; Manzoni, Cantu, Tommaseo, Pestalozza agreed in thus honouring him; and Gioberti, though a speculative opponent, ever held him in high esteem. After fourteen volumes had been published at Milan, were announced four other works—*Teosofia, Pedagogia, Metodologia*, and *Filosofia della cose sopranaturale*—all which remain for posthumous publications, left, it is believed, in MSS. considerably advanced. About the end of 1847 he published at Perugia a volume made the pretext for further oppositions, insult, and a species of degradation unworthily pronounced, *Le cinque Piaghe della Chiesa* ("The Five Wounds of the Church"), designed to show the necessity for various reforms. Yet it was after the appearance of this work, condemned by the Index, that Pius IX. appointed him, on the instance of Count Rossi, to the Ministry of Public Instruction. The assassination of the first minister in the Roman cabinet, and the well-known events that followed, prevented Roswini from entering on the exercise of that office, which was again offered him, but refused from loyal principles, under the revolutionary government, after the Pontiff's flight. Pius IX. had before leaving Rome elevated Roswini, by the preliminary election styled *in pectore*, to the rank of Cardinal, and even caused that appointment to be officially intimated. I am sorry to add that, yielding to the representations of the great philosopher's foes, this election was afterwards cancelled by the Pontiff; and it was then allowed, with outrage to his sacred character and reputation, in disregard of the loyalty with which he had followed the Sovereign of the Church into exile, that a man like Roswini should be excluded from that Sovereign's presence, driven first from Gaeta, and finally banished from the whole kingdom, by the interference of an absolutist police, and that police the Neapolitan! Not content with this base triumph, powerful opponents next endeavoured to obtain the condemnation of the aggregate works of the philosophic priest, founder of an approved religious order. A reunion of all the Congregation of Index, consultors and cardinals, was held in the year past, before the Pope, when it was determined, with but one dissentient voice, that the writings of Roswini contained nothing to condemn. For some years previously the author had been living in retirement at Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore. The last triumphant recognition of his merits consoled himself and a multitude of friends, not to mention more distant admirers. But painful impressions were received from the persecutions and disheartening vicissitudes of late years, which are said to have brought on the long and painful disease he died of. Manzoni, the devoted friend and most frequent companion of his closing life, attended his deathbed, nor left the house at Stresa till his remains had been consigned to the grave, with much formal solemnity, in the church of the *Santo Crocifisso*, erected by himself. Shortly before his decease, Roswini had contributed to the *Poliantea Cattolica*—a series of ascetic works brought out at Milan—an Essay on Aristotle; and for the Universal History of Cantu, he had supplied a compendium of his entire works, conveying in 263 aphorisms the abstract of his metaphysical system.

Within the last few weeks death has removed others of names to be remembered in Italy—Nicolini, who translated all the poems of Byron into verse (most difficult task in the Italian language), and published a life of their author; and General Pepe, who commanded the Neapolitan contingent in the defence of Venice, though recalled by the deceitful monarch after their march had been ordered against Austria. Under Murat and Napoleon he had fought with distinction, and suffered imprisonment after the restoration of the Bourbons at Naples, during which, he tells us in his memoirs, were made his first studies, his self-acquired education, political and philosophical. The former died of cholera at Brescia; the latter in Turin, where the last rites were paid to him with many honours. Literary intelligence of interest reaches us from Florence. Lemonnier is about to publish there, in the *Biblioteca Nazionale*, the inedited letters of Silvio Pellico, about four hundred, many on literary subjects—written before, during, and subsequently, to his imprisonment, addressed, some to his family, others to Count Porro, Balbo, Roswini, and Dandolo. Niccolini, the dramatic poet, who had for some years retired from all public life, and was reported even to be suffering the greatest of mental misfortunes, has brought out, on the instance of the same publisher, "Lectures on Mythology," addressed nearly half a century ago to the Art Academy of Florence. The same distinguished man announces that he is completing the History of the House of Suabia, already his employment for many years past; that he has other dramas on hand, besides a translation of Æschylus, which he wishes to polish into more finished beauty before presenting to the world.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

After many ineffectual attempts, there seems at last a possibility that the long talked of plan for connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, by means of a canal, may be accomplished. The Egyptian Government has granted to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps a firman of concession of the canal for the term of 99 years, with a free grant of all the land required for the construction. The undertaking to be carried out by a company under the title of "Compagnie universelle du canal maritime de Suez"—all the works to be constructed at its own expense. The shareholders to have 75 per cent. of the net profits; the Egyptian Government reserving 15 per cent. for its own benefit, and 10 per cent. for the benefit of the original members of the company. This maritime canal is to be made direct from Suez to Pelusium, having an inland port in the natural basin of Lake Timsah. It is to be completed in six years, at an estimated cost of 64,000,000*l.* The length of the canal will be 40 leagues, or 90 miles; about 108 yards in width, and 26 feet in depth, with jetties extending sufficiently far into the two seas to obtain the necessary depth for ships. Connected with this maritime canal, a collateral branch from Lake Timsah will join it with the Nile, passing through Wady Tomilat, or the land of Goshen, thus opening a communication with the very heart of Egypt. In a commercial point of view, a calculation has been made that, of the 6,000,000 tons which are now annually carried by the Capes of Horn and Good Hope, a half of it at least would find its way through the canal. The supposed objection of the difference of the water level between the two seas has been obviated by two surveys made in 1849, 1853, which give a difference of only about two metres and a half between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, or about seven feet and a half. The distance saved, as compared with the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, would be from the English Channel to Calcutta 5000 miles, and to Bombay 5300 miles.

A canal project has lately been started in Canada West for connecting Lakes Ontario and Huron by a ship canal from Toronto to Georgian Bay. The distance between these two points is 80 miles. The country through which the canal would pass is low and level, presenting no engineering difficulties, and would save the long route through Lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie, and the Welland canal, by a distance of 800 miles. Such a project would be of immense importance in bringing the resources of Upper Canada more advantageously within the operation of European enterprise.

M. Le Maout, a chemist of celebrity at St. Briene (Cotes du Nord), states that the cannonade and assault of Sebastopol effected changes in the mercury of the barometer; adding that it takes an hour and forty minutes to receive the impression of the guns of Sebastopol on barometers in France.

To obviate the evil effects caused by entangling the screws of screw steam-vessels with the rigging or any spars that may have been carried away in storms, concussion of vessels, or in battle, Mr. Sartorius, of St. Helier's, Jersey, has submitted to the Admiralty the simple expedient of making the screws with sharp cutting edges to the blades and to the axle, observing that it is the first turn of a single rope that induces all the subsequent embarassment. The great power acting upon the sharp edges of the screw would easily cut away all these inducing causes, and prevent, consequently, the most serious evil.

The opinion held long ago by Mr. Cooley that there existed in the centre of Southern Africa a large inner sea would appear to have been confirmed by recent explorations made by some missionaries who had travelled inland from the Eastern coast. This sea is represented to occupy a great space between the equator and 10 degrees south latitude, and ranging between 23 and 30 degrees east longitude—Greenwich; and that this inner sea is connected with the narrow elongated water known as Lake Nyassa. It is to be hoped that the enterprising efforts of Dr. Barth, the great African explorer, will be turned in this direction; as the existence of such an inland sea, so advantageously situated as it must be for extending commerce, would materially affect the question of bringing within the pale of civilisation those hitherto unexplored and barbarous regions; for, wherever commerce finds its way, civilisation generally follows.

The great mortality from snake bites in the province of Scinde, in India, has led to an investigation, and a report has been drawn up on the subject by Dr. Imlach. In one collectorate alone, in the course of a year, there were 306 official reports of persons bitten, and 63 verdicts of inquests assigning the bite of a snake as the cause of death. From this account it would appear that the average annual number of deaths in the whole province is upwards of 300; but as a great many cases, in all probability, never come under official recognition, the actual mortality is much in excess of this amount. The natives treat such cases by making the patients swallow large quantities of black pepper. The report suggests, first, a reward of 500 rupees for the best treatise on the various kinds of poisonous snakes, and the mode in which the poison acts; second, a reward of 250 rupees for the best translation of this treatise into Sindee or Persian; and, thirdly, that a reward of two annas (that is, about threepence) be given for the head of every snake brought to the nearest police or revenue office.

Preparations have been made for laying down the electric telegraph between Sardinia and Africa; the length of cable required is 162 miles, which will be laid direct from Cape Spartivento in Sardinia, to Bona in Africa; the greatest depth of soundings between these points is from 2000 to 3000 metres, or about 2160 to 3160 yards. Unfortunately, information has been received that the chain has been broken during the operation. A proposal has been submitted by Signor Bonelli of Turin to this Government to connect Malta with Sardinia, and favourably received. The estimated cost is 10,000*l.*, and the time required only two months; when this is completed the chain is proposed to be continued to Candia, branching from thence in one direction to the Dardanelles, in the other to Alexandria, at a cost of 60,000*l.*, to be completed in six months. In reference to the extension of the electric telegraph, we may notice that in Mexico the capital is already in contact with Vera Cruz and other populous towns, and it is proposed to extend the communication still further by connecting together all the principal places between the Gulf and the Pacific.

Among other experiments made for purifying rivers, a process adopted with the Medlock at Manchester seems to promise success. A large tank on one side of the river is filled with lime and water; from this tank an open iron pipe, with holes about an inch in diameter, is carried across the river; the lime water running along this pipe drops into the water, and precipitates the impurities mixed with it to the bottom. The river is converted into a kind of reservoir at this point by means of a weir. The water is carried off from this reservoir after purification, and evidently gives proof that an important cleansing process has been undergone. The refuse and lime precipitated may prove of value as a manure.

The Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, about which much anxiety was felt at Montreal, on the breaking up of the ice in March last, whether the works then completed would be able to withstand the pressure without movement or displacement, has fortunately escaped without injury of any kind, so that no apprehension is entertained for the future; since that time great progress has been made, and the bridge is proposed to be completed in 1860. The total length will be 10,284 feet. The tubular bridge itself will be 6138 feet, an enormous length when it is considered that the entire length of the tubes at the Menai Straits is only 1380 feet. The river will be spanned by 33 arches, the centre span being 330 feet, the others 220 feet, the height of the centre tube above the waterline will be 60 feet. The estimated cost of the undertaking is 1,400,000*l.*, and when completed will add another triumph to the science of modern engineering.

There are three principal coal-fields in America. The Ohio, of 60,000 square miles, the Illinois, 500,000 square miles, and the Michigan, 15,000 square miles. There are, besides, anthracite basins in Pennsylvania and Virginia. The working of these coal-fields is rapidly increasing; about three millions of anthracite and one million of bituminous coal being raised annually. From the mineral statistics of Great Britain and Ireland, for 1853 and 1854, from 2397 collieries 64,661,401 tons were raised, valued at 15,000,000*l.*; and yet with this enormous production no fears are entertained for our future supplies by those who have taken the subject into consideration. The estimated consumption of coal in Great Britain is at the rate of a ton per annum for each individual.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. New Books.

The Climate of the Island of Madeira; or, the errors and misrepresentations on this subject, contained in a recent work on Climate by T. H. Burgess, M.D., considered in a letter to George Lund, M.D. By James Mackenzie Bloxam. (London: T. Richards, 37, Great Queen-street. 1855. 8vo., pp. 72.)—There is scarcely room for doubt that many readers of the Critic will feel a painful interest in the question discussed in this pamphlet, namely, the real value of the climate of Madeira for invalids of the consumptive class. The combatants in the controversy are, on the one side, a physician who has never been at Madeira; and, on the other, a gentleman who has resided there for a considerable time for the benefit of his health, and who, though not a member of the medical profession, is evidently an observant, sensible, and scientific man. It may be remembered by the reader that a notice appeared in this journal some two years ago, of the opinions published by a Dr. Burgess relative to the influence of the climate in Italy in pulmonary consumption—in which, after making a very low estimate of its value, he says that "the popular faith in the virtues of this climate (Madeira) in pulmonary consumption is founded, for the most part, on tradition and romance; that, in short, the climate of Madeira, as regards the cure of pthisis, is as great a delusion as the climate of Italy." Mr. Bloxam undertakes to show that Dr. Burgess's arguments are *a series of misrepresentations;* his conclusions *sheer nonsense* (the italics are Mr. Bloxam's); and that *his own authorities do not warrant either his statements of alleged facts, or his conclusions*: (p. 2.) In proceeding to unravel this tangled skein for the benefit of those who may be hesitating, we must premise that it is a question not easily settled whether this, that, or the other invalid will or will not receive benefit from the climate of Madeira. Mr. Bloxam very justly observes, that "the question of climate for invalids is a very complicated one." A change, even from a pure to an impure atmosphere, is often beneficial for a time, and so is a change of diet from the wholesome to the unwholesome; and as in the latter case we cannot very satisfactorily explain the facts, because we know, as yet, but little of diet as a science, so it is difficult to explain how change of air or climate should be advantageous to one invalid and injurious to another; for the science of meteorology like that of dietetics, is still in its infancy. But to return to Mr. Bloxam's pamphlet; we must acknowledge that whatever be the merits of the question at large, the physician looks very small in the hands of the layman. Mr. Bloxam very clearly convicts Dr. Burgess of wilful misrepresentation, suppression of facts, plagiarism, designed mis-quotation of authors, assertion without proof, ignorance of the rudiments of meteorology, and palpable falsehood. Whether all these serious charges are fully borne out by the quotations and facts referred to by Mr. Bloxam, it is not our province to determine; but certainly there is enough of glaring truth brought before the reader in this pamphlet to destroy all one's confidence in Dr. Burgess, and in everything that he has ever written or shall hereafter write. Mr. Bloxam does not, nor do we, impugn his motives. It is enough that his literary vices should be exposed. That our own observations are founded on "positive data," the following quotation from Mr. Bloxam's pamphlet will prove:—"The works of every one of the above-named authors (Drs. Gourlay, Heineken, and Mason) contain unequivocal testimony to the equability of the temperature, and also to the sanative effect of this climate; every word of which Dr. Burgess has studiously kept back, whilst he has done his best to convey impressions of a directly opposite tendency by means of statements and quotations, hardly one of which is not a *palpable* misrepresentation of facts, and not a few are *literally* false, even down to so paltry a thing as a melancholy description of a burying-ground." Dr. Burgess must produce a satisfactory reply to so grave a charge, or hide his diminished head.

The South Staffordshire Colliery District, its Evils and their Cure: Two letters, of which the former appeared in the *Times* of April 18th, 1855. By the Rev. C. Girdlestone, M.A., Rector of Kingswinford, Staffordshire. To which is prefixed, by permission, the letter of the Messrs. Walker to the *Times*, on the same subject. (Simpkin and Marshall. 1855. pp. 18. 8vo.)—The "evils" referred to in this pamphlet are social evils, both physical and moral. The first letter points out the evils in detail, the second suggests the means of remedy. Mr. Girdlestone is a zealous sanatory reformer, and exhibits a beautiful example of the Christian pastor—not content with an earnest care for the souls of his parishioners, but awake also to their bodily wants and sufferings. We recommend to all persons of influence and authority a careful perusal of the account herein given of the disgraceful condition of this vast population of operatives, and the proposed remedies.

Experimental Researches on the Movement of Atmospheric Air in Tubes. By W. D. Chowne, M.D. Being an abstract of a paper read before the Royal Society, June 21, 1855.—This is an extract from the proceedings of the Royal Society, and it is an interesting document, as having established an important fact which must have its practical influence in determining the best method of ventilating apartments. Dr. Chowne's experiments appear to have been carefully conducted, and they demonstrate:—1. That the ordinary condition of atmospheric air within vertical tubes, open at both extremities, is one

of continual upward movement. 2. That the presence of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere is essential to the production of the current within the vertical tubes; and that the rapidity of the current is in proportion to the quantity of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, which, being of a much lower specific gravity than the compound of which it forms a part, is constantly rising within the tube, as in the free air. 3. That the ordinary temperature of the air within vertical tubes is higher than of that external to them, all other relations of the tubes and surrounding objects being the same.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

The National Gallery will be reopened to the public on Monday, the 22nd inst.——The *Horse Fair* of Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has elicited the compliment of a letter from the Queen to the fair *artiste*, expressing admiration of the merits of the picture.——Mr. Brodie, R.A. of Edinburgh, is about to execute a bust of the Poet-Laureate.——The new Museums at Birmingham are at last resolved on. Mr. Bateman is the architect. There are to be three buildings, each 40 feet square. They will comprise collections of anatomy, geology, and mineralogy.——Messrs. Hunt and Roskell have executed a silver medal in commemoration of the Imperial visit to England, and of her Majesty's visit to France. The dies are by Mr. L. C. Wyon, son of the late W. Wyon, R.A. On the one side are heads of the Emperor and Empress, with the inscription "Napoleon III. Imperator, Eugenia Imperatrix. Angliam invisunt, Apr. MDCCCLV."; on the other, heads of the Queen and Prince, with the inscription "Victoria Regina, Albertus Princeps. Galliam invisunt, Aug. MDCCCLV."——The committee of the Architectural Museum, Cannon-row, has accepted an offer from the Government Department of Art at Marlborough House, to contribute the sum of 100*l.* to their institution for the ensuing year, under the following conditions:—viz., that 100 students from Marlborough House shall have free access to the museum and lectures during the twelvemonth, and that, if required, the Government lecturers shall have the use of certain casts in head-quarters.——Statues of Patrick Henry and of Jefferson have been erected at the doors of the Senate House at the Capitol of Richmond, Virginia. One is by Crawford, of Rome; the other by Müller, of Munich. German papers state that the ruins of the Wörthkirche, at Kreuznach, (a fine Gothic building, burnt by the French in 1689), are shortly to be rebuilt in their original style, in order to serve as a palace of public worship to the numerous English living at Kreuznach.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

La Gassier Valse. By Madame Oury. London: Boosey.

The elegant valse which Madame Gassier has sung with so much effect during the last season is here adapted for the pianoforte by Madame Oury, the popular pianist. It forms a very brilliant morçeau.

The Ethel Newcome Valse. By Henri Laurent. Boosey.

This is one of the best compositions we have heard from the pen of M. Laurent. The first melody is remarkably chaste and beautiful, and will be remembered by every one after a single hearing.

The Troubadour's Song in "*Il Trovatore*," *for the Pianoforte.* By Rudolf Nordmann. Boosey.

The great scene in *Il Trovatore* is the last but one, in which the plaintive "Miserere" is chanted by the prisoners within the tower, alternately with the touching song of the captive troubadour. This scene has been adapted, with great dramatic effect, for the pianoforte by Herr Nordmann, and forms a most interesting piece for the amateur.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

C. Braham, the English singer, being engaged as *primo tenore assoluto* at San Carlos (Portugal), made his *début* lately in the *rôle* of Macduff, the opera being *Macbeth*. He was very ill received on entering—indeed, well nigh hissed off; and again during the piece. The cause of this appears to be one of those everlasting intrigues for which this house has won so unenviable a notoriety, and which, on this occasion, has been hatched against Braham by the friends of Miraglia, the tenor of last season, who won little applause, and was not, therefore, re-engaged. Generally Mr. Braham has been well received.——One of the first-fruits of the Limited Liability Bill has been the project of a "National Opera Company," to be started on a capital of 10,000*l.* in 10*l.* shares. The prospectus states that "the promoters of this undertaking, viewing the state of the lyrical drama in England as compared with that of even the smallest Continental principality, propose to establish a permanent English Opera for the performance of works of British composers and such foreign operas as may seem most appropriate for the English stage. . . . A provisional agreement has been entered into with the proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre for a lease of that establishment. . . . The operatic department will comprise the best vocal and instrumental talent. It is proposed that the seasou consist of forty weeks, and that there be six representations per week." The establishment is to be conducted by a committee of management, consisting of Mr. A. Mellon (conductor), Mr. Henry G. Blagrove (leader), Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson, and Mr. A. B. Vyse.

Miss Catherine Hayes has given a concert for the benefit of the distressed in Collingwood, Melbourne.——Dr. Franz Liszt is about to write an oratorio, entitled "Dante."——The *Journal de Bruxelles* says that the Cathedral of Cologne will not benefit much by the visit of the choral societies to Paris. Mr. Mitchell, of London, the *entrepreneur*, is is a loser by nearly 14,000*f.*——A letter from Vienna says that the celebrated orchestral leader, Strauss, has received an invitation to visit St. Petersburgh on the occasion of the approaching carnival, with a promise of 2000 roubles more for the engagement than he has ever hitherto received.——Signor Verdi has withdrawn permission to play all, or any, of his operas from the Italian Theatre at Paris; and the management intends to fall back on the works of Signor Rossini, who is (it is added) to winter in the French capital.——The following is from the New York *Daily Times* of Sept. 21: "A romantic drama on one night, and a French tragedy on the next, are rather more than a New York audience can appreciate, even with Rachel in both. It is a trifle too much of a good thing for the head, for the heart, and for the pocket. 'Bajazet' consequently failed to attract a good audience last evening. The metropolitan theatre was scarcely half filled. In every respect it was the worst audience of the season, reminding us of the terrible dramatic season which inaugurated the first campaign at this house, and accustomed the critic to solitude and the contemplation of death. There were, however, some celebrities in the house. Among others we noticed Mr. Ex-President Tyler and J. M. Botts, Esq.—the latter of whom illuminated a dark and interminable soliloquy by remarking that the legislative rule should be enforced on the French stage, of not allowing any one person to speak for more than an hour at a time. Giddy trifler! 'Bajazet' is a tragedy capable of affording about half an hour's amusement to an American audience. The termination of the fourth act, and parts of the fifth, are just sufficiently exciting to keep you from going to sleep. The remaining portions of the tragedy are wearisome in the extreme; utterly unrelieved by good acting or powerful declamation. They are narcotic in their influence. Were it not for the gorgeous toilette of Mdlle. Rachel, ever sparkling with diamonds and gold, we are persuaded the audience would have abandoned itself to kind nature's sweet restorer. As it was, we were in constant apprehension that some one would have the indiscretion to yawn. A sympathetic audience would surely have joined in the luxury, and the consequences might have been frightful." The following letter was addressed to the same journal:—"To the Editor of the New York *Daily Times*. Sir,—Mlle. Rachel, deeply affected by the kindness shown her daily by the press and the public of New York, has expressed to me the desire that I should yield to the wish generally manifested, by fixing the prices of places at her performances more in accordance with the habits of the population of this city. I am myself happy to meet the wishes of the public in this respect, though I do not expect to find any pecuniary advantage in a diminution of prices; for, so far, the average of my receipts has been beyond what I had thought it just to count upon. But the journals of this city have declared themselves on the subject with such unanimity, that I think I ought no longer to refuse to follow their counsels. Accordingly, during the two or three weeks which it will be possible for me to remain at New York, before proceeding to fulfil the engagements I have formed in Boston, Philadelphia, Havannah, and the Southern States of the Union, the prices will be as follows:—Balcony and orchestra seats, 3 dols.; parquette, dress circle, and first circle, 2 dols.; upper circle, 50c. There will be no additional charge for securing seats in advance. By communicating these facts to your readers, you will greatly oblige your obedient servant, Raphael Felix.

"No. 49, Wall-street, Sept. 20, 1855."

LITERARY NEWS.

The title of Mr. Charles Dickens's new serial is "Little Dorritt."——Dr. J. Henry is preparing for publication a "Life of Dr. Dalton," the founder of the atomic theory in chemistry.——Dr. Miller is at present engaged on a Geological History of Scotland, which he intends to be the great work of his life.——The editorship of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* has passed into the hands of Principal Cunningham, of the Free College, Edinburgh.——The "Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters," as edited by Dr. O'Donovan, is about to be reprinted, and sold at the price of four guineas.——A highly interesting relic of the great Napoleon is now being exhibited in America. It is a volume of military maps, among which are several plans of battle drawn by the Emperor himself. This relic was left at an inn by the Emperor during his hasty retreat after the battle of Waterloo.——A new weekly newspaper in modern Greek, and entitled *Hymera*, has just appeared at Trieste.——Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, successors to Mr. Colburn, announce among their other forthcoming works "The Life of Jeanne D'Albert, Queen of Navarre," by Miss Freer, author of "The Life of Marguerite D'Angouleme," 2 vols.; "My Exile in Siberia," by Alexander Herzen, 2 vols. (now ready); "The Wanderer in Arabia," by G. T. Lowth, Esq., 2 vols., with illustrations; a new Work by Thomas Hood (son of the author of "Whims and Oddities"); "Scottish Heroes in the Days of Wallace and Bruce," by the Rev. A. Low, 2 vols. The same publishers have also in preparation new novels by the following popular writers: Mrs. Gore; the author of "Margaret Maitland"; the author of "The Head of the Family"; the author of "Emilia Wyndham."

On Thursday evening a magnificent dinner was given at the London Tavern to Mr. Thackeray, on the eve of that gentleman's departure for the United States. Charles Dickens occupied the chair.——Dr. Laycock, of York, has been elected to fill the Chair of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, vacated by the resignation of Dr. Alison.——The opening of the new hall of the Kendal Natural History and Scientific Society took place on Monday, when Professor Sedgwick delivered a lengthened lecture bearing on the phenomena and anomalies of meteorology and geology.——The members of the Dublin Natural History Society, with Lord Talbot de Malahide as their chairman, entertained Professor Allman at a farewell dinner on Friday, on the occasion of his leaving this country to assume the Chair of Natural History in Edinburgh.——The Town Council of Great Yarmouth has printed a "Repertory of Deeds and Documents," relating to that borough. Prefixed to the book is a printed photograph of a charter granted to the town by King John, beautifully written in the small handwriting of the period.——The will of the late Mr. Henry Colburn has been proved in the Consistory Court, Doctor's Commons. It is comprised in ten folio sheets, and is dated the 1st of August, 1854. The whole of his property, consisting of money in the funds, goods, chattels, and credits, is sworn to be under 35,000*l.* He has left his widow, Eliza Ann Colburn, sole executrix. He bequeaths to her sole use and benefit the sum of 10,000*l.*, together with his leasehold house in Bryanstone-square, furniture, pictures, stock, copyrights, &c., and a sum of 10,000*l.* to her sister, the wife of Mr. Malcolm Douglas Crosbie, and her six children. The only other bequests are those of 500*l.* to Messrs. Hurst, and annuities of 80*l.* and 50*l.* respectively to two other persons.——The *Patrie* states that a private letter received by a Russian family in Paris announces that Prince Menschikoff has become a monk. He has enrolled himself, it is said, in a monastery near Moscow.——At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Chief Justice Shaw presented to the library a collection of interesting historical curiosities;—among them Royal Proclamations issued in the memorable year 1775, a map of Boston and its vicinity, taken in 1775 and 1776, having on its margin views of the various forts and works constructed by the British during the siege, and a valuable map of North America published by Mole in 1711.——The *Annuaire* of the Belgian Academy contains an interesting biography of Arago, with some new anecdotes. During the Revolution the great astronomer got entangled in a crowd, and was in imminent danger of being thrown into the Seine. Twenty hands were already upon his collar, and the National Guard were looking on trembling with horror. A non-commissioned officer, who with all his rashness of Peter had cut down one of the assailants, only heightened the confusion. Dusty, torn, and helpless, Arago cried out, "Hé bien! hé bien! que faites-vous donc? mais je ne sais pas nager." This naive inquiry raised a laugh, and the astronomer escaped. An amusing story is told of his frightening a fat Belgian out of a place he coveted in the Ghent Railway, by a detailed account of a frightful explosion and loss of life. He described the shattered limbs and broken bones till the obnoxious *vis-à-vis* fairly took flight, and left the field of battle free for his laughing conqueror.

The cost of a message by electric telegraph between the Crimea and London is said to be 120*l.*——The London Stereoscope Company offer a prize of twenty guineas for the best essay upon the Stereoscope—Sir David Brewster being the arbitrator.——A pocket chronometer, made out of aluminium—works, plates, cogs, and wheels—has been deposited in the Paris Exhibition by the manufacturer, M. Raby, watchmaker to the Emperor.——The great clock for the new Houses of Parliament was to have had its wheels made of gun metal; but Mr. Dent, who had successfully tried cast iron in 1851, determined to use it, and the clock has varied but two minutes in several months.——Colonel Rawlinson has discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon an extensive library—not, indeed, printed on paper, but impressed on baked bricks containing many and voluminous treatises on

astronomy, mathematics, ethnology, and several other most important branches of knowledge.——Mr. Nicholas Whatley, of Truro, whilst wandering on Dartmoor last week, discovered in the neighbourhood of Troulsworthy Tor, and not far from the head of the Plym, some interesting and very distinct remains of an ancient British village. The huts are generally smaller than those which had been hitherto known. ——By a Treasury warrant, published in the *Gazette* of Tuesday last, all packets consisting of "books, publications, or works of literature or art," may be sent to any person employed in the public service in Turkey, or in the Baltic, Black, or White Sea, at a postage of 1*d.* for four ounces, 2*d.* for eight ounces, 4*d.* for one pound, 6*d.* for a pound and a half, 8*d.* for two pounds, and above that weight, 2*d.* per half pound. The only restriction is, that no such packet shall, in length, width, or depth, exceed two feet. The warrant applies only to "works of literature or art," which must be sent open at the sides, and without any letter inclosed. The postage must be prepaid in stamps.

Dr. Luther of Bilk, on the 5th of October discovered a new planet. The exact whereabouts of this new planet is very indistinctly given in the telegraphic communication.——The valuable collection of Roman antiquities, left by the late Counseller Houben, of Xanten, on the Lower Rhine (the Castra Vetera of the Romans), is offered for sale by the heirs of the collector.——Goblets made of quassia wood are now sold at the leading druggists' shops in New York. Water is poured into them, which, after being left for some minutes, is drunk, as a cure for dyspepsia.——In spite of the war, the Society of Naturalists of Moscow have intimated to the French *Académie des Sciences* that they shall hold their fiftieth annivesary on the 2nd of December next, at Moscow.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Drury Lane.—*Nitocris*—Mr. Charles Matthews.
Haymarket.—*The Little Treasure:* a comedietta, adapted from the French, by Mr. Harris.

Nitocris, the grand Egyptian spectacle in five tableaux, which owes its poetry to the genius of Fitzball and its magnificence to the ingenuity of Dykwynkyn, has appeared, and has met with just as much success as we anticipated for it. The genius of Fitzball has failed it, and that which on the Surrey side might have won laurels from the "gods," in Drury-lane is profanely spoken of as balderdash. This is not extraordinary. It needed no conjuror to predict it. The genius of the great Fitzball was never known to shine *except* in balderdash, and how an astute man (as Mr. Smith seems to be) ever came to entrust a piece involving an outlay of three thousand pounds into such hands, is not an easy thing to understand. With Dykwynkyn (an eccentric method of spelling the name of Richard Wynn Kean) Mr. Smith has been more fortunate. The Egyptian appointments and decorations, idols, and the rest are admirably executed, and the entire mounting of the piece is gorgeous to a degree seldom, if ever, before attempted. It is like setting a two-penny print in a jewelled frame. The cast is good, the painting is good, the dresses are good, everything is good—but Fitzball. If Mr. Smith will take my advice, he will put *Nitocris* to sleep for a month, and get a playwright, with some talent for dramatic writing, to write him a piece to fit the frame. The brightest paint and most lustrous tinsel *must* pale in the dullness of Fitzball. On Wednesday evening Mr. Charles Mathews, and many of the old Lyceum company, appeared in a three-act drama, entitled *Married for Money*, which is reported to be perfectly successful, and of which I hope to give some account in the next number.

The Little Treasure is one of those charming little comediettas in which the entire action of the piece revolves round one personage, and that personage a charming little girl whom everybody dotes upon, and to please whom everybody does everything that is done. Sir Charles and Lady Howard having separated on account of some little dispute, which the step-mother, Mrs. Middleton, has done little to allay, remain apart for twelve years. They have a daughter, Gertrude, the heroine of the piece—the little treasure. Her father's existence in England has been kept secret from her. He is said to be in India, when in reality he is living the life of a gay bachelor in May-fair. Presently the secret pops out: and then the great ambition of Gertrude's heart is to reunite her parents once more. How she effects this by proposing to marry her cousin, Captain Maydenblush; how she seeks her father in his bachelor retreat, and braves the insolence of his dissipated associates; with what affectionate winning ways she reaches the core of her father's heart; and how the warm rays of her filial love thaw the ice of years of estrangement, is more neatly and admirably told than I can easily describe. It is a piece to bring tears into the eyes; to make you laugh and cry at the same moment; a piece, in fact, that goes right home to the heart. Mr. Howe as the father, and Miss Swanborough as Lady Howard, were natural, easy, and very polished; but what shall I say of Miss Blanche Fane—"the little treasure" herself? Simply that she is "a little treasure," of which the English stage has long stood in sore and exigent need; that she is beyond all comparison the most promising young actress that has appeared for many a long year; that, after Miss Reynolds *et hoc genus omne*, she comes as pleasantly as fresh fields after bad painting; in fine, that she is an actress. Treasure her, Mr. Buckstone; study her young genius—develope it into full maturity—and your management will become historical; for here is the stuff out of which a great comic actress may be made.

Jacques.

OBITUARY.

Adair, Right Hon. Sir Robert, G.C.B., on Wednesday week, at his house in Chesterfield-street, London. He had reached the advanced age of 92. He had for many years past enjoyed an annual pension of 2000*l.* He was the author of numerous political pamphlets, and two works—"An Historical Memoir of a Mission to the Court of Vienna in 1806;" and "A Memoir of the Negociations for the Peace of the Dardanelles in 1808-9.

Ander, Herr, at Vienna, the tenor singer so popular at Vienna, generally reported to be the first tenor in Germany, and who appeared two or three seasons ago at our Royal Italian Opera. He was buried with state and honour.

Ellis, Right Hon. Sir Henry, K.C.B., at Brighton, on Friday, the right hon. gentleman having been in declining health for some months. The deceased accompanied the Earl Amherst in his embassy to China. He had been Minister Plenipotentiary in Persia in 1814, prior to going to China. Sir Henry held the office of Clerk of the Pells from 1825 until the abolition of that office in 1834, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Board of Control by the late Earl Grey, in 1830. In July 1835 he was appointed Ambassador to Persia, which he relinquished in November the following year. He was sent on an extraordinary and special mission to the Brazils in August 1842, and in 1849 was appointed by the Government to attend the Conference at Brussels on the affairs of Italy, since which he has been unemployed. Sir Henry was made a Privy Councillor in 1832, and in 1848 was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath of the Civil Division. He was in the receipt of a pension (1400*l*) for his diplomatic services. Sir Henry was brother of the late Mr. Charles Ellis, formerly Consul at Tangiers.

Holbein, Francis Ignatius von, at Vienna, born at Zinzersdorf in 1779, actor, dramatic author, and director of the Imperial Theatre. M. von Holbein introduced the Vaudeville into Germany. Many of his works were highly popular.

Roqueplan, M. Camille, at Paris, a French painter of considerable note. He was born at Mallemort (Bouches du Rhône) in the year 1803, was educated in the studio of Gros, and at the age of twenty made himself remarked as one who would do good service to picturesque art, then reviving in France.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Æschylus, Persæ, English Notes and Trans. by Wood, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Aunt Mavor's Nursery Tales, illust. by Crowquill, royal 8vo. 6*s.* cl.
Autobiography of a Beggar-Boy, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* cl.
Barnes's Inquiry into Scriptural Views of Slavery, cr. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Barnes's (A.) Way of Salvation, rev. by Henderson, 12mo. 5*s.*
Bell's Unconscious Influence; or, Harold and May, fcp. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.
Bernays's (A. J.) First Lines in Chemistry, illust. fcp. 8vo. 7*s.*
Bell's English Poets: Butler, Vol. II. fcp. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Bird's Med. and Econ. Properties of Vegetable Charcoal, 3*s.* 6*d.*
British Eloquence. Sacred Orators, 1st Series, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Chattaway's Treatise on Railways, 12mo. 1*s.* cl. swd. (Weale.)
Cicero, Orationes. Commentary by Long, Vol. II. 8vo. 14*s.* cl.
Craig (Rev. R.), The Man Christ Jesus, cr. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.
Dialogues on Universal Restitution, cr. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Earl of Sefton *v.* Hopwood, Report of Hopwood Will Case, 4to. 5*s.*
Eden's (Rev. C. P.) Sermons preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, 5*s.* 6*d.*
Emerson's (Geo. R.) Sebastopol, fcp. 8vo. 1*s.* bds.
Ency. Met.: Carwithen and Lyall's Christian Church, cr. 8vo. 5*s.*
Fawcett's (J.) Pastoral Addresses, 1st Series, fcp. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Galbraith and Haughton's Arithmetic, a Key to, by M'Dowell, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Galbraith and Haughton's Manual of Astronomy, fcp. 8vo. 2*s.*
Gleig's Chelsea Pensioners, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 2*s.* bds.
Gough's (H.) New Testament Quotations, coll. with Notes, 16*s.*
Grant's (J.) Yellow Frigate, fcp. 8vo. 2*s.* bds
Groom's Art of Transparent Painting on Glass, illust. 12mo. 1*s.*
Hand Place-Book of the United Kingdom, 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Haviland's (A.) Climate, Weather, and Disease, 8vo. 7*s.* cl.
Herzen's (A.) My Exile in Siberia, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* cl.
Holden's (L.) Human Osteology, with Plates, royal 8vo. 16*s.* cl.
Horner's Instruction to Invalid on the Water Cure, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Howard's (J. E.) Island of Saints; or, Ireland in 1855, illust. 5*s.*
Janes's Appendix to the Psalter, 4to. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.
Justinian's Institutes, translated by Grapel, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.
King (Sir J.), Memoir of his Life and Death, by his Father, 3*s.*
Kotzebue's (Aug. V.) Pagenstreiche, by Lebahn, cr. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Krause's Lectures, edit. by Stanford, Vol. III. cr. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.
La Roche (R.) On Yellow Fever, 2 vols. 8vo. 42*s.* cl.
Lances of Lynwood, by Author of "The Little Duke," 8vo. 6*s.* cl.
Lardner's Handbook of Natural Philosophy, Vol. 1, "Mechanics," 5*s.*
Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects, cr. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Lyall's (Rev. W.) Intellect, Emotions, and Moral Nature, 12*s.*
M'Callum's (Rev. D.) History of the Culdees, 12mo. 4*s.* cl.
Mamma's Poems, 18mo. 9*d.* cl.
Mann's Lessons in General Knowledge, 2nd series, fcp. 8vo. 1*s.*
Marsden's Christian Churches and Sects, Part VII. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Natt's (Rev. John) Posthumous Sermons, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.
O'Donnell's (Lucy) St. Patrick's Cathedral, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Oke's (Geo. C.) Friendly Societies' Manual, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.
Orr's Circle of Sciences: Vol. IV., Scoffern's Elementary Chemistry, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Parley's Wanderers, and Chapters on French Exhibitions, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Pinkney's (Jane V.) Patchwork Poems, cr. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Punch's Merry Pranks, 4to., 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Robson's (W.) Great Sieges of History, illust. post 8vo. 5*s.* cl.
Rose's Four Chapters on Horses, Hunting, and Turf, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Ross's (Alex.) Fur Hunters of the Far West, 2 vols. 21*s.* cl.
Sandley's Outlines of the History of the Church of Christ, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Schaff's America: Two Lectures translated from the German, 6*s.*
Selections from the Holy Scriptures, 8vo. 6*s.* cl.
Standing Orders of the House of Commons, Session, 1856, 5*s.*
Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy, by the Rev. T. Jordan, 3*s.* cl.
Sullivan's Beaten Paths from Boulogne to Babelmandeb, 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Thacker's Coursers' Annual Remembrancer, 1854-5, by Welsh, 21*s.*
Todd's Index Rerum, cr. 4to. 5*s.* 6*d.*; demy 4to. 6*s.* half-bound.
Twice Married: My Own Story, by a Lady, fc. 8vo. 1*s.* bds.
Watson's Course of Examples in Arithmetic, post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

"You can do anything if you will only have patience," said an old uncle who had made a fortune, to a nephew who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary. His uncle coolly replied, "Till it freezes."

We have in New York city upwards of 120 newspapers, with an aggregate annual circulation of 80,000,000, our population being about 850,000. I have seen a late tabular statement which gives to London only 94 papers, having an annual issue of 53,000,000. Our census returns for 1850 give us 2526 newspapers, with an aggregate issue of 526,409,978. The table before me makes the number for the United Kingdom 516, with a circulation of 90,000,000. The city of Cincinnati, which had not a single inhabitant when the *Times* started, now has 16 daily papers, and the annual issues of its 30 papers are 9,000,000.—*American Correspondence.*

A Turkish Cafe.—Let us enter a Turkish café, the handsomest café in Pera, opposite the little cemetery. Bitter disappointment! The Turkish café, the paradise of the poets, is only an ignoble and dirty barber's shop. While you are *eating* your coffee (I say eating, as the coffee pods, coarsely pounded, thicken the liquid), near you a customer is having his head shaved, another is being bled, another having a tooth extracted, another—horror of horrors!—is having his bunions attended to; and if you ask for a glass of water, or a fresh cup of coffee, the waiter will hand it you with his fingers covered with blood or soapsuds. Usually, a wooden bench, covered with a cloth more or less thin, runs round the room. There is no table, but footstools, serving at once as a seat and a table; in a corner a bourgeois has gone to sleep, while smoking and counting his rosary, whose thirty-three, sixty-six, or ninety-three amber heads represent the number of the attributes of Deity. Here two idlers are playing chess; they are crouched on the bench with stockingless feet—and what feet; They smoke as they play, and appear to be propped up by the long stems of their pipes, whose bowls rest on the ground. A stove of red copper gleams in the middle of the room. In summer, it is adorned with a huge bouquet of flowers; in winter, an immense boiler surmounts it, in the shape of a dome. The kitchen has no mysteries, and occupies one corner of the room; it is a furnace of brickwork, on which are drawn up in a line a quantity of long-handled coffee-pots—for a pot is required for each cup, and the infusion is made ration by ration. When the water begins to boil, the lad throws in a spoonful of powdered sugar, and another of crushed Mocha: then he serves it immediately.—*From Paris to Sebastopol.*

SMOKE-CONSUMING KITCHEN RANGE.—This complete and convenient Range requires only half the usual fuel, and is a certain cure for a smoky chimney. Prospectuses, &c. post free, on application to BROWN and GREEN, Manufacturers, Luton, or the range may be seen at 67, Upper Thames-street, London.

VENTILATING STOVES! SUSPENSION STOVES! Purchase one or the other, for they are the two best, cheapest, most healthy, and economical for Churches, Chapels, Halls, Schools, Warehouses, Shops, Greenhouses, Bedrooms, Libraries, &c. Prospectuses with prices sent post free.—DEANE, DRAY, and Co., Stove, Range, Ironmongery and Furnishing Warehouse, London-bridge.

DR. ARNOTT'S SMOKE-CONSUMING GRATE, strongly recommended in the Report of the Board of Health, recently laid before Parliament, is manufactured by F. EDWARDS, SON, and Co., 43, Poland-street, Oxford-street, where one may be seen in daily use. F. E., Son, and Co., are now supplying these grates for every description of apartment, at prices commencing from 50*s.* Prospectuses, with testimonials, sent on application.

STEEL BISCUITS.—F. ALLARTON'S PATENT FERRUGINOUS BISCUIT is unequalled as a Chalybeate Diet for Invalids and Children. Each Biscuit contains a suitable quantity of Iron, and is stamped with the Patentee's name. Sold in boxes, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* each, at F. ALLARTON'S, 254, High-street, Southwark.

BURGLARS DEFEATED.
CHUBB'S GUNPOWDER-PROOF SAFES.
9, Cousin-lane, Upper Thames-street, London, July 6, 1855.
Gentlemen,—The safe you fixed here some years ago has indeed proved a good one, and done good service. Last week some thieves broke into our office, and tried their hands upon it. First they seem to have used their crowbars, and then gunpowder, but both proved vain; for money, bills, and deeds were all safe enough in your "Safe," and under your lock and key. We have great pleasure in informing you of this, of which you can make any use you please.
We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants,
JAS. NICHOLSON and Co.
Messrs. Chubb and Son, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard.
CHUBB and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 16, Market-street, Manchester; and Horsley-fields Wolverhampton.

TO LOVERS of FISH.—100 real YARMOUTH BLOATERS for 6s., Package included, forwarded to all parts, on receipt of penny Postage Stamps, or Post-office Order (preferred), for the amount.
Address to THOMAS LETTIS, Jun., Fish-curer, Great Yarmouth.

D'OYLEY'S—BABB and CO., ARMY-CLOTHIERS, and SCOTCH WOOLLEN WAREHOUSEMEN, the noted house for Clan Tartans, Scarfs, Plaids, Table Covers, and D'Oyley's. Every article of Gentlemen's Clothing, Waterproof Overcoats, Liveries, &c., at a reduced scale of charges for cash. The New Patent Safety Cap for Travellers, 5s. 6d.—346, Strand, Waterloo-bridge

THE FORTY-SEVEN SHILLING SUITS.—The 16s. TROUSERS reduced to 14s.; Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.; Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s.—made to order from Scotch Heather, and Cheviot Tweeds, all wool and thoroughly shrunk.
The TWO-GUINEA DRESS or FROCK-COAT, the Guinea Dress Trousers, and the Half-Guinea Waistcoat, made to order by B. BENJAMIN, MERCHANT TAILOR, 74, REGENT-STREET, for quality, style, and workmanship, cannot be equalled by any house in the kingdom. N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

DAMP WALLS.—PATENT ELASTIC PAINT an effectual remedy, rendering immediately fit for Papering or Oil Painting. For quantities suited to cover 150 square feet, 10s.—PATENT LIQUID CEMENT for FRONTS of HOUSES, &c. This valuable and economic material is always ready for use, simple in application. It will not decompose or wash off. For beauty it stands pre-eminent, giving the appearance of fine cut stone, and 1 cwt. will cover 400 to 500 square feet. Sold in casks of one, two, and three cwt., at 8s., 15s., and 21s. each, casks exclusive.—PATENT ZINC PAINTS. These paints are ready mixed for use, economical, unchangeable in colour, superior to, and will last much longer than, common oil-paints, and will cover a much larger surface than the same quantity of white-lead paint. Price 7s. per gallon, ordinary colours; Celestial Blue and Green, 8s.—Patentees, GEORGE BELL and Co., Steam Mills, 3, Wellington-street, Goswell-street, London.

SACRED POETRY. A Selection of the choicest, for families and schools, by the Editors of the CRITIC. In 1 vol. price 3s. 6d. cloth. A copy sent free by post to any person inclosing the price in postage-stamps. Also, Nos. 1 to 10 of a Second Edition of the same, price 3d. each.
CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

TO MAGISTRATES.—Now ready, The NEW PRACTICE of MAGISTRATES COURTS, including Petty Sessions, Special Sessions, and Quarter Sessions, the Juvenile Offenders, and Criminal Jurisdiction Acts, with all the Forms, Instructions, &c. By THOMAS W. SAUNDERS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Militia Law," "The Duties of Magistrates," &c. Price 9s. 6d. cloth; 11s. half-bound; 12s. bound. A copy sent free by post to any person inclosing a post-office order for the price to the Publisher.
J. CROCKFORD, Law Times Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

ON NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, AND EXHAUSTION.
Just published, new and cheaper editions, price 1s., or by post for 13 Stamps.
THE SCIENCE of LIFE; or, HOW to LIVE and WHAT to LIVE FOR; with ample Rules for Diet, Regimen, and Self-management; together with Instructions for securing Health, Longevity, and that sterling happiness only attainable through the judicious observance of a well-regulated course of life. By a PHYSICIAN.
London: SHERWOOD and Co., 23, Paternoster-row; HANNAY, 63, Oxford-street; MANN, 39, Cornhill; HORNE, 19, Leicester-square; and all Booksellers.

Second Edition, just published, 12mo. gilt edges,
RULES for the PRESERVATION of SIGHT. By ALFRED SMEE, F.R.S., Surgeon to the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, &c. Sent free by post on receipt of six postage stamps, by HORNE and THORNTHWAITE, Opticians, &c., 122 and 123, Newgate-street.

Just published, price 6d., or by post for seven stamps,
THE HUMAN INSTINCT in REFERENCE to DIET. By THOMAS HUNT, F.R.C.S.
*** The profits of this publication will be given to the Funds of the Royal Medical Benevolent College.
RICHARDS, 37, Great Queen-street.

FRENCH IN ONE VOLUME.
A New and Improved Edition, price 6s.
THE COMPLETE FRENCH CLASS-BOOK.
Or, Grammatical and Idiomatical French Manual:
With Progressive Illustrations and Exercises,
and Conversational Lessons, on a new and original plan.
By ALFRED HAVET,
French Master in the Glasgow Athenæum, &c.
THE COMPLETE FRENCH CLASS-BOOK contains a Reading and Translation Course, abundant Grammatical Exercises, illustrative French Lessons (intended as a preparation to the Exercises), and a series of varied Conversational Lessons on a plan peculiarly conducive to the acquirement of facility in speaking the French language.
"M. Havet's treatise is a complete exposition of the principles and peculiarities of the French language."—*Athenæum.*
"One delights to luxuriate among its ample pages, replete as they are with excellent and clearly-arranged matter, explanatory and illustrative of the French language."—*Scottish Educational Journal.*
"The work serves as a reading-book, as well as a grammar and course of exercises. It is both theoretical and practical. The definitions are exceedingly well given."—*Educational Times.*
"The various principles, illustrations, and exercises, are presented to the pupil at a single *coup d'œil*, and advance from the mere rudiments of the tongue, by easy and agreeable stages, to the higher form of its development."—*Edinburgh Guardian.*
"The Conversational Lessons are very superior in matter and variety. . . . . Special attention is given to the peculiar idioms of the language, and the student will find every needful direction for correct and ready phraseology, both in speaking and writing."—*Literary Gazette.*
*** A specimen prospectus sent *free* on application to the Author, Collegiate School, Glasgow.
London: DULAU and Co.; and W. ALLAN.

Now published, Vol. I. price 6s.
PROFESSOR WILSON'S
NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.
To be completed in Four Volumes.
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

In a few days will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait,
THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE;
WITH SKETCHES OF HIS AGE AND CONTEMPORARIES.
(From published and unpublished sources).
BY G. H. LEWES,
Author of the "Biographical History of Philosophy," &c.
"Goethe's heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew."—*Jung Stilling.*
London: DAVID NUTT, 270, Strand.

Just published, in handsome cloth, price 3s.,
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEGGAR BOY;
In which will be found related the numerous Trials, Hard Struggles, and Vicissitudes of a strangely-chequered Life:
With Glimpses of Social and Political History over a Period of Fifty Years.
WM. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand.

On the 20th, the Second Edition, with much new matter upon Russia, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 21s.
NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY
FROM
HERAUT TO KHIVA, MOSCOW, AND ST. PETERSBURGH,
During the late Russian Invasion of KHIVA;
With some Account of the COURT of KHIVA and the Kingdom of KHAURISM.
By MAJOR JAMES ABBOTT, Bengal Artillery.
London: JAMES MADDEN, 8, Leadenhall-street.

ELEGANT BOOK FOR LADIES.
Now ready, crown 8vo. in extra cloth, 500 pp., price 7s. 6d.; richly gilt sides and edges, 8s. 6d.; Gold Title and Frontispiece,
TREASURES IN NEEDLEWORK.
BY MRS. WARREN AND MRS. PULLAN.
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.
"TREASURES IN NEEDLEWORK" is brought out to meet the wishes of numerous Lady-Needleworkers, who have felt the want of a Book of Reference in which could be found plain and practical instructions, combined with workable patterns, in every species of Fancy and Ornamental Needlework. Every design in the book can be worked out, the directions being the result of actual performance.
London: WARD and LOCK, 158, Fleet-street.

COIFFURES ET PARURES.
A NEW MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT,
16, Rue Choiseul, by Mlles. BALLEROY-RAINVILLE (Pupil of Mmes. Odo), is worthy of a visit.

TO the CLERGY, PROFESSIONAL MEN, and OTHERS.—The Oxford Mixed Doeskin Trousers, price 21s. The Striatus Cloth Cassock Vest, price 12s. Stock for choice or to measure.—S. BATTAM, Coat and Trousers Maker, 160, Tottenham-court-road, four doors south of Sheolbreds and Co.'s. Patterns of the materials, and directions for measuring, sent free per post.

LADIES' TRIMMINGS, in the latest Style of Fashion.—Every novelty in DRESS and MANTLE FRINGES. Orders by post promptly attended to. Send Patterns, and the best match guaranteed.—BARKER and Co., Fringe Manufacturers, 101, Borough.

IMPORTANT to LADIES.—PARIS WOVE STAYS, 5s. 6d. per pair, in colours white or grey. A single pair of these much-admired Corsets, such as are usually charged by other houses 10s. 6d., sent to any part of the country on receipt of a post-office order for 5s. 6d., payable to F. T. BURDUS, Stay Importer, Kensington, near the Gate.—N.B. Only measurement necessary, size round waist.

CHEAP AND PURE BREAD.—JAMES WHITE, of 266, High Holborn, informs the Public that they may obtain Cheap and Pure Bread by Grinding their own Corn in one of his celebrated EMIGRANT'S FLOUR MILLS. The grinding and dressing are one operation; the cost of a four-pound loaf at the present high price of wheat being but sixpence halfpenny.

(Carriage free)
POPE'S TEA WAREHOUSE,
26, Pavement, Finsbury, London. POPE and COMPANY strongly recommend the following descriptions of Tea and Coffee as the best and most economical that can be purchased:—

	s. d.		s. d.
Best Congou Tea	3 8	Best Young Hyson Tea ...	4 8
Best Souchong Tea	4 0	Best Gunpowder Tea	5 4
Best Assam SouchongTea ...	4 4	Best Plantation Coffee ...	1 4
Best Assam PekoeTea	4 8	Best Mocha Coffee	1 6

Lower Prices kept. Price Lists on application. Two pounds' worth of Tea or Coffee forwarded free to all parts of England.

SHIRTS.—RODGERS'S IMPROVED CORAZZA SHIRTS.—Important improvements having been made in these celebrated shirts, gentlemen are solicited to suspend their orders until they have seen them. For ease, elegance, and durability, they have no rival. 31s. 6d. and 42s. the half-dozen. Prospectuses, drawings, and directions for measurement, gratis and post free.—RODGERS and BOURNE, Improved Shirtmakers, 59, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross: established 60 years.
IMPROVED COLOURED SHIRTS, in all the new patterns, ready made, or made to measure (a choice of 200 new designs), 30s. and 36s. the half-dozen. Illustrated priced lists, with patterns for selection, post free, for two stamps.—RODGERS and BOURNE, Improved Shirtmakers, 59, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross: established 60 years.

CLERICAL, PRACTICAL, and ECONOMICAL TAILOR and TROUSERS MAKER.
Gentlemen who are not satisfied with the abilities or charges of their tailor will find a remedy at NEWMAN'S, 102, Regent-street; where the largest and most recherché stock of Trouserings, either for riding or walking, are on view. Also a variety of Black, Oxford, and Cambridge Mixed Cloths, and other fabrics suitable for Paletots, Overcoats, and the New Clerical Roquelaure. This garment is gradually superseding every other kind of Overcoat.
The Black Cloth cut at this house is of indelible colour, and water-dressed; sulphuric acid will destroy the fabric, but not the colour.

The Clerical Frock Coat	£3 5 0
The Clerical Paletot	2 2 6
The Clerical Vest	0 13 6

The Terryan Poplin equals silk in appearance, wears double the time, and half the price. This material is unexceptionable for Overcoats, Paletots, and Vests at 13s. 6d., and M.A. and B.A. Gowns at 3 guineas.
P. R. NEWMAN, 102, Regent-street.

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S UNDER-CLOTHING, BABY LINEN, and WEDDING OUTFITS. The Favourite Chemise, good quality, 2s. each; French back Night-dress, feathered frills, 3s. 9d.; Tucked Drawers, 1s. 9d.; Girls' Long-cloth Chemises, in seven sizes, 7d. to 16d.; Girls' Tucked Drawers, four sizes, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d.; Girls' Frilled Night-gowns, five sizes, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.; Boys' Longcloth Drawers, three sizes, 10d., 10½d., 11d.
BABY LINEN.—Berceaux-nets, trimmed, 18s., 23s., 30s.; Baskets, trimmed, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.; Lawn Shirts, 9d. to 1s. 6d.; Lawn Night-caps, 8d. to 2s.; Night-gowns, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; Monthly Gowns, 2s. 6d. to 6s.: Babies' Cloaks, 10s. to 30s.; Hoods, 2s. 6d. to 6d.; Satin Hats and Bonnets, 4s. to 10s. 6d.
For WEDING OUTFITS, handsomely trimmed Chemises, viz. Clarendon, Eva, Madeline, Duchess, Royal, &c., 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. each; ditto Night Dresses, Tavistock, Edith, Douro, Eugenie, Sutherland, and others, 5s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. each. All of the best materials, fashion, and needlework. Detailed Price Lists by post.
BESEMERES, Makers, 61 to 64, Honnaditch, London.

CAUTION.—TO TRADESMEN, MERCHANTS, SHIPPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c.—Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge, that some unprincipled person or persons have, for some time past, been imposing upon the public, by selling to the trade and others a spurious article, under the name of BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK. This is to give Notice, that I am the original and sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the said Article, and do not employ any traveller, or authorise any person to represent himself as coming from my Establishment for the purpose of selling the said Ink.
This Caution is published by me to prevent further imposition upon the public, and serious injury to myself.—E. R. BOND, Sole Executrix and Widow of the late JOHN BOND, 23, Long-lane, West Smithfield, London.
To avoid disappointment from the substitution of counterfeits, be careful to ask for the genuine Bond's Permanent Marking Ink; and further to distinguish it, observe that NO SIXPENNY SIZE is, or has at any time been prepared by him, the Inventor and Proprietor.

SLACK'S NICKEL SILVER is the hardest and most perfect white metal ever invented, and in use retains its silverlike appearance. Made into every article for the Table, as Spoons, Forks, Candlesticks, Cruet Frames, Tea Pots, &c., at one-twelfth the price of Silver. A sample Tea Spoon will be sent on receip of ten postage-stamps.

	Fiddle Pattern. per doz.	Strongest Fiddle. per doz.	Thread Pattern. per doz.	King's Pattern. per doz.
Table Spoons and Forks ...	12s. and 15s.	19s.	28s.	36s.
Dessert ditto ...	10s. and 13s.	16s.	21s.	25s.
Tea Spoons	5s. and 6s.	8s.	11s.	12s.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED is a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel; a combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders it in appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

	Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d.	£ s. d.	Thread. £ s. d.	£ s. d.	King's. £ s. d.
Table Forks	1 10 0	— 2 0 0	... 2 16 0	...	3 4 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	— 1 10 0	... 2 0 0	...	2 6 0
Table Spoons	1 10 0	— 2 0 0	... 2 18 0	...	3 6 0
Dessert ditto	1 0 0	— 1 10 0	... 2 2 0	...	2 7 6
Tea Spoons	0 12 0	— 0 18 0	... 1 5 6	...	1 11 6

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY AND FURNISHING IRONMONGERY has been celebrated for nearly fifty years for quality and cheapness.
As the limits of an advertisement will not allow a detailed list, purchasers are requested to send for their Catalogue with 200 Drawings, and prices of every requisite in Electro Plate, Table Cutlery, Furnishing Ironmongery, &c. May be had gratis, or free by post. Orders above 2£ sent carriage free.
RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, 336, STRAND, Opposite Somerset House.

BASS'S EAST INDIA PALE ALE.—The new October Brewings are arriving from Burton in fine condition in 18 gallon casks, at the reduced price consequent upon the abundant crop of Hops. Our stock in Bottle is also in good order.—BURY, BROTHERS, and Co., 3, St. James's-street.

BLACK! BLACK! BLACK!—SAMUEL OSMOND and Co., Dyers, 8, Fry-lane, Newgate-street, London, inform the public they have made arrangements for DYEING BLACK for MOURNING every WEDNESDAY, and returning the same in a few days when required. French Merino and Cachmere dresses dyed colours that look equal to new. Bed furniture and Drawing-room suites cleaned or dyed and finished. Shawls, Dresses, and Cloaks of every description cleaned, and the colours preserved. Established above a century.

BEDDING.—ECONOMY, DURABILITY, and COMFORT.—J. and S. STEER'S SPRING and FRENCH MATTRESSES make the most elastic and softest bed. A price list of every description of bedding, blankets, and quilts, sent free. Bedsteads: Arabian, four-post, French, and other styles, in birch, mahogany, &c.; patent iron and brass bedsteads on the most improved principles. Cribs, cots, &c.; bedroom furniture of every description. Elder Down Quilts in Silk and Cotton cases.—J. and S. STEER, Bedding, Bedstead, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 13, Oxford-street, London.

SYDENHAM TROUSERS, 17s. 6d.—SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill, Inventors and sole Manufacturers of the Sydenham Trousers, at 17s. 6d., unequalled for superior style, fit, quality, perfect ease, and gracefulness, so requisite for gentlemanly appearance and so rarely obtained. The advantage of the Sydenham Trousers over all others is, the systematic self-adjusting principle on which they are constructed. Patterns sent free on application. A Four Pound Suit Samuel Brothers strongly recommend, made from Saxony cloth, manufactured by an eminent West of England house, the wear of which they warrant.—SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill.

TO PERSONS FURNISHING.—The best Bedding, and the largest assortment of Bedsteads, fixed in Wood and Metals, Cabinet and Upholstery Furnitures, Carpets, and every requisite for completely furnishing any class of house with good taste, and on the most reasonable terms, is constantly on view in these extensive New Show Rooms and Furnishing Galleries, with the prices marked in plain Figures. Messrs. DRUCE and Co., 68, 69, and 58, Baker-street, who always give a written warranty, beg the favour of an inspection of their immense stock by purchasers before they decide elsewhere.—N.B. A Superior Dining-room Chair, stuffed entirely with Horsehair, 19s. each, and Brussels Carpets 1s. per yard under the usual prices.

BEAUTIFUL CLEAN LINEN.—W. G. NIXEY'S CHEMICAL EXTRACT of FULLER'S EARTH saves soap and labour, the hands from chapping, and the linen from destruction. Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Oilmen in packets 6d. each.

CLEANLINESS.—Caution to Housekeepers.—NIXEY'S CHEMICAL PREPARATION of BLACK LEAD for polishing stoves without waste or dust.—The public are respectfully cautioned against base and unprincipled imitations of this article, which, with a view to greater profit, are being vended. "W. G. Nixey" and the Government mark are stamped on each genuine cake. Sold throughout the kingdom. W. G. NIXEY, Patentee, 22, Moor-street, Soho.

EFFECTUAL SUPPORT for VARICOSE VEINS.—This Elastic and Compressing Stocking, or Article of any other required Form, is Pervious, Light, and Inexpensive, and easily drawn on without Lacing or Bandaging. Instructions for Measurement and Prices on application, and the Articles sent by Post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLANTE, 4, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON.

TWINBERROW'S DANDELION, CAMOMILE, and RHUBARB PILLS, an effectual cure of Indigestion, all stomach complaints, and liver affections. In cases of constipation these pills never fail in producing a healthy and permanent action of the bowels, so that in a short time aperients will not be required; and, being quite as innocent as castor oil, they may be given to children.
Prepared by TWINBERROW, Operative and Dispensing Chemist, 2, Edwards-street, Portman-square, London; and may be had of all other Patent Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom; Scott, Thomson, and Co., Calcutta; Roberts and Co., Paris; Pickon and Co., Boulogne.

GREAT COMFORT to INVALIDS.—A FIXED WATER-CLOSET for 1l.—Places in gardens converted into comfortable water-closets by the PATENT HERMETICALLY-SEALED PAN, with its self-acting valve, preventing the return of cold air or effluvia. Any carpenter can fix it in two hours. Price 1l. Also Hermetically-sealed Inodorous Chamber Commodes, 1l. 2s., 2l. 4s., and 3l. And Portable Water-closets, with pumps, cisterns, and self-acting valve. A prospectus with engravings forwarded by inclosing two post stamps.—At FYFE and Co's Sanatorium, 46, Leicester-square, London.

TO SUFFERERS.—LEFAY'S POMADE cures, by gentle rubbing, Tic Doloreux, Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and all painful Affections of the Nerves, giving instant relief in the most violent paroxysms of those tormenting maladies. It may be used by the most delicate person with perfect safety, as well as benefit to the general health, requiring no restraint from business or pleasure, nor does it cause any eruption on the most tender skin. Sold by JOHN STIRLING, 86, High-street, Whitechapel, London, in tin cases, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each. It can be sent to any par of the kingdom by post, with instructions. Carriage 4d. extra.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID MAGNESIA, prepared under the immediate care of the Inventors, and established for upwards of thirty years by the Profession, for removing BILE, ACIDITIES, and INDIGESTION, restoring APPETITE, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, and dissolving uric acid in GRAVEL and GOUT; also as an easy remedy for SEA SICKNESS, and for the febrile affection incident to childhood, it is invaluable.—On the value of Magnesia as a remedial agent it is unnecessary to enlarge; but the Fluid Preparation of Sir James Murray is now the most valued by the Profession, as it entirely avoids the possibility of those dangerous concretions usually resulting from the use of the article in powder.—Sold by the sole Consignee, Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of Wolverhampton; and by all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.—The Acidulated Syrup in bottles, 2s. each.—N.B. Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each label, *in green ink*, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farina of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.
Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 54, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.
The proprietors of Robinson's Patent Barley and Patent Groats, desirous that the public shall at all times purchase these preparations in a perfectly sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely enveloped in the purest Tin Foil, over which is the usual and well-known paper wrapper.
Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

INSANITY.—ABINGTON ABBEY RETREAT, near Northampton.—This Establishment is conducted by Dr. PRICHARD, formerly Medical Superintendent of the Glasgow Royal Asylum, and is intended for the reception of Patients of both sexes labouring under Mental Derangement. Dr. PRICHARD is resident.

MEDICAL REFORM MOVEMENT.—Sufferers from Indigestion, and its train of kindred disorders, are invited to send their address to the Secretary of the Nottingham Medical Reform Association, who will forward by return of post the singularly successful Botanic Remedy recently discovered by Professor Webster (son of the distinguished Statesman), of Philadelphia, and communicated to the Society by that eminent Botanist. The extraordinary benefits already derived from this remedy in the Midland Counties, and in almost every case where it has been tried, has induced the Society to adopt this method as the best means of immediate and general publicity; and they wish it to be frankly and distinctly understood, that they will not, in any case, or under any circumstances whatever, accept any contribution, fee, or gratuity, for this Recipe, the object of the Society being to demonstrate the superiority of the Botanic over every other Practice of Medicine, and in return only desire that those who may be signally benefited by it, will afterwards send to the Society a statement of the case, and thus aid with facts in accelerating the present movement in favour of Medical Reform.—Direct thus:—The Secretary of the Botanic Institute, Hounds Gate, Nottingham—enclosing an envelope addressed to yourself.

SISAL CIGARS! SISAL CIGARS!! at GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1780), 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d.; post-free, 27 stamps. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. GOODRICH."

HOW to TEST a MERSCHAUM PIPE.—Draw a silver coin across it; if pure, there will be no line; if spurious, the gypsum necessarily used will take a mark from the silver like a pencil on paper. Imitation pipes are imported and sold as new Merschaum, &c. The only reliable pipes are the Pure Vienna Merschaums, which are cut from solid blocks of Merschaum and prepared by an improved method, which entirely prevents the unpleasant flavour usual with a new pipe, and ensures a brilliant colour. The prices are greatly reduced, with cases complete, 3s. 10d., 5s., &c. up to 10 guineas.
Imported by J. F. VARLEY and Co., 364, Oxford-street, exactly opposite the Princess's Theatre, Cigar Merchants and Manufacturers of the celebrated Virginia Shag, 2s. per lb., and Havannah Bird's Eye, 6s. respectively, full, rich and mild delicate flavour—the finest Tobacco ever cut.

THE HAVANNAH STORES.

DR. DE JONGH'S
LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

TESTIMONIAL FROM DR. LETHEBY,
Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in the Medical College of the London Hospital, Chemical Referee to the Corporation of London, Medical Officer of Health to the City of London, &c. &c. &c.
"I have frequently had occasion to analyse the Cod Liver Oil which is sold at your establishment. I mean that variety which is prepared for Medicinal use in the Lofloden Isles, Norway, and sent into commerce with the sanction of Dr. DE JONGH, of the Hague.
"In all cases I have found it possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of cholaic compounds and of iodine in a state of organic combination are the most remarkable: in fact, the Oil corresponds in all its characters with that named 'Huile brune,' and described as the best variety in the masterly treatise of Dr. DE JONGH.
"It is, I believe, universally acknowledged that this description of Oil has great therapeutical power; and, from my investigations, I have no doubt of its being a pure and unadulterated article.
"College Laboratory, London Hospital, Sept. 24, 1855."

Sold ONLY in bottles, capsuled and labelled with Dr. De Jongh's Signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON, Dr. de Jongh's sole Consignees; and by most respectable Chemists in town and country.
Half-pints (10 oz.), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 oz.), 4s. 9d.; Quarts (40 oz.) 9s.
IMPERIAL MEASURE.

FITCH AND SON'S
CELEBRATED BREAKFAST BACON,
AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.
Extracts from Correspondents' Letters continued.
"We were much pleased with the quality of No. 9 case. The bacon, &c., we found first-rate."—Melbourne, South Australia.
"I beg to inclose you a post-office order for 1l. 5s. 6d. for bacon; the quality is very excellent, and quite to my taste."
"I like the cheese much, and I have no doubt the bacon will prove as good as in former times."
"The bacon you sent me is excellent; I shall recommend it to friends."
"I never tasted such bacon in my life; it was delicious."
"The Rev. —— begs to inclose Fitch and Son 1l. 1s. 10d. for bacon received this morning, and found very nice indeed."
Fitch and Son will be gratified by showing the originals of the above, and a multitude of others of the like import.
This celebrated Bacon is sold by the side and half-side, at 9½d. per lb.; the middle piece of 12lbs. at 10d.
Bacon, Hams, Tongues, German Sausages, Cheese, Butter, &c., securely packed for travelling, and delivered free of charge, at all the London Termini.
List of prices free. See also daily papers. Post-office Orders to be made payable at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Prepayment is requested where a reference is not sent with the order for goods.
FITCH and SON, Provision Merchants and Importers, 66, Bishopsgate-within, London.
(Established 1784.)

ADNAM'S Improved Patent Groats and Barley.
THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT,
And Strongly Recommended by the Medical Profession.
TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, and FAMILIES.—The important object, so desirable to be obtained, has at length been secured to the Public by J. and J. C. ADNAM, Patentees, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their *Improved Process* in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured from the Oat and Barley.
To enumerate the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentees; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally obviated, and very superior Gruel speedily made therefrom. It is particularly recommended to those of consumptive constitutions, Ladies, and Children; and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon or Supper.
The Barley, being prepared by a similar process, is as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and to contain all the necessary properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguishing character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening Soup, &c.
A report having been circulated that preparations of so white a character could not be produced from Groats and Barley alone, the Patentees have had recourse to the highest authority, viz., A. S. TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c., for an analysis to establish the fact, a copy of which is subjoined:—
"Chemical Laboratory, Guy's Hospital,
February 19, 1855.
"I have submitted to a microscopical and chemical examination the samples of Barley-meal and Groats which you have forwarded to me, and I beg to inform you that I find in them only those principles which are found in good Barley; there is no mineral or other impurity present, and from the result of my investigation, I believe them to be genuine, and to possess those nutritive properties assigned by the late Dr. Pereira to this description of food.
(Signed) A. S. TAYLOR.
"Messrs. ADNAM and Co."
CAUTION.—To prevent error, the Public are requested to observe that each Package bears the Signature of the PATENTEES, J. and J. C ADNAM.
To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Maiden-lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail in Packets and Canisters, at 6d. and 1s. each and in Canisters for Families at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c. in Town and Country.

BATHING, WASHING, and the NURSERY.—Use LONG'S TURCO SPONGE GLOVES, 1s. per pair. They are as useful as sponge, at one-tenth the price; Royal Baden Rubbers, 1s. 6d. per pair; Calefacio Flesh Belts, 2s. 6d. each.
G. LONG, 114, High Holborn; and all Chymists and Perfumers.

CHOLERAIC SYMPTOMS, Diarrhœa, Bowel Complaint, Sickness, Pains in the Stomach, &c., cured by LONG'S CORDIAL. Sold in bottles, 1s. each, by
G. LONG, 114, High Holborn, London; and may be obtained of all Medicine Vendors in town and country.

THE CARBONACEOUS DEODORIZING and DISINFECTING POWDER, as recommended by Dr. Bird, is the cheapest and most effective for sanitary purposes now in use. Wholesale Agents, Bainbridge and Pound, 60, Leather-lane, London; and retail by all Medicine Vendors, in packets, One Shilling each, or in casks for the convenience of the Army, the Navy, Public Hospitals, Unions, and for exportation.

BALDNESS PREVENTED by using CHILD'S FRICTION HAIR BRUSH. They stimulate the skin of the head; the more the head is brushed the more healthy will be the skin and its functions, thereby strengthening the growth of the hair.—To be had of all Perfumers and Brush Dealers, and wholesale at the factory, 21, Providence-row, Finsbury; and retail, South Gallery, Crystal Palace.

THESE PILLS are not vainly offered to the public attention, like most others, as the grand panacea, possessing the magical power of dispelling every disease that flesh is heir to, but as a sovereign preventive of billious complaints, and an infallible remedy for every disorder arising from that source. Prepared by T. COCKING, Chemist and Druggist, 19, Great Portland-street, Cavendish-square. Barclay and Co., Farringdon-street.

TEETH.—HOW YOU MAY PRESERVE THEM TO EXTREME OLD AGE.—Read Mr. THOMAS LUKYN'S little Book, containing his Receipts for the Beauty and Preservation of the Teeth, with remarks on supplying their loss.—Free by post on receipt of a stamp.—4, Upper George-street, Bryanston-square, London.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION o ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural Teeth as not to be distinguished from the original by the closest observer; they will NEVER CHANGE COLOUR or DECAY, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication.—Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet-street. At home from Ten till Five.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS effectual in the CURE of SCROFULA.—Copy of a letter from Mr. Campbell of Hastings, to Professor Holloway:—"Sir, I am happy to bear witness to the wonderful efficacy of your medicines in cases of Scrofula. A friend of mine was severely afflicted with this complaint for several years; indeed, so bad that several experienced surgeons said he was incurable. After all hopes of recovery a friend persuaded him to try your medicines, and the consequence was that he has now entirely got rid of his complaint."—Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the world; at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Gurdicy, Smyrna; and H. Hoods, Malta.

KNOW THYSELF.—The secret art of discovering the true CHARACTER of INDIVIDUALS, from the peculiarities of their HANDWRITING, has long been practised by MARIE COUPELLE, with astonishing success. Her startling delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, inclosing 13 penny post stamps, to Miss Coupelle, 69, Castle-street, Oxford-street, London, and they will receive, in a few days, a minute detail of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, &c., of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected. "I am pleased with the accurate description you have given of myself."—Miss Jones. "My friends pronounce it to be faithful."—Mr. C. Gordon. "Your skill is certainly wonderful."—Mr. G. Gadsby.

JOHN GOSNELL and CO.'s PATENT TRICHOSARON, or newly-invented Hair Brush, possesses in use an almost incredible cleansing power, yet does not produce the slightest irritation of the skin of the head, which so frequently creates dandriff and even premature baldness. Its peculiar mechanical construction accomplishes the two operations of cleansing and polishing simultaneously, thus leaving the hair beautifully soft and glossy, unattainable by other means. To meet the requirements of all, they are made of six different degrees of quality, varying from very hard to very soft. To be had of every respectable dealer in the kingdom; and wholesale only of the patentees and manufacturers, JOHN GOSNELL and Co., 12, Three Kings'-court, Lombard-street.

GLORIOSA, for the Growth of Hair.—This invaluable preparation is recommended to the nobility for its extraordinary properties in restoring the hair to its colour, and giving it a permanent brilliancy. One bottle is sufficient to ensure the public patronage. Price 1s. Prepared by T. COCKING, Chemist and Druggist, 19, Great Portland-street, Cavendish-square. Sold by Mr. Garot, 120, Albany-street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Barclay and Co., Farringdon-street.

HAIR RESTORED and BALDNESS PREVENTED, by PERRY'S INDIAN HAIR RESTORER. One application prevents the hair from falling off or turning gray, and by its use the short weak hair on the head apparently bald commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Sold in bottles, with full directions for use, 3s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. each. To be had only of THOMAS PERRY, 12 and 13, Burlington-arcade, Piccadilly. The hair cut and washed on the ovi-lavatory system. A private room for each gentleman.

DO YOU WANT BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.?—COUPELLE'S CRINUTRIAR, though extensively imitated, is acknowledged by every one as the only preparation to be really depended upon for the unfailing production of Hair and Whiskers in two or three weeks; as also checking Greyness, Baldness, &c., and rendering the Hair beautifully luxuriant, curly, and glossy.
Mr. Williams, 8, Lowther-street, Liverpool.—"I can now shew as fine a head of hair as any person, solely from using your Crinutriar."
Sergeant Cravens, Longford Barracks, Ireland.—"Through using your Crinutriar, I have an excellent moustache, which I had before despaired of."
Mrs. Carter, Pangbourne, Berks.—"My head, which was quite bald, is now covered with new hair."
Price 2s. per Package, through all Druggists and Perfumers, or sent post free on receipt of 24 penny stamps, by ROSALIE COUPELLE, 69, Castle-street, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.

IF YOUR HAIR IS GREY OR RED use ROSALIE COUPELLE'S PURE INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE, universally acknowledged as the only perfect one, and infinitely superior to the numerous disgraceful imitations, which smell horribly, burn the hair, and leave an unnatural tinge.
Price 3s. 6d., and four times the quantity at 10s. 6d. per bottle, through all Chemists, &c., or sent free secure from observation for 52 postage-stamps, by ROSALIE COUPELLE, 69, Castle-street, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.
Mr. Whittaker, 22, Pargate, Sheffield.—"Your Hair Dye is highly spoken of by all who have purchased it of me."
Mr. Pearse, King-street, Ludlow.—"Your Hair Dye has succeeded admirably; it gives such a natural tinge."
Mr. Pearson, 29, Fishergate, Nottingham.—"Your Hair Dye is excellent."
Mr. Casey, 2, Gloucester-green, Oxford.—"It gives the greatest satisfaction."
James Thompson, Esq., Middleton.—"It answers the highest expectations."
Mr. J. N. Clark, Killinick, Wexford.—"It is a most excellent and immediate Dye for the Hair, far preferable to all others."

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.

The STOCK of MUSIC at this LIBRARY includes above 100,000 ancient and modern Operas, Pianoforte, and Instrumental Works of every class, and Songs in every language. The Subscribers are able to obtain whatever Music they may require, without any reserve; and they are permitted to change it as frequently as they may please, whether they are resident in town or country. The accommodation at Messrs. Boosey and Sons' Library is superior to that of any other establishment, and the allowance of Music is of the most liberal kind. Subscribers of 2 guineas per annum are entitled to the use of 2 guineas' worth of Music at one time in town, and 3 guineas' worth in the country.

Full particulars may be had on application to 28, *Holles-street, London.*

CHEAP EDITIONS OF OPERAS.

PIANO SOLO.

(WITHOUT WORDS.)

BOOSEY'S STANDARD EDITION.

	s.	d.
1. LA SONNAMBULA	4	0
2. NORMA	4	0
3. LUCREZIA BORGIA	4	0
4. DON JUAN	5	0
5. FRA DIAVOLO	5	0
6. FILLE DU REGIMENT	4	0
7. LES HUGUENOTS	7	6
8. LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	5	0
9. I PURITANI (In the press)	5	0
10. IL TROVATORE (ditto)	4	0

*** Each Opera is neatly stiched in cloth cover, gilt letters.

VOICE AND PIANO.

(WITH WORDS.)

STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA.

	s.	d.
1. FIGARO	16	0
2. NORMA	10	6
3. IL BARBIERE	16	0
4. FIDELIO	15	0
5. DER FREISCHUTZ	12	6
6. DON JUAN	18	0
7. SONNAMBULA	12	6
8. LUCREZIA	16	0
9. ERNANI	15	0
10. ZAUBERFLOTE	12	6
11. IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS	8	0
12. FAUST	12	6

*** Each Opera has English words in addition to the original Italian or German text.

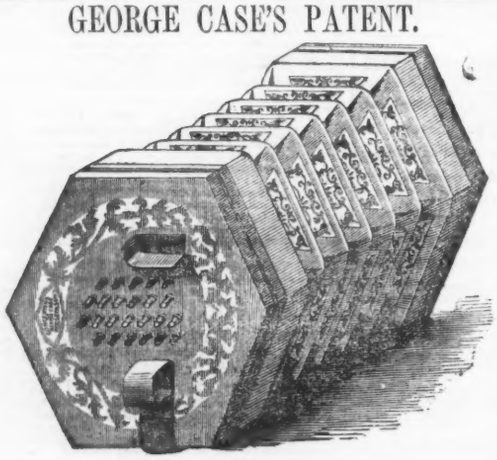
PIANOFORTE DUETS.

BOOSEY'S OPERA JOURNAL,

A NEW COLLECTION OF OPERAS, IN LARGE BOOKS, CLOTH COVERS, GILT LETTERS, COMPLETE.

	s.	d.
1. LA SONNAMBULA	10	6
2. RIGOLETTO	7	0
3. ERNANI	5	0
4. LINDA DI CHAMOUNI	7	0
5. LUCREZIA BORGIA	5	0
6. NORMA	5	0
7. ELISIR D' AMORE	5	0
8. ANNA BOLENA	7	0
9. NABUCODONOSOR	5	0
10. LES HUGUENOTS	10	6
11. LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	7	0
12. LE PRE AUX CLERCS	6	0
13. L'ULTIMO GIORNO	7	6
14. BEATRICE DI TENDA	6	0
15. ZAMPA	6	0
16. FIDELIO	7	0
17. MATILDE DI SHABRAN	7	0
18. CENERENTOLA	6	0
19. I PURITANI	8	0
20. IL TROVATORE	8	0

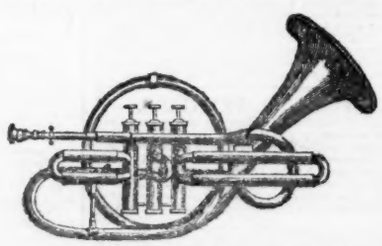
GEORGE CASE'S PATENT.



CONCERTINAS.

Case's Concertinas are made under the superintendence of Mr. George Case, the celebrated professor, and are guaranteed to remain in tune and in good condition. The Concertina possesses considerable compass—having a greater range than the flute, and (excepting the very highest notes, only used in very difficult and elaborate compositions) the same as the violin. Its tones are pure, sweet, and brilliant. It has great power of expression and execution; and is capable of producing a gradual increase and decrease of tone, not to be surpassed, and rarely equalled on any other instrument. The capacity to play any music written for the violin, flute, or other musical instrument (if within its compass), with the ability to play music that cannot be attempted on any other instrument—enabling the performer to produce harmonies of two, three, four, or more parts, or, in fact, any combination of notes. These are the characteristic features of this elegant invention. From its intonation being always correct (unless when not in repair, which is seldom the case, if judiciously used), the tone easy to produce, and the keys lying entirely under the command of the fingers, it can be learned with much greater facility than other instruments. On this account it is particularly valuable to the amateur. The concertina may be used as a substitute for the violin or flute; and from its being the only portable instrument having a sustained or continued sound, which conventionalism allows to ladies, its value is materially increased. From these facts, and the facility of its acquirement, amateurs are enabled to take a part in concerted music of the highest order, which they would otherwise never have an opportunity of doing. Tenor and bass concertinas are likewise manufactured, upon which any music written for the viola or violoncello may be performed. They are frequently combined, and in quartets, septets, or even in larger numbers, they produce a beautiful effect; and, with music expressly arranged for them, a brilliant result is produced, which cannot be surpassed by any equal number of other instruments. The best concertina by Case is manufactured in ebony, with plated studs, price 12 guineas, with rosewood case. Also at 10, 8, 6, and 4 guineas each. All have double action and the full complement of notes. Case's Concertina Instructions is 10s. 6d. Orders from any part of the world forwarded to Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, London, will receive immediate attention.

C. BOOSÉ'S NEW PATENT MODEL.



CORNET-A-PISTONS,

INTRODUCED BY

C. BOOSÉ, BANDMASTER OF THE FUSILIER GUARDS.

This celebrated instrument, made from an entirely new model, is in the greatest favour with all the professors and amateurs of the Cornet in England. It produces a beautifully clear and powerful tone, and greatly facilitates the execution of the most brilliant music. Price Seven Guineas. Carriage free to any part of Great Britain from 28, Holles-street.

RUDOLF NORDMANN'S NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC. —Il Balen (Trovatore), 3s.; Si la Stanchezza (Trovatore). 3s.; La Danse des Fées (Alvars), 3s.; Sultan's March (Alvars), 2s.; La Donna è mobile (5th edition), 3s; Greek Pirates' Chorus (6th edition), 2s.; Ghost Scene (4th edition), 2s.; Nun's Prayer (7th edition), 3s.

Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

RUDOLF NORDMANN'S NEW PIANOFORTE DUETS. —Si la Stanchezza (Trovatore), 3s.; La mia letizia (Lombardi), 4s.; Il Balen (Trovatore), 3s.; Fra poco à me (Lucia), 4s.; A te o cara (Puritani), 3s.; O fortune, à ton caprice (Robert), 3s.; Nobles seigneurs (Huguenots), 3s.; La Donna è mobile (Rigoletto), 4s.

Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE UNIVERSAL SINGING METHOD. Price 4s. (50 pages.) Contents:—The Method of Producing and Cultivating the Voice—Twenty Exercises and Scales—Eight Solfeggi, by Bordogni, Rossini, and Righini—Five Popular Songs—Lessons on Taste and Expression.

Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE UNIVERSAL CORNOPEAN TUTOR. Price 5s. (45 pages.) Contents:—The Rudiments of Music—Practical Instructions—Eighty Exercises—Sixteen Operatic Melodies—Six finishing Studies, by Caussinus and Forestier.

Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE UNIVERSAL FLUTE PRECEPTOR. Price 5s. (45 pages.) Contents:—The Rudiments of Music—Elementary Instructions on the Flute—Fifty-six Exercises, Studies, and Pieces—General Table of Shakes, and Scale of Fingering all the Notes.

Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

London: Printed by John Crockford, of 16, Oakley-square, Hampstead-road, in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office, 13, Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the Parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, and published by the said John Crockford, at 29, Essex-street, Strand, in the City of Westminster, on Monday, October 15, 1855.